THE
Lyfe and Acts of the
moſt famous and valiant
Champion,
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE,
Knight of ELLERSLIE:

Maintayner of the Liberteis of SCOTLAND.

MVSEVM
BRITANNICVM

Laudandus eſt is, qui mortem oppetit pro Republica, qui oceat chariorem eſſe patriam nobis, quam noſmetipſos. Et memorem famam, qui bene geſſit habet.

ABERDENE,
Printed by EDWARD RABAN, for
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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO THE READER.

THIS Historie of Sir *William Wallace*, is so linked to that of King *Robert* the *Bruce*, that the one followeth iumpe vpon the other: For after that Sir *Iohn Mentieth* (vpon the faire and large promises of King *Edward* of *England*) had trayterouslie betrayed *Wallace* vnto his cruell enemie, who carried him to London, where King *Edward* caused him most vnhumanelie to be tortured, and cruellie executed: Immediatelie GOD stirred vp *Robert* the *Bruce*, to bee a finall Deliverer of this poore afflicted Nation, out of the hands of that cruell Tyrant. And, therefore, to cleare the whole Historie; I was forced to set downe (briefely) the summe of the Historie of *William Wallace* collected word by word, out of the best and approved *Historiographers*, in the Preface of *Bruces* Booke. And now being in hands with his owne Historie, I thought it most conuenient to prefixe it there-vnto. And, albeit the full Historie bee not comprehended in this briefe Discourse, yet the chiefe matters are pointed at, referring the rest to the Historie it selfe.

And, albeit sundrie doubtes haue beene mooved against *Wallace* his passing into *France*, and also the vision that happened him at *Gask-Hall*, the night after hee had slaine his man *Fawdon*, mentioned in this Booke: And first, for clearing of *Wallace* passing into *France*, I haue insert a Testimonie in *Latine*, out of *Scotichronicon* (favouring of the Phrase of that time) contained in the ninth Booke, & the fourteenth Chapter there-of, as followeth:

Post enim conflictum de Rosslin, Wallace *ascensis navibus* Franciam *petiit: vbi quanta probitate refulsit, tam, super mare & prædas, quam in* Francia *ab* Anglis *perpessus est discrimina, & qualiter se habuit nonnulla carmina, tam in ipsa* Francia, *quam* Scotia

attestantur: Cum rege enim Franciæ Philippo *digno habebatur honore, Venerabatur preconio, & mulcebatur alloquio: ac ad secum morandum pro perpetuo grandia promittebantur territoria, & tam in pagis quam urbibus predia quam plurima, ac dominia fuerunt sibi concessa. Sed ipse solo paterna & naturali affectione, admodum* Scotorum *allectus post ipsius à* Scotia *recessum, audiens ipsum regnum nimium suppeditari, supplicatione* Scotorum *de facili revocari, nisi Rex* Franciæ *ipsum quasi invite retractaret. Nam ut* Willelmus *secum perendinaret,* Philippus *Rex* Franciæ, Edwardo *Regi* Angliæ, *suo fratri legali, specialissime scripsit pro treugis inter ipsum & dominum* Scotiæ *capiendis (ut infra dicitur) ne sic delitesceret presentiam* Willelmi Wallas *quem tam temerarie diligebat, vel ad tempus amitteret,* &c.

The same in English.

After the Battell of *Rosling*, *Wallace* entering on Shipboord, past in *France*, where, with what vertuousnesse he did shine, what dangers hee suffered, as well on the Sea by Pirates, as by *English-men* in *France*: and how manfullie hee behaved himselfe: certaine Songes, as well in *France* it selfe as in *Scotland*, beareth witnessing. For with *Philip* King of *France*, hee was had in great Honour, reverenced with praise, and with familiar communing gentlie intreated: Manie ample Landes were offered vnto him for to abide perpetuallie with him: Manie Lordships and Townes, both in Burgh & Countrey were given to him. But hee being allured by his native Countrey, and naturall affection, according to the manner of *Scottish-men*, hearing, after his departure out of *Scotland*, the Realme to bee vtterlie oppressed, was easilie, at the request of his Countrey-men, purposed home againe, if the King of *France* had not retained him, as it were, against his will. For *Philip*, King of *France*, to the intent that *Wallace* should abide with him, wrote vnto *Edward*, King of *England*, his Brother in Law, especiallie for Trewes to bee taken betwixt him and the Realme of *Scotland* (as it shall bee showne heere-after) for this purpose, that hee should not for anie space want the presence of *William Wallace*, whome hee most tenderlie favoured, &c.

The

There followeth more in the fifteenth Chapter of this Booke, of this matter, which for prolixitie wee omit.

Besides all this, there remaineth manie Domesticall Monuments of *Thomas* of *Longueill*, vntill this day, (whom *Wallace* tooke vpon the Sea) diligentlie obserued by his Successours: as namelie, his Sword, his Evidences of his Lands, and diverse other thinges, retained of them in great estimation: which testifie clearlie his being in *France*.

The other doubt, is of the Vision that befell him at the *Gask-Hall*, the which is no derogation to the trueth of this Historie: For the Booke affirmeth not these thinges to haue beene done in verie deed, but only that it appeared so. And, it was no marvell, that a man of so great spirit, beeing nowe left alone, in a desart place, in a great perplexitie, and overwearied with excessiue travels, long fore-waked, without any refreshment of Meat or Drinke, all the day before that he was raviſhed with such fooliſh visions, or phantasies. And, supposing all his men to bee lost, hee passed from the *Gask-Hall*, & looking behind him, hee thought, hee saw it all on fire, and *Fawdon* standing on the top there-of, casting his head at him, and hee casting it backe againe at him: But there was no such thing in deede: For on the morrow hee sent a Woman to see what was become of the *Gask-Hall*: who found it in the olde former estate. So that the whole matter was but a phantasie, but proceeding of great trouble and wearinesse before.

But now to the Compend of the Historie of Sir *William Wallace*, mentioned a little before.

Edward, King of *England*, had so fore oppressed this poore Countrey, and altogether brought it (as hee supposed) vnder his subjection, & obedience, Noble-men lacking both strength and sufficient cowrage to with-stand his Forces, and a great number of the Peeres of this Land joyning their forces with King *Edward*, especially the *Bruce*, and his faction, with many others; GOD stirred vp this valiant Champion, *William Wallace*, a man of Noble and ancient Familie, who did Actes in those Warres, not only aboue all mens expectation, but also incredible, being a man of great bodily strength, and high cowrage: Hee hardened his body against injuries of Fortune, and confirmed his cowrage by perillous Attempts, to enter-

pryze higher and greater, even with danger: hee gathered vnto him some companie of men, and heere-with not only slew any *English-men* hee met with, but often-times also with few fought with great numbers, in sundrie places where hee met with them, and slew them. In short space his fame filled both the Realmes: so they that had like causes as hee had, and not vnlike loue to their Countrey, gathering together, swarmed to him from all partes, and within few Moneths hee amassed an indifferent Armie: Noble-men for feare or lashnesse lying stil, *Wallace* was proclaimed Governour, and as Lieutenantes, for *Balioll*, commanded as lawfull Magistrate. Hee tooke not this name of pryde, or of desire to Empire, but only (like an other *Sampson*) vpon compassion, and loue of his Countrey-people. After this, hee essayed with open force, tooke many Castles, (either not sufficiently furnished, or not well guarded, or negligentlie kept) & razed them. His men of Warre minds were so confirmed, that vnder his conduct they feared no perill, for that his hardiment never lacked wisdome, nor his wisdome the wished event. So, in short space hee wan all the Forts that *English-men* possessed beyond *Forth*.

King *Edward* hearing these Rumours, and having all his Armie with him in *France*, hee wrote to *Henrie Pearsie*, Lord of *Northumberland*, and to *William Latimer*, to raise quicklie Forces, out of the next adjacent Countrey, and joyne themselues with *Cressinghame*, to suppresse the *Scots*. *Wallace* in this time besiedged the Castle of *Cowper* in *Fyfe*, to the ende his men of Warre should not bee vdle, attending the comming of the *English* Armie: his enemies now comming neare, marched directly to *Striviling*. (*The River of Forth hath no Foord at Striviling*) Yet there was a wooden Bridge, over the which *Cressinghame* past, with the great part of his Armie: the rest following so thick, (the Bridge being over-burthened with so hudge a weight) broke in pieces. The *Scots* charged these that were past, before they could bee arrayed, slew their Leader, droue backe the rest in the Water, with so hudge a slaughter, that almost the whole were either slaine by the *Scots*, or drowned in the River. *Wallace* after this followed his fortune, that hee left not an *English-man* in *Scotland*, except Prisoners. This victorie was obtained vpon the *Ides of September*, 1297.

Heere

Heere-after followed great Famine for not manuring of the Ground: and Peſt followed Hunger: where-of greater deſtruction was feared than of the Warre. *Wallace* to remedie this, as well as hee might, charged all ſenſible men, to come vnto him, at a certaine day, and carried them with him into *England*: where living in Winter in their enemies Lands, they ſpared *Vevers* at home: where hee remained from the *Kalends of November*, vnto the *Kalends of Februarie*, and no man durſt match him. And then, having enriched themſelues with their enemies ſpoiles, returned with great glorie. As this journey augmented *Wallace* his fame and authoritie amongſt the people, ſo it increaſed the Noble-mens envy againſt him: whereof *Edward* being privie, ſetting things in *France* in order, as time would permit, leaving his olde Souldiours beyond Sea, amaſſing a verie great Armie vpon the ſudden, of novices, hee marched toward *Scotland*; but when in the plaine of *Stanemore* both Armies ſtood in order of Battell, about halfe a mile from other; *Edward* viewing *Wallace* his hoaſte, his ſkill and order of Battell: albeit hee had a greater number of people, yet durſt hee not hazard, returning his ſtanderds, ſoftlie retired: but *Wallace* for feare of ambuſhment durſt not follow. This victorie obtained without blood, againſt a moſt potent King, The enemies of *Wallace* more ſharplie aſſaulted him, raiſing brutes through the Countrey, that hee openlie ſhot at the Kingdome. So, they conclude, by all meanes, to ſubvert *Wallace* authoritie. Theſe deviſes not vnknowne to King *Edward*, hee raiſed a great Armie of *Engliſh* and *Scots*, who had remained cõſtant in their promiſe made to him the next Sommer, came vnto *Faw-kirke*: which Village is builded vpon the verie ruines of *Severus* wall, diſtant from *Stirveling* ſixe Miles. The *Scottiſh* hoaſt abode not farre from thence, ſtrong anough indeede, for they were thirtie thouſand, if the Rulers had agreed amongſt themſelues. The Rulers were *Iohn Cumming*, *Iohn Stewart*, and *William Wallace*; the former two in blood, and puiſſance, the laſt in Marſhall glory, moſt flowriſhing of all *Scotland*. Whyle as the three Battels ſtood in readineſſe to fight, a new contention was added to the former envy, *Who ſhould leade the Vanguard*: and neyther of them giving place to the other: the *Engliſh-men* ended the ſtryfe, who in order of

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Battell, with displayed Banners; came vpon them with expedition: *Cummine* with his Company fled without stroke: *Steward* environed both behynde and before, was slayne with his hoast. *Wallace* beeing sore set vpon in front, and *Bruce* comming about a Knowle, to charge him on the backe, contayned his men together in such order, as in such state he best could, and returned backe over *Carroun* Water, where hee defended himselfe, having gathered together those that were fled, and *Bruce* desiring to speake with him, hee refused not: when these two alone stood right over against other, at a deepe and narrow part of the River: *Bruce* first sayde, Hee wondred at him, that being carried with the facile favour of the people, would hazard himselfe in so many perils, against a King most puissant of that age: assisted also with great support of *Scots*, and that without any hope of recompence? For albeit hee vanquisht *Edward*, the *Scots* would never allow of him to bee King: and if hee were overthrowne, hee had no refuge, but in the mercy of his enemy. To whome *Wallace* answered: I (sayde hee) never tooke these paynes to purchase to my selfe a Kingdome, for that is vnagreeable with my condition, and my mynde coyets it not: but seeing my Countrey-men through your cowardize, to whome the Realme rightly appertayneth, destitute of Rulers, and heere-by casten into their most cruell enemies hands: not only in bondage & slavery, but even to the shambles: I pittied their case, & have enterpryzed the defence of their cause, forsaken by you, whose liberty I shall not forsake, before my lyfe forsake mee. And so the Conference ended, eyther of both returning to their owne. After this vnhappy Battell *Wallace* returned to *Perth*, and there skayled his Army, giving place to the envy borne against him: and after that day enterpryzed nothing for the Realme: and renounced the name of Magistrate, albeit he left not off the invading of the *English* Nation, where-so-ever hee could bee their master. *Edward*, after this, wasted by warlyke calamities, the Landes beyond *Forth*, even to *Perth*, subduing those, that in respect of the present misery durst not stirre: and so retyred with his Army into *England*. The *Scots* that were carefull for the liberty of their Realme, a little refreshed after the enemies departure, made *John Cummine*

your

younger, Regent: who by the advyse of the Counsell, sent Ambassadours to *Philip Valoes*, King of *France*, to travell with him, that by Mediation of his Sister, who was then affianced to *Edward*, they might at least obtayne Truce. By her travels they obtayned Truce for seaven Moneths, but not observed (*bona fide:*) for *English-men* tooke the Ambassadours that were directed to *Bonifacius* the eight, and imprisoned them. The *Scots*, in the meane tyme, who could not abyde the tyranny of *English-men*, nor could by no punishment satiate *Edward* his cruell mynde, neyther yet obtayne Peace vpon just conditions, prepared themselues with obstinate myndes to fight it out, without all hope of pardon. First, they droue all *Edwards* Captayns foorth of all Townes, & Fortresses, & vexed the *Scots* of the *English* faction, with all the force they might. Whyle as the state of matters thus continued almost two yeares, *Edward* sent *Rodolph Confrey*, with a puissant Army, to suppresse this rebellion of the *Scots*, and to put an ende to those Warres. This Army, without impediment, wasted all to *Rosling*, a place in *Lowthian*, foure Myles distant from *Edinburgh*, and to destroy farther with-in the Countrey, divyded their Army in three. *John Cummine*, and *John Fraser*, the most wealthy men in *Tweed-dale*, gathering to the number of 8000 men, marched toward the enemy, of purpose eyther to keepe in the enemy, that hee should not run at randon to spoyle the Countrey, or if they found better occasion, to follow Fortune. Better occasion was offered than they looked for: For *English-men* fearing nothing lesse than the comming of their enemies, so often over-throwne, behaving themselues more loosely than was expedient, in their enemies ground, by sudden comming of the *Scots* vpon the first of their Campes, were over-throwne with a great slaughter: they that escaped raysed great tumult in the second Campe, where the Alarme was fearfullie raysed, every man exhorting his Mate to support their owne, they prepared themselues for revenge. The conflict was terrible, as betwixt these that were desyers, through victory, and these that were enraged by thirst of revenge: in ende, the *English-men* discomfited and chased, victory, albeit not vnbloody, yeelded to the *Scots*: the third hoast, which had bene farther off, affrayde the *Scots*, for many beeing wounded, and most

part

As English Clerkes in Prophesie it fand,
How one Wallace should put them from Scotland:
Sir Rannald knew well a more quyet steed,
Where William might bee better from their feed:
With his Uncle Wallace of Richartoun,
Sir Richart begat that good knight of renowne:
These lands whole then was his heritage,
But blind hee was, so hapned through courage.
By English-men, that did him mickell deare,
In his rysing hee worthie was in Weare.
Through hurt of eines, and mirthing of blood,
Yet hee was wise, and of his counsell good:
In Februare Wallace was to him send,
Into Aprill hee bowned from him to wend,
But good service hee did him with pleasance,
As in that space was worthy to advance.

Chap. VI. How *Wallace* past to the water of *Irwin*, to take Fish.

SOon a time hee desired to play,
Into Aprill the three and twentie day,
To Irwin water Fish to take hee went,
Such fantasie fell into his intent:
To leade his Net a Chylde with him there yeede,
But ere noone was in a fellon dread:
His sword hee left, so did hee never againe,
It did him good, although hee suffered paine.
Of that labour as then hee was not lie:
Happie hee was, toke Fish abundantlie.
Ere of the day ten houres could ouer-passe,
Ryding there came neare by where Wallace was,
The Lord Persie, that was captaine then of Aire,
From him hee turned, and could to Glasgow faire.

Part

Part of the Court had Wallace labour ferne,
To him there rode fiue clad in garment greene:
Saint Martines filly, faid, Scot, now we would haue,
Wallace againe them meekilie anſwere gaue,
It were reaſon, mee thinke pee ſhould haue part,
Waith ſhould bee dealt in all place with free heart.
Hee bade his Boy giue them of his weathing:
The Southeron ſaid, As now of thy dealing
Wee will not take, thou wouldſt giue vs over ſmall,
Hee lighted downe, and from his Boy tooke all.
Wallace ſaid then, Gentlemen, if that pee bee,
Leaue vs ſome part, wee pray, for charity:
An aged Knight ſerues our Ladie this day,
Good friend, leaue part, and take not all away,
Thou ſhalt haue leaue to ſilly and take thee maire,
All theſe ſurely ſhall in our ſitting faire:
Wee ſerue a Lord, theſe fifty ſhall to him gang,
Wallace anſwering, ſaid, Thou art in the wrang:
Whom thouſt thou Scot in faith thou ſerv'ſt a bleiw:
To him hee ran, and out a ſword can draw:
Wallace was woe, hee had no weapons there,
But a Poult-ſtaffe which in his hand hee bare:
Wallace with it faſt on the cheeke him tooke,
With ſo good will, while off his feete him ſhooke.
The ſword flew from him a foot broad on the land,
Wallace was glad, and caught it ſoone in hand,
And with the ſword an ackward ſtroake him gaue,
Under the head, his craige in ſunder draue.
Vp that the reſt lighted about Wallace,
Hee had no helpe, but only GOD'S grace:
On either ſide full faſt on him they dang,
Great perill was, if they had laſted lang.
Upon the head in great yre hee ſtroake one,
The ſhearing ſword cut to the collar bone:

Another

Another bee hit on the Arme hastilie,
While hand and sword both on the land can lie:
The other two fled to their Horse againe,
Hee stickled him that last was on the plaine:
Three slew hee there, two fled with all their might,
After there Lord, but hee was out of sight,
Taking the Mare, ere hee and they could twin,
To him they rode anone, ere they could blin:
And cryed, Abide, your men are martyrde downe,
Right cruellie into this false Region:
Five of your men heere at the Water bade,
Fish you to bring, though it no profite made.
Wee are escaped, but in field slaine are three,
The Lord asked, How many map there bee?
Wee saw but one that hath overcome vs all,
Then leugh the Lord, and said, Shame on you fall:
Since one you all hath put to confusion,
Who moues it most, the Devill of Hell him drowne,
This Day for mee, in faith, bee's not bee sought.
When Wallace thus the worthie worke had wrought,
Their Horse hee tooke, and geare that was left there.
Gaue over the craft, and went to fish no more.
Went to his Eme, and tolde him of the deede,
And hee for woe, neare swelt out of his weede:
And said, Sonne, these tythings fits mee sore,
If they bee knowne, thou may get shaith therefore.
Uncle hee said, No longer will I bide,
These Sutheron Horse let see if I can ride:
Then but a childe in service for to make,
His Emes sonne with him hee would not take.
This good Knight said, Deare Cousing, I pray thee,
When thou wants good, come fetch enough from me,
Silver and Golde hee causde one to him give.
Wallace then kneeled, and lowlie tooke his leave.

The ende of the first Booke.

THE SECOND BOOKE.

CHAP. I. How *Wallace* slew the Churle, with his owne Staffe, in *Aire*.

YOung VVallace then fulfilled of hie cowrage,
In prise of Armes desirous of vassalage.
Thy vassalage may never be forlorne,
Thy deede is knowne, though all the world had sworne:
For thy whole mynde, labour, and busines,
Was set in Warre, and verie righteousnesse:
And full great losse of thy deare worthie Kin,
The rancour more remaines thy mynde within.
It was his lyfe, and most part of his foode,
To see them shed the birning Sutheron blood.
To Ochterhouse withoutten more bee rode,
And but a short tyme in peace there bee bode:
There was one Wallace that welcommed him well,
Though English-men thereof had little feele.
Both Meat and Drinke at his will had bee tyere,
In Langlan Wood, when that bee made repare:
The Gentle-man full oft was his reset,
With fluffe of house full oft bee can him bet.
So bee desir'd the Towne of Aire to see,
His Chylde with him, then no moe tooke bee.
Aye nexte the Wood Wallace causde leave his Horse:
Then on his foote went to the Market Crosse.
The Persie was in the Castle of Aire,

with

With Englishmen, great number and repaire:
And all the towne ruling on their owne wise,
To many Scots they did full great suppryse.
All but abasing Wallace among them yeede,
The rage of youth made him to haue no dread.
A Churle they had that great burdens did beare,
Excedingly hee would lift mickell maire
Than any three, that they among them fand,
And als by this one sport hee tooke in hand.
Hé bare a sting into a buskeous pole,
On his broade backe if any would it thole,
But for a Groat as fast as hé might draw.
When Wallace heard speake of that merrie saw:
Then hé desired at that market to bé,
For one stroake hé bade him Groates three:
The Churle granted, of that proffer was faine,
To pay that silver Wallace was full baue;
Wallace that sting toke vp into his hand,
Full sturdily before him could hé stand.
Wallace with that vpon the backe him gaue,
While his rig-bone all into sunder draue.
The Churle was dead, of him I speake no maire,
The English-men assembled on Wallace there,
Fell on the field of folkes fighting fast,
Hé vnabased, and not greatly agast:
Upon the head one with the sting hit hé,
While bone and braine hé made in pieces flé,
Another hé stroake on the vaisnet of steill,
The trée then raue, and brushed eberie deale,
The trée was lost, the English-man was dead,
For his craig-bone was broken in that steade.
Hé drew a sword that helped him in néede,
Throughout the thickest of the preasse hee yeede:
And at his Horse full faine hee would haue beene.

Two grieues him moſt that cruell were and keene,
VVallace returned as man of mickell maine,
And at one ſtroake the ſoremoſt hath hes ſlaine:
A full ſore ſtroake the other got that tide,
With his good ſword hee made him there abide,
In at the Corſlet himlie hee him bare,
The grounden ſword out through his bodie ſhare.
Fine fine hee there ere hee paſt from the towne,
Hee got his Horſe, to Langlane made him bowne:
And keeped the childe, and let him not abide,
Eſcaped thus, hee can to Langlane ride:
Some followed him on horſe, and vpon foote,
To take Wallace, as then it was no boote.
The trees were thicke that keeped him full well,
But there to byde, hee could neder a deale:
Gods ordinance that effeired for his eſtate,
His cuſtome was at all times ere and late.
The Squyer Wallace in Ochterhouſe that was,
Both bed and meate, for him hee made to paſſe,
As for that time that hee remained there,
But ſore hee longed to ſee the towne of Aire.
Thither hee paſt vpon a market day,
Would GOD as then, that hee had bidden away:
His Emes ſeruant for to buy fiſh is ſent,
Sir Reynald Crawfurd the Shyreffe then was kent.

CHAP. II. How *Wallace* ſlue Lord *Perſies* Stewart, and was priſoned in *Aire*.

WHen he had tane ſuch good as he had bought,
The Perſies Stewart right ſadlie to him ſoght,
And ſaid, Thou Scot, to whom buyes thou this things?
To the Shyreffe, hee ſaid, by Heavens King.
My Lord ſhall haue it, ſyne goe fetch thee maire,

VVallace by chance was neare by going there.
Hé went to him, and said, Deare friend, I pray thee,
The thy reffes servant that thou would let him bee.
A lordly man the steward was of blode,
And thought Wallace him charged in termes rude,
Goe hence, thou Scot, the mickell Devill thee speede,
At thy direction thou wénes vs for to leade.
An Hunting staffe into his hand hé bare,
Therewith hé smote on VVilliam Wallace there,
But with his tré little sunzie hé made,
Fast by the coller him caught without en bade,
A full great knife fast to his heart stroake hee,
Then from him dead shot him right suddainlie.
Later sensyne I trow hee was no more,
The Englishmen assembled VVallace there.
Foure score were set in Armour birnest bowne,
On market day for Scots to keepe the towne.
VVallace boldlie hee drew a sword of warre,
Into the byrne the formost onth hé beare,
Out through the body sticked him to the dead,
And sundrie moe ere hee past from that stead:
An ackward stroake another twin hé there,
Upon his knee the bone in sunder share.
The third hee stroake on a puissant of maillzie,
His craige in two no weedes might availzie,
Thus Wallace fared as wood as a Lyon,
The English-men that were on bargan bowne:
Eyep kept the gate with speares rude and lang,
For dint of sword might no man to him gang:
Wallace was Harnest on his body well,
At him they sought with sharpe swords of steell,
And from his strength environed him about;
Out through the presse on a side hé brake out:
Unto a wall that stood by the sea side.

For well or woe there must bee needeabide,
Part of their Speares in pieces there bee share,
Then from the Castell other helpe came mare,
Out ouer the Dyke they glaide on ouerie side,
Brake downe the wall, no succour was that tide;
Then Wallace knew of na weens but to die,
To win his Death among them thus went hee.
Other part in great yre hewing fast,
His birnest brand it burstled at the last:
Brake in the Hilts, away the blade hee flew,
Hee wist na weene, but forth his knife hee drew.
The first hee slew which him in hand hath hint,
And other two hee kicked with his dint.
The remanent to him with Speares hath sought,
Bare him to ground, no further might hee nought.
The Lords bade that they should not him sla,
To pyne him more, they charged him to ta:
Into their Innes although that hee had sworne,
Out of the gate by force they haue him borne.
Thus got Wallace with English-men was tane,
In fault of helpe, for hee was his alane.
Hee could not cease, his courage so him bare,
Frivole Fortune hath brought him in the snare.
These false gods, full of vnrighteousnesse,
And false Iuno, full of deceitfulnesse.
These feigned gods Wallace never yet knew,
Great Righteousnesse him ape to mercis drew:
His kin might not get him for no kin thing,
Right they haue payed the ransome of a King.
The more they bade, the more it was in vaine,
Of their best men that day seaven hath hee slaine.
They causde set him into a Prison fell,
Of his torment great pittie was to tell:
Evill meats and drinke they causde vnto him give,

Great marbell was if hee might long there liue,
And eke thereto hee was in Prison low,
While they thought time on him to holde the Law.
Leaue I him thus into this painefull stead,
While GOD aboue doe send him some remead.
The plaine complaint and pitteous lamenting,
The woefull weeping that was for his taking,
The tormenting of every creature,
Alace, they said, How shall our life endure?
The flowre of youth into his tender age,
Fortune of Armes hath left him in thirlage.
Liuing this day a Chiftaine haue wee none,
Durst take in hand, but young Wallace alone.
The land is lost, hee is caught in the snare,
The A-per-se of Scotland is in great care.

CHAP. III. How *Wallace* was imprisoned in *Aire*, and escaped.

BArrelde Hairing and water they him gaue,
Where hee was set into that vglie Caue.
Such food for him was feeble to commend.
Then said he thus, God GOD now mee receiue:
My pitteous spite, and soule ouer all the laue:
My carefull life, I may not now defend,
Ouer sew Sutheron vnto the death I drew,
And that I true indeed, and verie true,
For sone I will out of this world wend,
If I should now in Prison make an end.
Eternall GOD, why should I thus wise die,
Since my beliefe all whole remaines on thee?
And thine owne hand full worthilie hath wrought,
But thou remead, no life they ordaine mee:
Mine only Sauiour that died on the tree,

From

From hells prison with thy blud hath mé bought,
Why wilt thou giue thine handie worke for nought?
And many other in great paine that I sée,
For of my life nothing else I rought.
O warped swerd, of temper neuer true,
Thy fruthing blade in Prison sone mé threw:
And English-men obet little harmes hath tane,
Of vs they haue vndone moe than anew:
My faithfull Father despitefullie they slue:
My Brother als, and gud men many one,
This is the date shall vs ouercome eachone.
Of this Kingricke, deare GOD, when shal thou rue?
Since my power thus suddainly is gone.
All worthie Scots, Almightie GOD you léde,
Since I no more in Worship may you spéde,
In Prison hére mé worthes to mischieue,
Now fillie Scotland, that of helps hath great néde,
Thy Nation stands into a fellon dread.
Of worldlinesse right thus I take my leaue,
Of other paines God let you neuer preue:
Though I for woe out of my wit should wend,
None other gift I may now to you giue.
Adue Wallace, some-tyme was strong and stoure,
Thou must of neede in Prison long endure,
Thy worthie kin may not thee saue for Gold,
Ladies wépe, that were both mild and mure.
In furious paines thy Mother that thee bare:
For thou to her was dearer than the Gold,
Her most desire was to thee vnder mould,
In worldlinesse why should any affure?
For thou wert formed forcy on the fold.
Complaine yee poore, thus as poure scedull tells,
Complaine to Heaven with words that neuer failes.
Complaine your voyce to the great GOD aboue,

Complaine for him that ſits in ſyrfull Cells:
Complaine his paine that thus in dolour dwells:
In langour lyes, for loſing of their loue.
His furious paine was fellon for to proue.
Complaine alſo yee Birds as blythe as Bells,
Some happie chance may fall for your behoue.
Complaine ye Lords, complaine yee Ladies bright,
Complaine for him that worthie was and wight,
Of Saxons ſonnes that ſuffered mickell deare,
Complaine for him that is in Priſon dight.
And for no cauſe [Scotland] but for thy right.
Complaine alſo yee worthie men of weare,
Complaine for him who was your Aſper ſpeare,
Few Engliſh-men yet to the death bee tight,
Complaine for him your triumph had to beare.
Cellinus his Maiſter Iabelour was now,
In Engliſh-men, alace, why ſhould wee trow?
Our worthie Kin are pyned on this wiſe:
Such rule but right is little till allow.
Mee thinkes wee ſhould in barret make them bow,
At our power, and ſo wee doe fall ſpie,
From their danger GOD make vs for to ryſe:
What well hath wrought before theſe tymes now,
For they marke ape to wait vs with ſnappryſe.
What ſhould I more of Wallace tormentis tell:
The Flar hee tooke into that Priſon fell:
Neare to the death likelie he was to drawe:
They charged the Iabelour there he ſhold not dwell
But bring him forth ſoone of that vglie Cell:
In Iudgement where that hee ſhould thole the Law,
This man went downe and ſuddainly hee ſaw:
And to his ſight Death had him ſnapped ſneil,
Then ſaid to them, Hee hath payed that hee aw.
When they preſumed hee ſhould bee derie dead,

They causde servants without en longer plead,
With short advyse vnto the Wall him bare,
They cast him over out of that bailfull stead,
Of him they trowed there shouls bes no remead:
In a Draff-midding, where hee remained there,
His first Earle of the new towne of Aire,
To him shee came, which was full will of read.
And purchast leave away with him to fare:
Into great yre they granted her to goe,
Shee tooke him vp without en words moe:
And on a Cart vnseemely they him cast,
Out over the water they led him with great woe.
To her owne House without en ho:
Shee warmed Water, and als her servants fast.
His body washt while filth off him was past:
His heart was wight, and sighted to and fro.
And his two eyes at last cast vp also.
His Foster-mother him loved attour the laue,
Got milke to warme, his life if shee might saue.
With all her cure great kindnesse could him kyth,
Her daughter had of twelue Wekes a Knaue,
Her Childes paps in Wallace mouth it gaue,
The womans milke comforted him full swyth:
Then in a Bed they brought him for to lyth:
And covertlie they kept him in that caue,
Him for to saue how secretlie they might.
In their chamber they keeped him that tyde:
Shee causde graith vp a buird in the house syde.
With tapestrie cloaths honoured with great slight.
And that the boyes on eberie land should light,
That hee were dead throughout the land so wyde,
In presence aye shee weeped vnder sight.
But goodly meats shee graithed either night.
And so befell into that selfe same tyde,

While farther-more that Wallace worthed wight.
Thomas Rymer withoutten faile was than,
With the Minister, which was a worthie man:
Hee usd oft to that religious place,
The people deemed of mickle wit hee can,
And so hee did, although they bicker or ban,
Which hapned sooth in manie diverse place,
I cannot say, by wrong, or righteousnesse,
In rule of warre whether hee tint or wan,
It may bee deemde by division of grace.
That man that day at the Market had beene,
Of Wallace knew this carefull case so keene:
His Master asked, what tydings that hee saw?
His man answered, Of little heard I meene,
The Master sayde, That hath beene seldome seene,
Where Scots and English assembled on a row:
Was never yet so farre, as I could know,
But eyther a Scot would doe a Southeron teene,
Or hee to him, as aventure might saw.
Wallace, yee know, was tane into that stead,
Out over the wall I saw them cast him dead:
Out of their prison famisht for want of food.
The Master sayde, with heart heavie as Lead,
Such deede to them, mee thinke, should foster feud,
For hee was wight, and come of gentle blood.
Thomas answered, These tydings are not good:
If that bee sooth, my selfe shall never eate bread:
For all my wit, heere shortlie, I conclude.
A woman then of the new towne of Aire,
To him shee went, when hee was lying there:
And on her knees right lowlie them besought,
To purchase leave, shee might hence with him faire:
In lightlinesse they granted to her there,
And over the water into her house him brought,

To burie him, as goodlie as shee mought.
Then Thomas sayde, Yet shall I liue no mair,
If that bee true, by God that all hath wrought.
The Master heard what Thomas sayde in playne,
Hee charged his man to speede him fast againe:
To see the house and warilie to espy,
What words hee heard amongst them busily.
The man went out, at bidding was all baine,
To the new Towne to passe, hee did his paine:
To that ilke house, and went in suddenlie:
About hee blinked vnto the Boord him by.
The woman rose, in heart shee was not faine:
Who lyes heere, hee did demand in plaine?
Wallace, shee sayde, full worthie that hath beene:
Then weeped shee, that pittie was to seene:
The man thereto, great credence gaue hee nought,
Toward the boord hee bowned as hee best thought.
On knees shee fell, and cryed for Jesus sheene,
Let slander bee, and from your thought it steeme.
The man answered, By him that all hath wrought,
I would his welfare, and cast into his thought,
Might I on lyfe once see him with mine eins,
Hee should be safe though England would him steeme.
Shee led him vp to Wallace by the grees,
Hee spoke with him, then fast againe can prease,
With glad bodward their mirthe to amende,
And came againe, and tolde them whole to ende:
Hee tolde to them, the first tydings was lies,
Then Thomas sayde, Forsoth, ere hee deceis,
Manie thousand in fielde shall take an ende:
From this Region hee shall the Sutheron sende:
And Scotland thrise hee shall bring to a peace,
Into this Region great God shall sende him grace.
All worthie men that haue good wit to waill,

Beware that pee doe not misdeeme my tale.
Perchance yee say, to Bruce was none such like.
Yee was as good where deedes were to assaile,
As of his hands, and bolder of Battell,
But Bruce was knowne right heire of his Kingricke:
For yee had right, wee call no man him like.
But VVallace thrise this Kingricke conquest haill,
In England farre sought Battell on that Kike.

Chap. IV. The Battell of *Lowdon* Hill.

I will returne to my purpose againe,
When Wallace was relieved of his paine,
The Countrey deemde all whole that hee was dead,
His dearest kin knew not of his remead:
While whole hee was likelie to goe and ryde,
Into that place hee would no longer byde,
His true keeper hee sent to Ellerslie,
After him there hee durst not let her bee.
Her Doughter als, her servants and her Chylde,
Hee made them passe vnto his mother mylde.
When they were gone, no weapons there hee saw,
To helpe him with, what eventure might saw:
A rouskie sword in a nooke hee saw stand:
Withoutten belt, bose, buckler, or yet brand.
Long time before it had beene in that stead,
An aged man it left when hee was dead,
Hee drew the Blade and found it would well byte.
Though it was foule, hee tooke it with him tyte.
GOD helpe his man, for thou shalt goe with mee,
Whyle better come, will GOD, soone may that bee.
To Sir Rannald as then hee would not faire,
Into that passage for Sutheron made repare.
At Richartoun full faine hee would haue beene:

To

To get him Horſe, and part of Armour ſheene:
Then afterward, as hee bowned to fare,
Three Engliſhmen hee met ryding to Aire,
At their bopage in Glaſgow forth had beene:
One, Long-caſtle, that cruell was and keene,
A bolde Squyer, with him good Yeoman two:
Wallace drew by, and would haue let them goe:
To him they ryde, and ſayde deſpitefully,
Thou Scot abyde, I trow thou bee a ſpy,
Or elſe a thiefe, from preſence wouldſt thee hyde:
Then Wallace ſayde with ſober words that tyde,
Sir, I am ſicke, for God's loue let mee goe:
Long-caſtle ſayde, Forſooth it bess not ſo,
A felon fricke thou ſeemeſt in thy fare:
Whyle men thee know, thou ſhalt with mee to Aire.
Hint out his Sword that was of noble hue:
Wallace with that, at his lighting him threw:
Upon the craige with his ſword hath him tane,
Through brayne and lyre, in ſunder brake the bane:
By hee was fallen the two were lighted downe,
To benge his death on *Wallace* made them bowne.
The one of them vpon the head hee gaue,
The rouſtie blade vnto the craige him claue:
The other fled, and durſt no longer byde,
With a rude ſtep *Wallace* could after glyde,
Out through the ribs a ſicker ſtroke gaue hee,
Whyle Liver and Longs men might at once ſee.
The Horſe hee tooke, both Weapons and Armour,
Then thanked God with glad heart in that houre:
Silver they had, all with him hath hee tane,
Him to ſupport, for ſpending had hee nane.
Into great haſte hee rode to Richartoun,
A glad ſemblie was at his lighting downe:
When *Wallace* met with Sir Richard that Knight,

For

For him had mourned, while feeble was his sight.
His two sonnes of Wallace was full faine,
They had him lost, yet God him saved againe.
His Eme Sir Rannald to Richartoun came fast:
The Woman tolde, by Corsbie as they past,
How Wallace escaped, then on their wap preve,
Sir Rannald yet was in a fellon dread.
While hee him saw, in heart hee thought full long:
Then suddenlie in armes hee him throng,
Hee might not speake, but kissed him tenderlie,
His troubled spirite was in an extasie:
The glad teares brast from his eyes two,
Ere that hee spoke, a long time helde him so:
And at the last, right friendfullie, sayde hee,
Welcome Nevoy, welcome deare sonne to mee:
Thanked bee hee that all the world hath wrought,
That fairlie thee out of Prison hath brought.
His Mother came, and other friends anew,
With full glad will, to see these tidings true.
Good Robert Boyde that worthie was and wight,
Would not them trow, while he them saw with sight.
From sundrie parts they came to Richartoun,
Feele worthie folkes, that were of great renowne:
Thus leave I them in mirth, gladnesse, and pleasance,
Thanking great God of this happie chance.

The ende of the second Booke.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* revenged the ſlaughter of his Father, and of his Brother, on *Lowdoun* hill.

IN joyous Iulie, when the Flowers are ſweete,
Digeſtable, engendring with the heat,
Both Flowre and Fruit, Buſhes and Boughes braid,
Abounndantlie in everie Slonke and Slaide:
All Beſtiall their right courſe to endure,
Well helped are by working of Nature.
On forte aſcending to the Heavens hight,
Conſerved well by the Maker of might.
Fiſh in the Flod reſorted really,
To man's ſod, the world to occupy.
But Scotland ſo was waſted many a day,
Throughe warre, ſuch ſkaith, that labour was away.
Victaile grew ſkant ere Auguſt could appeare,
Throughe all the Land the food happed full deare.
But Engliſh-men that riches wanted nane,
By carriage brought their Victaile in good wane,
Stuffed Houſes with Wine and good Vernage,
Enjoyde this Land as their owne heritage:
This Kingrike whole they ruled at their will:
Meſſengers then ſuch tidings tolde them till,
And tolde the Perſie, that VVallace living was;

And

And from their Prison in Aire escaped hes.
They trowde it well, that Wallace past that stead,
For Long-castle and his two men were dead:
They waried the chance, that Wallace was so past,
In everie part they were full greatlie agast,
Throngh Prophecie, that they had heard before,
Lord Persie sayde, What neds words more,
But bee bee fast bee shall doe great marvell:
It were the best for King Edwards availe,
Might bee him get to bee his stedfast man,
For Golde or Land, his conquest might stand then.
Wes thinke, by force bee may not gotten bee,
Wyse men, forsoth, by his escape may see.
Thus deeme they him in manis diverse case,
We leane them thus, and speake of good Wallace.
In Richartoun hé would no longer byde,
For friends counsell, or ought that might betyde:
And when they saw that it availed nought,
His purpose was, to venge him if he mought,
On Sutheron blod that had his Elders slayne,
They let him worke his owne will into plaine.
Sir Richard had thré sonnes, as I you tolde,
Adam, Richard, and Simon that were bold:
Adam eldest was growne into cowrage,
Forward, right faire, and eighténe yeares of age:
Large of person, right hardie, wyse, and wight,
God King Robert, in his tyme made him Knight:
Long tyme after, in Bruces warres abade,
On English-men manie good journey made.
This good Squyer with Wallace bowned to ryde,
And Robert Boyde, which would no longer byde.
Under thirlage of fredges of England,
To the false King hé never had made band.
Cleland was there, neare Cousing to Wallace,

Then

Then bode with him in manie perillous place:
And Edward Little, his Sister Sonne so deare,
Full well graithed into their Armour cleare:
With their Servants to Richartoun they rode,
To Mauchline Mure, and short tyme there abode:
For friends them tolde was bounden in thirlage,
That Fenwicke sent was for the Carriage:
Within short tyme hee will bring it to Aire,
Out of Carliell they had received it there.
That pleased VVallace in heart right greatumlie,
Wit yes, they were a godlie companie:
Toward Lowdoun they bowned them to ryde,
And in a shaw, a little there beside,
They lodged them, for it was neare the night,
To watch the way as godlie as they might:
A good true Scot which Postler house helde there
Under Lowdoun, mens Author can declare:
Hee saw them come, hee went to them on hye,
Both Meat and Drinke hee brought them privily:
And to them tolde the carriage men in plaine,
Their fore-ryder to Aire was past agayne:
Left them to come with power of great availl,
They trowed by then they were in Anandaill.
VVallace then sayde, Wee will not sojourne heere,
Nor change no weeds, but our each dayes geare.
At Corsintoun the way was split that tyde,
For that same way behoved they to ryde.
And from the tyme that hee off prison fare,
Good Summer weede daylis on him hee bare:
Good light harnells from that tyme syde hee ever,
For sudden stryfe, from it hee would not sever.
An Habergion under his Gowne hee bore:
A good steele Cap in his Bonnet but more:
Two Gloues of Plate, with cloath was covered wel:

In

In his Doublet a close Coller of Stéle.
His face hee keeped, for it was ouer bare,
With his two hands, the which full worthie were:
Into his weede, if hee came in a thrang,
Was no man then on foot might with him gang:
So growne of strength, of power, strong, and sture,
His terrible dints were fearfull to endure.
They trusted more of Wallace him alane,
Than an hundreth of England might bee tane.
These worthie Scots made there no tarrying,
To Lowdon hill past in the day dawning.
Deuised the place, and put their Horse away,
And thought to win, or never home to ga.
Two scurriours sent to diise well the plaine,
But they right soone returned in againe.
To Wallace sayde, that they were comming fast,
Then to the ground all kneeling at the last:
With humble hearts, praying with all their might,
To God aboue to helpe them in their right:
They graithed them in Harnesse hastilie,
There sonzied none of that good companie.
Then Wallace sayde, Heere was my Father slaine,
And my Brother, which doeth mee miskle payne:
So shall my selfe, or wenged bee but dread,
The Traytor is heere, the causer of the deede.
Then hecht they all to byde with heartlie will,
By that the power was taking Lowdon hill.
The Knight Finwicke conuoyed the carriage,
Hee had on Scots made manie shrewde voyage.
The Sunne was risen lieming ouer Lands light,
The English-men saw, that they came to the hight,
Neare him they rode, and soone the Scots saw:
Hee tolde his men, and sayde to them on raw,
Wonder is Wallace that escaped our Prisoun,

Hé shall againe bé drawne through the towne,
His Head I know might better please the King,
Than Golde or Land, or any earthlie thing.
Hé made his servants bide with the carriage still,
Thought to demaine the Scots at their owne will,
Ninescore hee led in Harnesse birnest bright,
And fiftie were with Wallace, in the right.
Unrebuted the Sutheron were in weare,
And fast they came full awfull in effeire:
A maner of dyke of stones they had made,
Narrowed the Dyke wherethrough the thickest rade:
The Scots on foote tooke the gate them before,
The Sutheron saw, their courage was the more.
In prydfull yre they thought over them to ryde,
But otherwyse it happned in that tide:
On either side together fast they glade.
The Scots on foote great towme about them made:
With prunzing speares throughe plates of fine steell,
The English-men that thought to benge them weell:
On Harnest Horse about them rudelie rade,
That with unease upon their feete they bade:
Wallace the foremost in the driue hé bare,
The grounden speare throughout his bodie share.
The shaft hee shooke it off the frushing trée,
Devoyded it swne since no better might bee.
Drew swords then, both headie, sharpe and lang,
On either side full cruellie they dang.
Fighting at once into that fellon doubt,
Then English-men environed them about.
Throgh force they thoght out throgh them for to ride,
The Scots on feet that boldlie could abide,
With swords share throughe halse and Habriche good,
Upon the fields shot out the Sutheron blood.
From horse and man, throughe harnesse birnest bane.

A ſore aſſailzy forſoth there might bee ſéene.
They truſted no life, but to the latter ende,
Of ſo few folkis great noblenelle might bée kend,
Together bade defending them ſo faſt.
Durſt none diſſever, while that the preaſe bee paſt:
The Engliſh-men, that were right wiſe in weare,
Bp force ordaind in ſunder them to beare,
Their chiefe Captaine, as fierce as anp Boare,
Through maltalent and very proper care,
On a great Horſe into his gliſtering geare,
Out ouer caſts a fellon Aſper Speare:
The Knight Fenwicke, that cruell was and ſtéene
Of VVallace father hée at the Death had bœne,
And of his brother, that doughtie was and deare.
When VVallace ſaw that falſe Knight was ſo neare,
His courage grew in pre as a Lyon,
To him hée ran, and tickes feilebare downe,
As hée rode by, an atward ſtroake him ta,
Both thigh and arſon in ſunder made hée ga.
From the Curſour hée fell on the farre ſide,
With a ſharpe ſword hée ſtroake him in that tide.
Ere hee was dead a great preaſe cãme ſo faſt,
Ouer him to ground they bare Boyd at the laſt.
VVallace was neare, and turned in againe,
Him to reſcue, while hée roſe off the plaine.
Mightly did him weare, while he a ſword hath tane
Throughout the ſtowre theſe two in feare are gane,
The remanent vpon them followed faſt,
In their paſſage feill Sutheron made agaſt,
Adam VVallace, the heire of Richartoun,
Stroaks on Bewmont, a Squyer of renowne,
On the peſant, with his ſword birnicht bare,
The birnicht blade his halſe in ſunder ſhare.
The Engliſh-men ſaw their Chiftane ſlaine.

Boldly aboue, as men of mickell maine:
Rich Horse ramping rushed frickes vnder feete,
The Scots on swt made many lose the sweete.
Might men lighted, themselues for to defend,
Where VVallace came their deede was little kend:
The Sutheron part forefrushed were that tyde,
That in that stowre they might no longer byde:
Wallace indeede hee wrought right worthilie,
The Squyer Boyd, and all their Chevalrie,
The Englishmen twise plaine part for to flee:
Little and Cleland made of their enemies die.
On horse some part to strengths can them found,
To succour them with manye working wound.
An hundreth dead in Field was leaved there,
And three yeomen of Wallace dead but maire,
Two was of Kyle and one of Cunninghame,
With Robert Boyde to Wallace came from hame,
Foure score escaped from Field on Sutheron side.
The Scots in place that boldlie could abide,
Spoyling the Field of Gold and other geare,
Harnesse and Horse, which they needed in weare.
The English knaues they made the Carriage leade,
To Clyds Forrest, while they were out of dreade:
And bank them fast with widdies sad and faire,
On bowing trees then hanged they them there.
Hee spared none that able was for weare,
But women and Preists he made them aye forheare.
When this was done, to Dinner some they went,
Of stuffe and wine that GOD had to them sent,
Ten score of Horse they wan that Carriage bare,
With victuall and wines as mickell as they might fare.
And other stuffe, that they off Carleill led,
The Sutheron part out of the Field they fled,
With sorrow sought to the Castell of Aire,

Before the Lord, and tolde him of that care?
What good they left, and who in field were slaine,
Through wight Wallace, that was of mickell maine.
And how hee made all his servants hang,
The Persie said, If that Squyer last long,
Out of this Land hee shall eryle vs cleane,
So despitefull was never in world seene.
In our Prison heere last when that hee was,
Over slouthfully our Keeper let him passe.
Then this our hold I finde well may not bee,
We must make bring our Victuall by the Sea.
But lose our men, it helps vs right nought,
Our Kin may ban that ever wee hither sought.
Leave I them now, blaming their sory chance,
And more to speake of Scotf-mens governance.
When VVallace had well vanquisht into plaine,
That false Tyrant, that had his Father slaine,
His Brother als, which was a doughtie Knight,
Other good men before to death had dight:
Hee causde provide, and parted their Victuall.
With Stuffe and Horse, that was of great availe,
To friends about right privilie they send,
The remanent full gladlie there they spend.
In Clyds Wood they sojourned there three Dayes,
No Sutheron was that durst persue those wayes:
But hee tholed death that came in their danger.
The word of VVallace walked farre and neare,
Wallace was knowne on life living againe.
Though English-men thereof had mickell paine,
The Lord Persie to Glasgow could hee fare.
With wise Lords, and helde a Counsell there,
When they were met, moe than ten thousand,
No Chiftaine was that time durst take in hand,
To lead a Range, on Wallace to assaile:

Asked about, What was their best counsell:
Sir Aimer Wallange, that false Traytor and strong,
In Borthwell dwelt, and then was them among:
Hee said, My Lords, my counsell will I gine,
But doe yee not, from skaith yee may not line.
Yee must take peace withoutten tarrying,
As for a time, wee must send to the King,
The Persie said: Of our trewes hee will none.
An awfull Thirtane truelie hee is one.
Hee will doe more in faith ere that hee blin,
Sutheron to slay bee thinkes it is no sin:
Sir Aimer said, Trewes it behoues you take,
While afterward for him provision make.
I know hee will doe mickell for his Kin,
Gentrice and trueth ape rests him within.

Chap. II. How the *English-men* tooke peace with *Wallace*.

His Uncle Sir Rannald may make the band,
If hee will not, recognise all his Land:
Unto this time that hee this worke had wrought,
Sir Rannald was soone to their counsell brought,
They charged him to make Wallace at peace,
Or hee should passe to London ere hee cease.
To King Edward, and byde in his Prison,
While they aske to have peace for his Ransome:
Sir Rannald said, Lords, yee know right well,
At my counsell hee will not doe a deale:
His worthie Kin despitefullie yee slew,
In Prison then neare to the Death him drew:
Hee is at large, and will not doe for mee,
Though yee, therefore, should now make mee to die,
Sir Aimer said, Thele Lords counsell send,

Wee to the King to make a finall ende.
Of his Conquest, forsuith hee will it haue,
Wallace nor thou may not this Countrey saue,
Might Edward King get him for gold or land,
To bee his man, then might hee keepe Scotland.
The Lord bade cease, thou failest to that Knight,
Farre more in trueth than it is any right,
The wrong conquest our King desyreth aye,
Of him and vs it shall bee seene one day.
Wallace hath right, both force, and faire fortune,
Yee heard how hee escaped our prison.
Thus said the Lord, and prayed Sir Rannald faire,
To make this peace, thou Shyreffe art of Aire:
As for a time wee may advysed bee,
Under my seale I shall bee bound to thee,
The English-men that they shall doe him nought,
Nor to no Scots but it bee on them sought.
Sir Rannald knew hee might not them gainstand,
Of Lord Persie hee had received that band.
Persie was true and aye of great abaile,
Sober in peace, and cruell in battell.
Sir Rannald him bowned on the morne but bade,
Wallace to seeke in Clyds Forrest rade:
So hee him fand bouning to his Dinner,
Whē they haue seene this good Knight comming neare
Well hee him knew, and tolde them what hee was,
Marvell hee had what made him hither passe.
Made him good cheare of meates good and fine,
King Edward selfe could not get better wine.
Then they had there bernage and bennison,
Of battiall into great fusion.
Then after meate hee showd them of this deed,
How hee had beene into so mickell dread,
Nevoy hee said, Morke part of my counsell,

Tak

Take peace a while, and for the more availe:
But thou doe so forsooth thou hath great sinne,
For they are set to undoe all thy kin.
Then Wallace said to good men him about,
I will no peace for all this fellon doubt:
But if it please better to you than mee,
The Squyer Boyde him answered soberlie,
I giue my counsell ere this good Knight bee slaine,
Take peace a while although it doe vs paine:
So said Adam, the heire of Richartoun,
And Cleland als to their opinion.
With their consent Wallace this peace hath tane,
As his Eme wrought while ten months were gane.
Their leaue they tooke with sad comfort in plaine.
Fand GOD to bryght they shold meete whole againe
Boyde and Cleland, past to their places hame,
Adam Wallace to Richartoun by Name,
For with Sir Rannald can V William Wallace ryde,
In his Houshold in Corsbie for to byde.
This peace was cryed in August moneth mylde,
These gods of battell furious and wylde,
Mars and Iuno euer doth their businesse,
Causers of Warre, aye worker of wickednesse.
And Venus als which goddesse is of loue,
And olde Saturne his course for to approue,
These foure showes of divers complexion,
Battell, Debate, Enuy, and Destruction:
I cannot deeme of their melancholie,
But Wallace could not well in Corsbie lye:
Him had rather in travell for to bee,
Right sore hee longed the towne of Aire to see.

Chap. III. How *Wallace* slew the Buckler player, in the Towne of *Aire*.

SIR Rannald past from home vpon a day,
Fifteene hee tooke, and to the towne went they:
Covered his face, that no might him knaw,
Nothing hee cared how few enemies him saw:
In sober weed disaguised well were they,
An English-man on the gate saw hee play:
At the Scrimmage, a Buckler on his hand,
Wallace neare by in fellowship could stand:
Lightlie hee said, Scot, darest thou not prieue?
Wallace said, Yea, so thou dare giue mee lieue,
Smite on, hee said, I defie thy Nation:
Wallace therewith hath tane him on the crowne:
Through Buckler, Brand, & through the Harns alse
Vnto the shoulders the sharpe sword made hee goe.
Lightlie returned to his owne men againe:
The Woman cryed, Our Buckler-player is slaine.
The man is dead, what needes wordes maire?
Feill men of Armes about him sembled there,
Eight score at once vpon sixteene they set,
But *Wallace* soone with the formost hath met,
With yre and will on the Head hath him tane,
Through the bright Helme in sunder burst the bane.
Another breathlie on the breast hee bare,
His birnisht blade throughout the bodie share.
Great roome hee made, his men was fighting fast:
And many a groome they made full sore agast.
For they were wight and well vsed in weare,
Of English-men right boldlie downe they beare.
On their enemies great martyrdome they made.
Their hardie Chiftane, so well among them glaue,

What

What Englishmen that bade into his gate,
Contrare to Scotland made neuer more debate,
Feill frekes on fold were felled vnder feete,
Of Sutheron Blood lay sticked on the streete.
New power came from the Castell that tide,
Then Wallace fled, and drew toward a side,
With right good will hee would eschew suppryse,
For hee in Warre was worthie, wight and wise.
Yarns and heads in sunder hewde hee fast,
Vp force out throngh the thickest prease hee past,
Wallace returned behinde his men againe,
At the reskew feill Sutheron hath hee slaine.
His men all then hee out of perill brought,
From their Enemies, with all the power hee moght.
Vnto their Horse they went but more abode,
For danger then to Langlane Woode they rode,
Twentie and nine they left into that steade,
Of Sutheron men, that brittined were dead,
The remanent againe turned that tide,
For in this wood they durst not him abide.
Toward the towne they drew with all their maine,
Cursing the Peace they tooke before in plaine.
The Lord Persie in heart was greatlie grieved,
His men suppressed againe to him relieved.
And feill were dead into their Armour cleare:
Three of his kin, that were to him full deare.
When hee heard tell of their great griebance,
Their selfe was cause of this mischiebous chance.
Mourning hee made, though few Scots it kend,
An herauld then to Sir Rannald hee send:
And to him tolde of their full sudden case,
And charged him to take soberance of Wallace,
Hee should him hold from market towne and faire,
Where hee might best bee, out of their repaire.

The Sutheron knew that it was wight Wallace,
That them ouerset into that suddaine case,
Their trewes for this they would not breake a deale
When Wallace had this chance eschewed well,
Vpon a night from Langlane home he rade,
In chamber sone their residence they made,
Vpon the morne when that the day was light,
With VVallace forth went Sir Reynald the knight,
Shew him the writ that Lord Persie had sent,
Deare sonne, he sayd, this is my whole intent:
That thou wold grãt while ỳ this trewes were worn
No skaith to doe to any in England borne:
But where I passe daylie thou bide with mé.
Wallace answeared, God Sir, that may not bé,
Right loathe I were, deare Uncle, you to grieue.
I shall doe nought while time I take my leaue,
And warne you als, or that I from you passe,
His Eme and hee on this recorded was.
Wallace with him made this continuance,
Alke wight was blythe for to doe him pleasance,
In Corsbie thus hé rested them among,
There seauenténe dayes, suppose hé thought it long
Though they him pleasde as an Primate or King,
Into his minde remayned an other thing.
Hé saw his Enemies maisters in this Region,
Might not him please thogh he werking with Crown
Thus leaue I him, with his deare Friends still,
Of English-men now speake some part I will.

THE

THE FOURTH BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* wan the Peele of *Gargamoke*.

IN September, that humble Moneth swæte,
When by pas was of Summer the heate,
Wittaile and fruite are ryped in aboundance.
As God ordayned to mans sustenance,
Sagittarius with Asper Bow,
By each Signe the veritie to know,
The changing course, which makes great differance,
And leaues had lost their colour of pleasance:
All worldlie thing hath nought but a season,
Both herbe & fruit must from the heght come downe.
In this like tyme a great Counsell was set,
In Glasgow Towne, where manie Maisters met:
Of English Lords, to statute this Countrie:
And charged they all Shyrreffes there to bæ.
Sir Rannald Crawfurd behoved that tyme bæ there,
For bæ through right was borne Shyrreffe of Aire:
His deare Nevoy with him that tyme hee toke,
William Wallace, as witnesse beares the Booke.
For hee no tyme should farre bee from his sight,
Hee loved him, with heart and all his might.
They graithed them without longer abode,
VVallace some part before the Court out rode.

Ober-

Ouer-take the Child, Sir Rannalds son should leade
With him two men, that worthie were indeede.
Softlie they rode whyle they the Court should knaw
So suddenlie that tyme himselfe he saw,
The Perlies summe in which great riches was,
The Horse was tyred, and might no further passe:
Fiue men were charged to keepe it well that tyde,
Two were on foote, and three on Horse can ryde.
The Master-man at their servant can spiere,
Who awe this summe? the trueth to mee you leare.
The man answered, withoutten words mair;
My Lord, hee sayde, It is the Shyreffes of Aire,
Since his it is, this Horse shall with mee gang,
To serue our Lord, or else I thinke great wrang:
Though a subject indeede would passe his Lord,
It is not leisome by no righteous record.
They cutted the brace, and let the Harnesse saw:
Wallace was neare when hee such robberie saw.
Hee spake to them with manlie countenance,
In faire forme, hee sayde, but variance,
Hee doe vs wrong, and it in tyme of Peace,
Of such robberie it were good tyme to cease.
The Sutheron shrew in yre answerde him to,
It shall bee wrought as thou mayst see vs doe:
Thou getst no mends, what needs words maire?
Sadly advised, Wallace remembred there,
Of the promise hee made his Eme befoze.
Reason him ruled, as then hee did no moze,
But past away to meete his Eme agayne,
Seeing this reaffe, was moved with great payne.
The Horse yet toke they, for aventure might fall,
Bound on the summe, then soorth the way can call
Their tyred summer they left there on the plaine,
Wallace returned toward the Court agayne.

On the mure side sone with his Eme hee met,
And tolde how they the way had for him set:
And were not I was bound in my leadgeance,
Mee parted not thus for all the Golde in France.
The horse they reft which should your harnelle beare.
Sir Rannald sayde, That is but little deare:
Wee may get horse and other things in playne,
If men bes lost wee get them never agayne.
Wallace then sayde, as wyselie, God mes saue,
Of this great misse amends shall I haue,
And nepther let for peace nor yet pleasance,
With witnesse heere I giue vp my leadgeance:
For cowardly you are tyde to lose the right,
Sone after then your owne death will bee dight.
In wrath there-with suddenlie from him hee went.
Sir Rannald was wyse, and rash in his intent:
And sayde, I will byde at the Meirns all night,
So Englishmen of vs shall deeme no vnright:
If anie bee dead before vs vpon case,
Then wee in Law may byde the rightrousnesse:
His lodging toke, at the Meirns still hee bade,
Full great mourning for his Nevoy hee made:
But all for nought, what might it him availe,
As into warre hee wrought not his counsell.
Wallace rode forth with his two gromen past,
The summer man hee followed wonder fast:
By Catheart hee over-hyed them agayne,
Then knew they well that it was hee in playne,
By horse and weeds had argued them before,
And then to them returned without more.
Wallace to ground from his Curser can glyde,
A birnisht Brand hee braided out that tyde,
The Waller-man with so good will stroake hee,
Both hat and head in sunder made hee flee,

Another

Another fall vpon the face hee gaue,
To dead on ground but mercie soone him draue:
The third hee hit with great yre in that stead,
Fey on the field, hee hath him left for dead.
Wallace slew three, by that his Yeomen wight,
The other two derflie to death had dight:
Then spuilyied they the Harnesse of they wend,
Of Silver and Golde they got anough to spende.
Jewels they tooke, the best were chozen there,
Good Horse and Geare, then on their way can fare:
Then Wallace sayde, At some strength would I bee,
Over Clyde that tyme was a good Bridge of tree,
Thither they past in all their goodlie might,
The day was gone, and comming was the night:
They durst not well neare still by Glasgow byde,
In the Lennox hee tooke purpose to tryde,
And so hee did, then lodged there that night,
As they best might, while that the day was light:
To an Millillarie hee went, and sojourned there,
With true Scots that his neare friends were,
The counsell met right gladlie on the morne,
But feill tydings were brought Persie beforne,
His men were slaine, his treasure als was reft,
With feill Scots, and them no Jewels left:
They deemed about of that perts doubtfull case,
The Sutheron sayde, Forsooth, it is Wallace:
The Shyreffs Court was comming to the Townes,
And hee was one for Scot of most renowne.
They gart seeke Sir Rannald in that rage,
But hee was still then at his Harbarage.
Some wyse man sayde, There of nothing hee kend
The men were slayne heere at the Townes ende.
Sir Rannald rawn by nine houres of the day,
Before the Persie and his men brought were they.

The

They followed him of felonie that was wrought,
The allyse to him of this could say right nought:
They deemed about there of that felon case,
Before the Judge there hee denyde Wallace,
And so hee might, hee wist not where hee was.
From this Counsell my purpose is to passe.

Of Wallace to speake in Wilderneſſe so wyde,
The Lord God bee his governour and guyde.
Still at that place foure dayes hee sojourn'd whole,
When tidings came to him from that Counsell:
Then statute they in each stead of the West,
In these bounds Wallace should haue no rest.
His deare Uncle a great oathe made him sweare,
That hee but leaue no friendship should him beare.
And manie other full woe was that day,
And Robert Boyd stole of the Towne away,
And Cleland als, before with him had beene,
They had farre rather see him with their eine,
Living on lyse, as they knew him before,
Than of pure Golde a Million and more.
Boyde weeped sore, and sayde, Our Lord is gone,
Amongst his foes is set all him alone.
Then Cleland sayde, False fortune changes fast:
Great God since wee with him had ever past.
Edward Little to Annandaill his went,
And wist right nought of this new Judgement.
Adam Wallace bode still in Richartoun,
So fell it thus with Wallace of renowne:
Hee with his power parted marbelouslie,
By fortune of chance over turnes doublie:
Their piteous mone as then could not bee bet,
They wist no whit where that they should him get:
Hee left the place where hee in lodging lay,

To

Another fast vpon the face hee gaue,
To dead on ground but mercie soone him driue:
The third hee hit with great yre in that stead,
Fey on the field, hee hath him left for dead.
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The other two perfite to death had dight:
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Of Silver and Golde they got anough to spende.
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Good Hozse and Geare, then on their way can fare:
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Ouer Clyde that tyme was a good Bzidge of tree,
Thither they past in all their goodlie might,
The day was gone, and comming was the night:
They durst not well neare still by Glasgow byde,
In the Lennox hee tooke purpose to ryde,
And so hee did, then lodged there that night,
As they best might, while that the day was light:
To an Distillarie hee went, and sojourned there,
With true Scots that his neare friends were,
The counsell met right gladlie on the morne,
But feill tydings were brought Persie before,
His men were slaine, his treasure als was reft,
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And Cleland als, before with him had beene,
They had farre rather see him with their eine,
Living on lyfe, as they knew him before,
Than of pure Golde a Million and more.
Boyde weeped sore, and sayde, Our Lord is gone,
Amongst his foes is set all him alone.
Then Cleland sayde, False fortune changes fast:
Great God since wee with him had ever past.
Edward Little to Annandaill his went,
And wist right nought of this new Judgement.
Adam Wallace bode still in Richartoun,
So fell it thus with Wallace of tenc wne:
Hee with his power parted marbelouslie,
By fortune of chance ouer turnes doublie:
Their piteous mone as then could not bee wet,
They wist no whit where that they should him get:
Hee left the place where hee in lodging lay,

To

To Earle Malcome hee went vpon a day:
The Lennox whole hee held into his hand,
To King Edward then had hee not made band:
The Land was ſtrait, and maſterfull to win,
Good men of Armes that tyme was it within.
The Lord was traiſt, the men ſicker and true,
With weake power they durſt him not perſue.
Right glad hee was of Wallace companie,
Welcommed him faire, with worſhip reverentlie,
At his owne will deſired if hee would,
To byde there ſtill Maſter of his Houſe-holde.
Of all his men hee ſhould whole Chiftane bee.
VVallace anſwered, It were anough for mee:
I cannot byde, my mynde is ſet in playne,
Wroken to bee, or elſe to die in payne.
Our Weſt Countrey, their ſtatute is ſo ſtrang,
Into the North my purpoſe is to gang.
Steven of Yreland into the Lennox was,
And wight Wallace hee ordaind him to paſſe,
And others als, that borne was of Argyle:
Wallace ſtill there made reſidence a whyle,
While men it wiſt, and ſembled ſoone him till.
Hee charged none, but at their owne good-will.
Thogh they were ſtragers, yet could he not the dreat
But received them, all in his warres to leade.
Some part of them was then in Yreland borne,
That Makfadzeane had exyled out before.
King Edwards man hee was ſworne of Yreland,
Of right low birth, ſuppoſe hee tonke in hand.
To Wallace there came one that hecht Fawdoun,
Of melancholie, and evill of complexion:
Heavie of ſtature, and doure countenance:
Sorrowfull was aye, in dread without pleaſance.
Wallace received what men would come him till.

The bodilie Oath they made him with good will.
Before the Earle all in one concord,
And him receiued as their Captaine and Lord:
His speciall men that came with him from hame,
The one heght Graye, the other Kerlie by name.
In his service came first in all their maine,
To Lowdoun Hill, where that Fenwick was slaine,
Hee them commanded aye next him to persue,
For hee them kend right hardy, wise and true.
His leaue hee tooke right on a faire manner,
The good Earle then hee bad him gifts keire,
Wallace would none, but gaue of his feill syse,
To poore and rich on a godly wyse.
Humble hee was, hardy, wise, and free,
And of Riches hee helde no propertie.
Of honour and worship hee was a mirrour kende,
As hee of Gold had aboundantly to spende.
Upon his foes hee wan it worthily.
Thus Wallace past, and his good Chevalry.
Sixty hee had of likely men at wage,
Through the Lennox hee led them with Courage.
About Lekkie hee lodged them in a baill,
A strength there was, which they thought to assaile,
On Gargunnoke there bigged was a Peill,
That stuffed was with men and victuall weill.
Within a Dyke, close, Chalmer and an Hall,
Captaine thereof to name heght Thirlwall.
They led Wallace where that this bigged was,
Thought to essay further ere hee would passe.
Two spyes hee sent to visie all the Land:
Right loath hee was the thing to take in hand.
The which by force that should goe him againe,
Rather hee had through aduenture bee slaine.
Their men went forth when it was large midnight,

About the House they spyed all at right:
The Watch-men heavy were, and fallen on sléepe,
The Bridge was drawne, that the entrie should kéepe
The Labourers late reklesse went in.
These men returned without noyce or din,
To their Master, and told what they had séene,
Then graithed hée some these men of Armes kéene,
Sadly on fote unto the House they sought,
And entred in, for letting had they nought,
Wight men essayed, with all their busie cure,
A locked barre was drawne athort the dore.
But they might not it breake out of the wall,
Wallace was grieved when hée such tary saw.
Some part annoyed, wrathlie to it hée went,
By force of Hands it raised out of the sprent.
Three elles of breadth als of the wall pulled out,
Then marvelled all his men that were about:
How hée did more than twentie of them might,
Then with his fote the gate hee strake up right.
While brace and bands hee bursted all at once,
Frayedlie they rose that were within those wones,
A Watch-man had a fellon Staffe of Steele,
At Wallace stroake, but hee kept him right weele.
Rudelie from him hee reft it in the throng,
Dang out his braines, then in the Dyke him flong.
The remanent by that were on their feete,
Thus Wallace sone can with the Captaine meete.
The Staffe hee had beadle and forged new,
Wlith that Wallace upon the head him drew,
While bone and braine all in sunder peed,
His men entred that worthie were indeed.
In hands hint and sticked all the lane:
Wallace commanded, they should no weare-men sa
Twenty and two they sticked in that stead.

Wom

Women and Bairnes, when that the men were dead
Hee causde bee tane, and kept in close full weill,
That they thereout might haue thereof no feill.
The dead bodies they put soone out of sight,
Tooke vp the Bridge or that the Day was light.
In that place bode foure dayes or hee would passe,
Wist none thereout how that the manner was,
Spoyled that stead, and tooke them gaining geare,
Jewelles and Gold away with them they beare.
When hee thought time they ished in the night,
To the next wood they went with all their might.
The Captaines wife, women and Children three,
Past where they would for Wallace left them free.
In that Forrest hee liked not to bide,
They bounded them ouer Forth for to ride:
The Mosse was strong, to ride it was no bote,
Wallace was wight, and lighted on his foote,
Few horse they had, little thereof they rought,
To saue their liues feill strengths oft they sought,
Steven of Ireland was their guide that night,
Toward Kinkardin, syne rested there at right.
In that Forrest, which was both long and wide,
Which from the Mosse grew to the Water side.
After the Sunne VVallace walked about,
Vpon Teth side, where hee saw many a rout,
Of wyld Beasts, wavering in Wood and Plaine,
Some at a shot a great Hart hath hee slaine:
Flew fire off Flint, and graithed thereat right,
Suddainlie their fresh vennison they dight,
Victuall they had both Bread and Wine so cleare,
With other Stuffe anough at their Dinniere.
This staffe of steele hee gaue Keirlie to keepe,
Then past they ouer the Water of Teth so deepe,
Into Strathern they entred suddainlie,

In Covert past, or Sutheron should them spp,
Whom that they found of Scotlands adversours,
Without respect was come their fatall houres.
Whom ever they met, was at the English fay,
They slue all downe withoutten moze delay.
They spared none that was of English blod,
To Death hee yeed, though hee were never so god,
This was the grace that VVallace to them gaue,
They saued none, Knight, Squyer, noz pet Knaue.
But walked all by wozthinesse of Weire,
Of that party that might beare Bow oz Speare.
Some part by slight, some part by foze they slew,
But Wallace thought they walked never anew.
Silver they toke, and als Golde as they fand.
Other good geare full lightly red from hand.
Cutted throats, syne in Pett-pots them kest,
But out of sight, for that they thought was best,
At the Blacke furde as they should then passe over,
A Squyer came, and with him beirnes foure,
To Downe should ride, and went that they had bane
All English-men that hee before had seene.
Upthings to spiere hee bowed them among:
Wallace therewith a good swozd out hee swong,
Upon his head hee streake with so great ire,
Throught bone and braine in sunder streake the lyre,
The other foure in Hands sone were hint,
Perslie to Death sticked oz they would stint.
The Hozse they tooke, and what they lyked best
Spoyled them bare, syne in a Bog them kest.
Of this matter no moze tarrie they made,
But foozth their wap passed without abade,
Their warlicke Scots all with one consent:
So North ouer Erne out throgh the Land they went.
In Methwen Wood their lodging tooke that night.

Upon

Upon the morne when that the Day was light,
Wallace rose vp, and went to the Forrest syde.
Where that hee saw full wylde Beasts abyde.
Of wyld and tame walking aboundantlie,
Then VVallace said, This Countrey lykes mee,
Weare men may doe with food that they should haue,
But want they meate, they reke not for the laue,
Of dainty faire Wallace tooke never keepe,
But as it come, welcome was meat and sleepe.
Sometime hee had great sufficiene within,
Now want, now haue: now lose, now win:
Now light, now sad: now blythe, and now in baile:
In hestle, now hurt, now sorrow, and now haile:
Now weilde and weill, now cold weather, now heit:
Now moist, now drouth, & wabering wind, now weit
So fares with him for Scotlands right full even,
In fell debate, seaven yeares and moneths seaven.
When hee wan peace, and left Scotland in plaine.
Then English-men made new conquest againe.
In frustrate termes I will not tarrie lang,
Wallace againe vnto his men can gang,
And said, Heere is a Land of great aboundance,
Thanked bee GOD of his hie purveyance.
Seauen of you feirs, graith soons and goe with mee,
Right fore I long Sainct-Iohnstone for to see.

CHAP. II. How *Wallace* past to *Sainct-Iohnstone*, and slew the Captaine and wan *Kinclevin*.

STeven of Ireland, as GOD of Heaven thee saue,
Maister and leader I make thee of the laue:
Keepe well my men, let none out of thy sight,
While I gang, hither shalt come with all my might.
Byde mee seaven dayes into this Forrest strong:

Yee may get foode suppose I dwell so long,
Some part yee haue and GOD will send you maire.
Thus turned hee and to the towne can faire.
The Maire keeped the port of the billage,
Wallace knew well and sent him his message:
The Maire was brought, saw him a goodlie man,
Right reverentlie hee hath received them than,
At him hee asked all Scots if that yee bee.
VVallace said, Yea, and it is peace trow wee,
I grant hee said, that likes vs wonder well,
True men of peace must aye some friendship feill.
What is your name I pray you tell mee it,
William Malcome soone he said, since yee would wit
In Ettricke Forrest hath my winning beene,
There was I borne among the schawes sheene.
Now I desire this Northland for to see,
Where I might find better dwelling for mee,
The Maire said, Sir I aske for none till,
But feill tydings ofttime is brought vs till.
Of one Wallace that borne was in the west,
Our Kings men hee holds at great unrest:
Partyzes them downe, great pittie is to see,
Out of the trewes forsoth I trow hee bee:
Wallace said then, wee heare speake of that man,
Tydings to you of him tell nought I can,
For him hee gart an Innes well graithed bee,
Where none should come but his owne men and hee,
The Stewart Keirlie brought them in fusion,
God thing enough the best was in the towne.
Als English-men to drinking would him call,
And commonlie hee dealt not there withall,
In their presence hee spended resonablie,
Yet for himselfe hee payed aboundantlie.
On Scots men hee spended miekell good,

Gone with his will vpon the Sutheron blud.
Soone hee conſaued in his wit priuilie,
Into that towne who was of moſt party.
Sir James Butteller an aged cruell knight,
Keeped Kinclevin a Caſtell wonder wight.
His ſonne Sir Iohn that dwelt into that towne,
Vnder-Captaine to Sir Gerrard Heroun:
The Women als he viſpit at the laſt,
And ſo on one his eyes began to caſt,
In the Southgate a fellon ferlie faire,
VVallace to her made priuatelie repaire:
So fell it thus, from the towne or hee paſt,
At an accord happened at the laſt.
Wallace with her in ſecret maner him glade.
Sutheron will not that hee ſuch pleaſance had,
Oft on the night hee vvould ſay to him ſell,
This is farre vvorſe than anp paine of Hell.
That thus vvith vvrong theſe devils brooks our land
And I vvith force may not againſt them ſtand.
To take this towne my povver is too ſmall,
Great perill als of my life may befall.
Set it on fyre it vvill vndoe my ſell.
Or loſe my men, there is no more to tell.
The gates are cloſed, the Dykes are deepe vvithall,
Thogh I vvould ſo vim, forſooth they can nought all.
This matter heere therefore I vvill let ſlide,
For at this tyme I may no longer bide.
All men him told the Captaine vvas to paſſe,
Home to Kinclevin, vvhereof right glad hee vvas.
His leaue hee tooke at Heires of the towne,
To Methwin vvood right gladlie made them bovvne.
His Horne hee hint and blythlie bouned to blow,
His men heard, and there ſoone can they drow.
Right blythe hee vvas for they were haill and feire.

Wanp at him for tythings would not spiere,
Yee them commanded for to make ready fast,
In good aray out of the Wood they past,
Toward Kinclevin they bowned them that tyde,
Then in the vaill that neare was them besyde:
Fast vpon Tay his bushment can hee draw,
In a derne Wood hee stelled them on raw.
Set Scurriours out, the Countrey to espy,
But soone or noone there cam fore-ryders by.
The watch turned, to see what was his will,
Yee them commanded in covert bold them still:
And we shaill forth the Howse will knowledge haue
And that may soone bee warning to the laue,
All force in warre doth nought but grievance,
Wallace was few, but happie was his chance.
Wade him feill syse his Adversours to win:
By that, the Court of English-men came in,
Fourscore and ten well graithed in the geare,
Harnesse on Horse, as likely men of Weare.
Wallace saw well that number was no moe,
Hee thanked GOD, and then the Field can to,
The English marveiled greatly what they should be
But from they saw, they made them for mellie,
In rest they cast sharpe Speares in that tide,
In ober they thought out ouer the Scots to ride,
Wallace and his went ober them againe,
At the first rush feill Sutheron were slaine,
Wallace stroake one with his good speare of steele,
Throughout the coist that shaft frushed like deele:
A birnisht brand in haste then hint hee out,
Thrise vpon foot hee throng through all the rout,
Sterne Horse they sticked, thold men of Armes beare
Fey vnderfoote was fopled men of Weare.
Buttelar lighted, himselfe for to defende,

With men of armes which were full worthie kend,
On either side feill strikes were fighting fast.
The Captaine baid though hee was sore agast,
Part of the Scots through worthinesse they slew.
Wallace was woe and toward him hee drew,
His men then dred the Butteler bold and keene,
On him hee fought, with yre and proper teene,
Upon the head hee stroake in matalent,
The birnisht blade throughout his basnet went,
Both bone and braine hee burled through his weed.
Thus Wallace hand delibered them that dreed,
Yet feill on fold was fighting feilonlie,
Steven of Ireland, and all the Chevalrie,
Into that stoure did worthilie and well.
And Kerlie als with his good staffe of steell.
The English-men frae their Chiftaine was slane,
They left the field and fled in all their maine.
Throughout were slaine, ere they wold leave that stead.
The fleeand folke they wist of no remead,
But take the house they fled in all their might,
The Scots followed that worthie were and wight,
Few men of fence was left that place to keepe:
Women and Preists upon the wall can weepe,
For well they weinit the Fleares was their Lord,
To take them in they made the ready ford
Let downe the Bridge, cast up the gates wide,
The fraped folke intred that durst not bide,
Good Wallace ever followed them so fast,
While in the house hee entred at the last.
The gate hee wore, while comming was the rout,
Of English and Scots hee held no man thereout,
The English-men that winned in that steid,
Without en grace they brittined them to dead,
The Captains wife, women and prests twa,

And young Children, forsooth they saued no ma,
Yelde them in close, after this suddaine case,
Or Sutheron men should sledge them in that place.
Tooke vp the Bridge, and gates closed fast,
The dead bodies out of sight they causde cast.
Within the House and outwith that were dead,
Fiue of his owne to burie hee causde lead.
In that Castell seaven dayes still bode hee,
In euerie night they spoyled bussilie.
To Short-wood shows led wines and victuall wight,
And house-hold geare, both gold and siluer bright.
Women and they whom to hee granted grace,
when hee thought time, they put out of the place,
when they had tane what likd them to haue,
Strake downe the gate, and set on fire the laue,
Out of the windowes the stancheours all they drew,
Full great yron-worke into the water threw.
Buirdin Doores and lockes in their yre,
All worke of tree they burnt into the fire.
Spilt what they might, brak brig and bullwark down
To Short-wood shawes in haste they made thé down
Choosed a strength, where they their lodging made,
In good effeir a while still there hee bade.
Yet in the towne of this no wit had they,
To Countrey-folke, when it was light of Day,
Great smoake saw rise, and to Kinclevin they sought
But wallest stone, more good there found they noght.
The Captaines wise to Sainct-Iohns-towne sheepard
And to Sir Gerrard told this fellon deed.
Als to her sonne what hapned was by cace.
Then deemed they all that it was wight Wallace.
Before tyme there hee spyed had the towne,
Then charged they all that should bee readie bowne,
Harnest on Horse into their Armour cleare.

To

To ſéke VVallace they went all forth in feare:
A thouſand men well garnight for the weir,
Toward the Wood, right awfull in effeir.

Chap. III. Short-wood Shawes.

TO Short-wood ſhaw, and ſet it all about,
With fiue ſtails, that ſtalwart were and ſtout:
The firſt they made, a fellon range to leade,
Where VVallace was, full worthie ape indeede,
The ſtrength they tooke, and bade them holde it ſtill,
On everie ſide, allaiſpie who ſo will.
Sir Iohn Buttler into that Forreſt went,
With two hundred, ſore moued in his intent,
His Fathers death to venge him, if hée mought:
To VVallace ſoone with men of Armes him ſought.
A Cleugh there was, whereof a ſtrength they made,
With thortour trées, and boldlie there abade.
From the one ſide they might iſſue to the plaine,
Then through the Wood to the ſtrength paſſe againe:
Twentie hée had that noble Archers were,
Againſt ſeaven ſcore of Engliſh bow-men faire.
Thée ſcore of ſpeares neare hand thẽ bode full right,
If Scots iſſued, to helpe them at their might,
On *W*allace ſet a bicker bolde and kéene:
A Bow hee bore, was big, and well beſéene,
And Arrowes ais, both long and ſharpe with awe,
No man there was that *W*allace bow could drawe.
Right ſtrong hee was, and in full ſober geare,
Boldlie hee ſhot amongſt thoſe men of weare.
An angill head vnto the hooks hee drew,
Then at one ſhot the formoſt ſoone hee ſlue.
Engliſh Archers, that hardie were and wight,
Againſt the Scots bickred with all their might.
Their awefull ſhot was fellon for to byde:

Of Wallace men they wounded fiell that tyde,
Few of them was sicker of Archerie,
Better they were, and they got even partie,
In field to byde eyther with Swoyd oy Speare,
Wallace perceived his men tooke miekle deare:
Hé gart them change, and stand not in that stead,
Hé cast alwapes to saue them from the dead:
Full great travell upon himselfe tooke hé,
Of Sutheron Archers feill men gart hé die.
Of Long-castle, schyr bow-men were in that place,
A soyr Archer aye wayted on Wallace,
At one open where hé used to repare,
At him hé drew a sicker shot and saire,
Under the chin through a Coller of stéle,
On th'.t side, and hurt his halse some deale:
Astonied hé was, but not greatlie agast,
Wallace him saw and followed him full fast,
And in the turning with good will hath him tane,
Upon the Craige, in sunder broke the bane:
Then feill of them no friendship with him fand,
Fifteene that day hee shot dead with his hand:
By that his Arrowes wasted were and gone,
The English Archers, forsooth they wanted none:
Outwith they were their power to renue,
On everie side they could to them persue.
William Lorane came with his boustreous staill,
Out of Gowrie, on Wallace to assaile:
Nevoy hee was as it was knowne plaine,
To the Butteller before that they had slaine,
To venge his Eme hee came with all his might,
Three hundreth led of men in Armes bright,
To leade the range, on foote hee made him ford.
Wallace to God his confidence couth remord,
Then comfort them with manlie countenance.

Wee see, hee sayde, good Sirs, their ordinance:
Heere is no chopse but eyther doe or die,
Wee haue the right the happier may it bee,
That wee shall scape by grace out of this Land.
The Lorane by that was readie at his hand,
By this it was after noone of the day,
Fiell men of wit to counsell soone peede.
The Sutheron cast sharplie on everie side,
Wee saw the Wood was neyther long nor wyde:
Lightlie they sayde, Wee should holde so lang,
Fine hundreth made on foot throughout it to gang.
Sad men of Armes that eager were of will,
Shout the Scots with manie shout full shill,
With bow and speare, and swords stiffe of steele,
On eyther side no friendship could they feele.
Wallace in yre a buirlie Brand can draw,
Where feill Sutheron were sembled on a raw,
To send his men with his deare worthie hand,
The follie were fey that hee before him fand:
Throughout the thickest of the great preasse hee past,
Upon his enemies hee went wonder fast,
Against his dint no weeds might availe,
Whom so hee hit was dead withoutten faile:
Of the fiercest full braithlie dang hee downe,
Before the Scots that were of great renowne.
To hold the strength they preast with all their might,
Then English-men that worthie were and wight,
Sir Iohn Butteller relieved in againe,
Sundered the Scots and did them mickle paine,
The Lorane als that cruell was and keene,
A sore essay, forsooth there might bee seene.
Then at the strength they might no longer byde,
The range so strong came upon eyther syde.
In the thickest wood they made their fell defence,

Against

Against their foes so full of violence:
Right feill Sutheron left their life in wed,
To a new strength Wallace and his men fled:
On his aduersares they made full fell debate,
To helpe themselues, none other succour they wate,
The Sutheron als were sundred then in twin,
But they againe together soone can win.
Full subtillie their Ordinance they made,
The range againe they bowned but moze abade.
The Scots were hurt, and part of them were slaine.
Then Wallace sayde, Wee labour all in vaine,
To slap commons it helps vs right nought,
But their Chiftanes that haue them hither brought:
Might wee wozke so that one of them were slaine,
So soze effay they could not get againe.
By this the Hoast approaching was full neare,
Thus they them helde full manlie vpon steare.
When Wallace saw the Sutheron were at hand,
Him thought no tyme longer foz to stand.
Right manfullie hee graithed hath his geare,
Sadlie hee went against these men of weare.
Throughout the stoure full fast fighting hee sought,
With Gods grace to benge him, if hee mought:
Upon the Buttler awefullie stroke hee,
Safeguard hee got vnder a bowing tree.
The branch in two hee stroke aboue his head,
Als to the ground hee feiled him in that stead.
The whole power vpon him came so fast,
That they by force rescued him at the last.
Lorane was woe, and thither fast can drawe.
Wallace returned, so suddenlie hee him saw,
Out at a side full fast to him hee yeede,
Hee got no girth foz all his burnisht weede:
With yze him stroke on his gozget of steele,

The trenchīng blade it pierced everie deale:
Through plate and stuffe might not against it stand.
Dertie to death hē left him on the Land.
Him haue they lost, though Sutheron had it swōrne,
For his Craige-bone was all in sunder shōrne.
The wōrthie Scots did noblie that day,
About Wallace while hee was won away:
Hē toke the strength against their foes will,
Aboundantlie in bargane bade them still,
The scrp sone rose the bolde Lorane was dead,
Sir Gerrard Heroun tranoynted to that stead,
And all the Hoast assembled him about,
At the Nōrth side then Wallace issued out,
With his good men, and bowned them to goe,
Thanking great God that they were parted so:
Seaven of his men that day to death were dight,
To Cargill wood they went that selfe same night,
In the field left of the Sutheron fyre scōre,
And Lorane als, that mourning was the mōre,
The range in haste they raised soone againe:
But when they saw their travell was in vaine,
When it was past full, mielile moane they made,
To ripe the wod both hale, stonke, and staide.
For Buttlers Golde Wallace tooke care before,
But they found nought would they seeke evermōre:
His Hōrse they got, but nought else of his geare,
With dolefull mone return'd these men of weare,
To Sainct-Iohnstone, with sōrow and great care.
Of Wallace fōrth, mee likes to speake no mare.
The second night the Scots could them drawe,
Right prīvatelie againe to Short-wood shaw.
Tooke vp their gōd which was put out of sight,
Cloathing and stuffe, both Gold and Silver brīght,
Upon their sēte, for Hōrse was faye them fra,

Ere

Ere the Sun rose to Methwen Wood can goe:
The two dayes ouer their lodging still they made,
On the third night they moued but more abade.

CHAP. IIII. How *Wallace* was sold to the *English men* by his Lemman.

TO Elchok Parke full suddenlie they went,
Therein that strength to bide was his intent.
Then Wallace said, hee would goe to the Towne,
Arrayed him well into a Priests gowne.
In Sainct-Iohnstone disguised can hee fare,
To this woman, the which wee spake of air.
Of his presence shee right reioyced was,
And aye in dread how hee away should passe.
Hee sojournd there from noone was of the day,
While neare the night, ere that hee went his way.
Hee trysted her when hee should come againe,
On the third day, then was shee wonder faine.
Yet hee was seene with enemies as hee yeede,
To Sir Gerrard they tolde of all his deede.
And to Buttelar that would haue wroken beene.
Then they could take that woman faire and sheene,
Accused her sore of reset into that place,
Full oft shee swore, that shee knew not *Wallace*.
Then Buttellar sayde, Wee wot well it was hee,
And but thou tell, in baill fire thou shalt die:
If thou wilt helpe to bring yond Rebald downe,
Wee shall thee make a Ladie of renowne.
They gaue to her both Golde and Silver bright:
And said, Shee should bee wedded to a Knight,
Whom shee desired, that was but marriage:
Thus tempted they her, through counsell & great wage
That shee them told, what night hee should be there:
Then they were glad, for they desird no more.

Of all Scotland but Wallace at their will,
Thus vsaind they that pointment to fulfill:
Feill men of armes they graithed hastilie,
To keepe the gates, wight Wallace to espy.
At the set tryst, hee entred in the towne,
Mitting no thing of all this false treasoun.
To her Chalmer hee went but moze abade,
She welcomd him, and full great pleasance made:
What that they wzought, I cannot graithlie say.
Right vnperfect I am of Venus play.
But hastilie hee bowned him to gang:
Then shee him tooke, and askt, If hee thought lang?
Shee asked him that night with her to byde.
Soone hee sayde, Nay, for chance that may betyde:
My men are left at mis-rule all for mee,
I may not sleepe this night, while I them see.
Then weeped shee, and sayde full oft, Alace!
That I was made, woe wozth the cursed cace,
Now haue I lost the best man living is:
O feeble mynde! to doe so foule a misse:
O waried wit! wicked, and variance,
That mee hath wzought in this mischiebous chance,
Alace, shee sayde, in wozld that I was wzought,
If all this paine on my selfe might bee bzought:
I haue serued to bee burnt in a gleid.
When Wallace saw shee neare from wit couth weid,
In his armes hee caught her soberlie:
Who hath done ought, he sayd, deare heart? haue Ie so, I, quoth shee, hath falslie wzought this traine:
I haue you solde, right now you shall bee slaine.
Shee tolde to him her treason to an ende,
As I haue sayde, what needs moze legend.
At her hee askt, if shee for-thought it soze?
Yea, sir, shes sayde, and shall doe euermoze,

My waried wierd in woꝛld I muſt fulfill,
To mende this miſſe, I would burne on an Hill,
Hé comfoꝛt her, and bade her haue no dꝛæde:
I will, hæ ſayde, haue ſome part of thy wæde.
Her Gowne on him hæ toke, and Courches als:
Will God, I ſhall eſcape this treaſon falſe.
I thæ foꝛgiue withoutten woꝛds mare,
Hé kiſſed her, then toke his leaue to fare.
His puirlie Bꝛand helped him oft in næde,
Right pꝛivatelie hid it vnder his wæde.
To the South yate the gaineſt wap hé dꝛew,
Where that hé found of armed men anew,
To them hæ tolde, diſſimulate in countenance,
To the Chamber where hé was in perchance.
Spæde faſt, hæ ſayde, Wallace is locked in:
Foꝛ him they ſought withoutten nopſe oꝛ din,
To that ſame houſe about they ran him caſt,
Out of the yate then Wallace got full faſt:
Right glad in heart when that hé was without,
Right faſt hee yeede, a ſture pace and ſtout.
Two men beſelde, and ſaid, Wee will goe ſee,
A ſtaſwart Queane, foꝛſoth, yon ſeemes to bee:
They followed him through the South inch they twa
When Wallace ſaw with them there came no mae,
Againe hee turned, and hath the foꝛmoſt ſlaine,
The other fled: then Wallace with great maine,
Vpon the head with his gwd Swoꝛd hath him tane,
Left them both dead, then to the ſtrength is gane:
His men hee got, right glad when they him ſaw,
To their defence in haſte hee cauſde them dꝛaw,
Deboyded him ſone out of the vvomans vveed,
Thus ſcaped hee out of this fellon dꝛead.

The ende of the fourth Booke.

TH

THE FYFT BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* eſcaped out of *Saynct-Iohnſtone*, and paſt to *Elchok* Parke: and how hee ſlue *Fawdoun*.

THE darke Region appeared wonder faſt,
In November, vvhen October vvas paſt:
The dayes fall thrógh right courſe vvaxed ſhort,
To banicht men that is no great comfort.
With their power ſeir place vvorthis gang,
Heavie they thinke vvhen that the night is lang.
Thus Wallace ſaw the Nights Meſſenger:
Phœbus had loſt his fierie brands cleare,
Out of the Wood they durſt not turne that tyde,
For Adverſaries that in their vvay vvould byde:
Vallace then tolde anew vvere on his hand,
The Engliſh-men vvere off the Towne command.
The Dore they brak vvhere they trowd *Wallace* was,
When they him miſſed, they bowned hence to paſſe.
In this great nopſe the Woman got away,
But to vvhat ſtead, I cannot graithlie ſay.
The Sutheron fought right ſadlie for that ſtead,
Thrógh the South inch, e found theis two men dead.
They knew by that VVallace vvas in the ſtrength.
About the Parke they ſet on breadth and length.

With fyre hundreth well graithed in their Armes,
All liklie men to wreake them of their harmes.
An hundreth men charged in Armes strong,
To keepe an Hound that they had them among:
In Gelderland there was that bratched bred,
Sicker of sent, to follow them that fled:
Shee was so vsed in Eske and Liddisdaile,
While shee had blood, no fleeing might availe.
Then sayde they all Wallace might not away,
Hee should bee theirs, for ought that hee doe may.
The Hoast they left in diverse parts that tyde,
Sir Gerrard Heroun in the staill can byde.
Sir Iohn Buttler the range hee toke him till,
With three hundred which were of hardie will:
Into the wood vpon Wallace they yeede.
The worthie Scots that were in mickle dreed,
Sought to a place for to haue issued out,
And saw the staill enbironed them about.
Againe they went with hideous stroaks and strong,
Great noyse and din was raised them among,
Their cruell death right marbeilous to ken,
Where fourtie matcht against three hundred men.
Wallace so well vpon him toke that tyde,
Through the great prease a way hee made full wyde,
Helping the Scots with his deare worthie hand,
Feill foe men hee left fey vpon the Land.
Yet Wallace lost fiftéene in that stead,
And fourtie men of Sutheron that were dead.
The Buttlers folke so frushed were inwéede,
The hardie Scots to the strengths through they past.
Upon Tay side they halted them full fast,
Ay will they were the water to haue past,
Better him thought in perill for to bée,
Upon the Land, than wilfullie to sée,

His men to drowne, where rescue might pe none:
Againe in ye to the field are they gone.
Buttler by then had put his men in array,
On them hee set with hardie awefull essay,
On eyther side, with weapons stiffe of steele,
Wallace againe no friendship let them feele,
But doe or die, they wist no more succour.
Thus fend they long into that stalward stoure,
The Scots Chiftane was young, and in a rage.
Used in warre, and fights with cowrage.
Hee saw his men of Sutheron take such wrang,
Them to revenge all dreadlesse hee did gang:
For manie of them were bleeding wonder fair,
Hee could not see none helpe appearing there,
But if their Chiftane were put out of their gate,
The byrn Buttler so boldlie made debate,
Though the great preasse right fast to him he longht,
His awefull deed avenge it if hee mought:
Under an Oke with men about him set,
Wallace might not a graith stroake on him get,
Yet shed hee them: a full rude step hee made:
The Scots went out, no longer there they bade.
Steven of Yreland that worthie was and wight,
To helpe Wallace hee did full preasse and might,
With true Keirlie, boughtie in manie deede,
Upon the ground feill Sutheron they gart bleede.
Sixtie were slaine of English-men in that place,
And nine of Scots were tint into that case.
Buttlers men were so destroyde that tyde,
Into the stoure they would no longer byde,
To get supplie hee went into the staill,
Thus lost hee there an hundreth of great availe,
As they were best arraying Buttlers rout,
Betwixt parties then Wallace issued out.

Sixteene with him they graithed them to goe,
Of all his men bee had leaued no moe:
The English-men haue missed him, in hy
The Hound they tooke, and followed hastily.
At the Gaskhall full faine they would haue beene,
But this Slouth-Hound that cruell was and keene,
On Wallace hoote hee followed wonder fast,
Whyle in their sight approached at the last.
Their Horse was wight, and sojourned right lang,
To the next Wood two mile they had to gang.
Of vpward ground they yeede with all their might,
Good hope they had, for it was neare the night.
Fawdoun bee tyred, and sayde, bee might not gang.
Wallace was woe to leaue him in the thrang:
Hee bade him goe, and saide, The strength was neare
But hee therefore would not the faster steare:
Wallace in yre on the craig can him ta,
With his good sword, and strokt his head in twa:
Dreadlesse to ground bee dulled to the dead,
From him hee lap, and left him in that stead.
Some deemes it to evill, and some to good,
But I say heere into these termes rude,
Better it was bee did, as thinkes mee,
First, to the Hound it may great stopping bee.
Als Fawdoun was holden of great suspition,
For hee was holden of brackle complexion:
Right strong hee was, and had but little gone,
Thus Wallace wist, had hee beene left alone,
And hee were false, to enemies hee would ga,
If hee were true, the Sutheron would him sla,
Might hee doe ought but lose him as it was?
From this question now shortlie will I passe.
Deeme as yee list, yee that can best, and may,
But I rehearse as mine Author doeth say.

The

The Starres as then beganne for to appeare,
The English-men were comming wonder neare.
Fiue hundreth whole were in their Chevalrie,
To the next strength then Wallace can him hye:
Steven of Ireland vnwitting of VVallace,
And good Keirlie, bode still neare hand that place,
At the Mure side into a scroggie slaide,
By East Duplin, where they this tarrie made:
Faudoun was left beside them on the Land,
The power came, and suddainly him fand:
For their Sleuth-Hound the graith way to him yéd,
Of other tred as then thee twise none heed.
The Sleuth stopped at Faudoun still thee stud,
No further would, from time thee found the blud,
The English-men deemed, for other they could not tel,
But that the Scots had foughten among them sell.
Right woe they were, for losed was their sent,
Wallace two men among the Hoste in went:
Dissembled well that no man should them ken,
Right in effeir, as they were English-men,
Keirlie behelde vnto the bold Heroun,
Upon Faudoun as hee was loking downe.
A subtile stroake vpward him tooke that tyde,
Under the Cloake the grounden sword can glyde.
By the good Mailzie, both craige and haise bane,
In sunder stroke, thus ended that Chiftaine.
To ground hee fell, still folke about him throng,
Treason they cryed, a Traytor vs among:
Keirlie with that fled out at the Hoste sids,
His fellow Steven thought it no time to byds.
The Fray was great, and fast away they yeed,
Both toward Erne: thus scaped they that dread,
Buttellar was woe, of weeping might not stint,
Thus reskiellis this good Knight haue they tint.

They deemed all that it was Wallace men,
Or else himselfe, though they should not him ken.
Hee is right neare, wee shall him haue but faile,
The feeble Wood may little him availe.
Fourtie there past againe to Sainct-Iohnstone,
With dead Corps to burying made them bowne:
Parted their men, and diverse wapes yeede,
A great power at Dupline still there bade.
To Danrich the Buttler past but let,
At sundrie parts the gate was vnbeset,
To keepe the Wood while it was day they thought,
As Wallace thus in the thicke Forreit hee sought.
For his two men in minde hee had great paine,
Hee wist not well if they were tane or slaine,
Or scaped whole by anie jeopardie:
Thirteene were left with him, no moe had hee,
In Gaskhall there their lodging haue they tane,
Fire they got sone, but meat then had they nane:
Two sheepe they tooke beside them in a folde,
Ordaind their supper into that secretie holde:
Graithed in haste, some meat to them was dight,
So heard they blow rude hornes vpon hight,
Two sent hee forth to see what it might bee,
They bode right long, but no tidings got hee.
But boustreous noyse, so hrimlie blowing fast,
So other two into the wood forth past:
None came againe, but boustreouslie can blow,
Into great yre hee sent them forth on row.
When that alone Wallace was leaued there,
The awefull blast abounded miekle mair:
Then trowde hee well they had his lodging seene,
His sword hee drew of noble mettall keene,
Then forth hee went where that hee heard the horne
Without the doore Fawdoun was him before,

As to his sight, his head into his hand,
A crosse hee made when that hee saw him stand,
At Wallace in the head hee swakkit there,
And hee in hatke lowe hint him by the haire.
Then out againe at him hee could it cast,
Into his heart hee was greatlie agast.
Right well hee trowed it was no spryte of man,
It was a Devill, that such malice began.
Hee wist no availe, there longer to abyde,
Up through the Hall this wight Wallace can glyde.
To a closse staire, the buirds raise in twinne,
Fyfteene swte long hee lap swth of that Inne.
Up the Water then suddainlie can hee fare,
Againe hee blenked what appearance was there.
Him thought hee saw Fawdoun that vgly syre:
Upon the house, and all the rest in syre.
A great rose tree hee had into his hand,
Wallace as then no longer hee would stand.
Of his good men full great marveill had hee,
How that they were tint through his fantasie,
Trusting right well all this was swth indeed,
Suppose that it bee no point of the Creed,
Power they had with Lucifer that fell,
That tyme that hee parted from heaven to hell,
By such mischiefe if his men might bee lost,
Drowned or slaine amongst the Englisch hoste:
Or what it was in lykeneese of Fawdoun,
Which brought his men to such confusion,
Or if the man ended in evill intent,
Some wicked spryte againe for him were sent.
I can nought speake of such divinitie.
To Clarks I will let all such matters bee.
But of Wallace on swth I will you tell,
When hee was went out of this danger fell.

Mast glad hee was that hée escapod so.
But for his men great mourning can hée moe.
Flait by himselfe to the maker abone,
Why hé sufferes his Soules such matters proone.
Hé will not wollit it were GOD'S will,
Right or wrong his Fortune to fulfill.
Had it pleased GOD hee trowed it might bee,
Hé should bée set in such perplexitie,
But great courage in his mind aber drane,
Of English-men thinking a mends to hane.
As hee was thus walking by him alone,
Upon Erne side, making a piteous moane,
Sir Iohn Buttellar to watch the Furds right,
Out from his men of Wallace had a sight.
The most was went and to the mountaines gone,
To him hee raid where that hee made his moane:
On lowd hee spierd, What art thou walks this gate:
A true man, Sir, though my voyage bee laite.
Erands I passe from Down unto my Lord,
Sir Iohn Pstewart the right who will record.
In Down is now new commed from the King,
Then Buttellar said, This is a selcouth thing,
Thou leid hee said, thou hast beene with Wallace,
I shall thee know or thou come from this place.
To him hee start, the Carter wonder wight,
Drew out his sword, then made him for to fight.
About the knee good Wallace hath him tane,
Throuth thie and brane in sunder straike the bane,
Derstie to ground the Knight fell on the land,
Wallace the Horse soone seased in his Hand,
An acward stroake then tooke him in that stead,
His craige in two, thus was the Buttellar dead.
An English-man saw their Chiftane was slaine,
A speare in sell hee tast with all his maine.

On

On Wallace drave throw the Horse him to beare,
Warlie hee wrought as worthie man of weares.
The speare hee wan withoutten more abaid,
On Horse hee lap, and through a great rout raid.
To Dalrich then hee knew the ford full well,
Before him came feill stuffed into steell.
Hee strake the first but baide in the blasoune,
While Horse and Man all fell the water downe,
An other soone downe from the horse hee bare,
Stramped to ground, and drowned withouttен maire,
The third hee hit on the Harnesse of Reele,
Throughout the coist the speare it raise like deele,
The great power after him then can ride,
Hee saw no wisedome there longer to abide.
His birnisht brand, baythlie in hand hee baire,
Whom hee hit right they followed him no maire.
So fuffe the chase feill freshes followed fast,
But VVallace made the gapest aye agast.
The Pure hee tooke, and through their power rade:
The Horse was good: but yet hee had great dread,
For fayling them of hee wan to a strength,
The chase was great stailed on breid and length.
Through strong danger they had him aye in sight,
At the Black-furde there Wallace downe can light,
The Horse stuffed, the wap was deepe and lang,
A large long while wightlie on foot can gang.
Or hee was horsed ryders about him fell,
Hee saw full well long time hee might not last,
Bad men indeed upon him can renew,
Without recoverie twentie that night hee slew.
The fiercest aye rudelie rebuted hee,
Keeped his Horse and right weilie can flee.
While that hee came the mickest Moure amang,
His Horse gane over, and would no further gang.

Wallace on foote take him with god intent,
The Wayfe hee knew or that hee further went,
That Englifh-men of him fhould haue no god,
And left on foote, for well hee vnderftood.
For Sutheron men on him fhould haue no fight,
In high hather hee paft with all his might.
Through that darke Pure then from the path he fought
Wut fuddainly there came into his thought:
Great power did walke at Striveling Bridge of tree:
Sighing hee faid, No paffage is for mee.
For fault of Food, and I haue faſted lang,
On Warre-men now mee thinkes no time to gang.
At Cambuſkinneth I fhall the Water till,
Let GOD aboue doe with mee what hee will,
Into this Land I may no longer byde,
Carry hee made fome part on Forthis fide.
Tooke off his Weede, and graithed him but maire,
His fword hee bound, that wonder ſharply ſhare:
Among his geare, on his fhoulders aloft,
Thus in hee went to great GOD praying oft.
Of his good grace his cauſe to take in hand,
Ouer the Water hee fwamme; to the South Land,
Arrayed him well, the ſeaſon was right colde,
For Pifces was into his dayes olde.
Ouerthart hee caſt, to the Torwood hee yeed,
A Widow dwelt which helped him in need,
Hither hee came or day began to daw,
To a Widow and prividis can caw:
They ſpierd his name, but tell them would he nocht.
Wbile thee her ſelfe neare to his language ſought.
From time thee knew that it was wight Wallace,
Reſoyced thee was, and thanked GOD of grace:
Mourning hee ſaide, As men now haue I none,
Thee ſpiered ſoone, If hee was his alone?

Shee spiered soone, where that his men should bee?
Faire Dame hee said, Goe get some meate to mee,
I haue fasted since yesterday at morne,
I dread full sore, my men they bee forlorne.
Great part of them I saw to the death brought,
Shee got him meate in all the haste shee mought.
A Woman hee called, and als with her a Chylde,
And bade them passe againe these wayes wylde:
To the Gaskall, tyding for to spiere,
If part was left of his men into feire?
And shee should finde an Horse lowne in her gait,
Hee bade them see if that place stood in stait:
Thereof to heare hee had full great desire,
Because hee thought it was all into fire.
They passed out, withoutten tarry maire,
Him for to rest VVallace remained there,
Refreshed he was with meats, and drinke and heate,
Which caused him through naturall course to sleepe.
Where hee should sleepe at the woman hee spiered,
The widdow had three sonnes that were learned,
Fust two of them shee sent to keepe VVallace,
Hee gart the third goe soone to Dunipace:
And tell his Eme, that hee was hapned there:
The Parson came to see of his welfare,
VVallace to sleepe was laid in the Wood syde,
The two young men without him neare could byde:
The Parson came neare hand, the manner saw,
They beckened him to what stead hee should draw.
The Kone was thicke that Wallace sleeped in,
About hee went and made but little din,
So at the last of him hee had a sight,
Full privatelie where that his bed was dight.
Hee him beheld, then said vnto him sell,
Peace is a murdell, who likes it for to tell,

This

This is a Parlon of worthinelle of Hand.
Trowes to ſtop the power of England.
Now falſe Fortune, the miſ-worker of all,
By eventure hath given him a fall.
That hee is left without ſupplie of ma,
A cruell Wife with Weapons might him ſla.
VVallace him heard, with that the ſtare ouer paſſ:
Fiercelie hee roſe, and ſaid to him als faſt,
Thou lieſt, falſe Prieſt, were thou a for to mee,
I would not drepd ſuch other ten as thee.
I haue had more ſince yeſterday at morne,
Than ſuch ſirtie were aſſembled mee before,
His Eme him tooke and went foorth with Wallace,
Hee told to him all his moſt painefull caſe:
This night hee ſaid, I was left myne alone,
In fell debate, with enemies manie one:
GOD at his will hath aye my lyfe to keepe.
Ouer Forth I ſwamme, that awfull is and deepe.
What I haue had in Warre before this Day,
Priſon and paine (to this Night) is but play.
So beat I am with ſtroakes ſad and ſore,
The chrill water then burnt mee miekell more.
After great blood through heat and cold was wrought.
That of my life almoſt nothing I rought.
I moane farre more the tynſell of my men,
Nor of my ſelfe, might I ſuffer ſuch ten.
The Parſon ſaid, Weare ſonne thou mayſt ſee well,
Longer to ſtrine it helpeth never a deale.
Thy men are loſt, and none will with thee riſe,
For GOD his ſake make as I ſhall deviſe:
Take a Lord-ſhip whereon thou mayeſt line,
King Edward will great lands to thee giue.
Uncle, hee ſaid, Of ſuch words no more,
This is nothing but eking of my care,

I like

I like better to see the Suthcron die,
Than gold or land that they can giue to mee,
Trust thou right well of weare I shall not cease,
Untill the tyme I bring Scorland to peace.
Or die therefore the plaine to vnderstand,
So came Keirlie and good Steven of Ireland,
The Widowes sonne to Wallace hee them brought,
From they him saw of no sadnesse they rought,
For perfect joy thep weeped with their eene,
To ground they fell and thanked Heabens King,
Als hee was glad for reskew of them two,
Of their feirs living were left no mo.
Thep told to him that Sir Gerrard was dead.
How they had well escaped off that stead.
Thrangh the Ochell they had gone all that night,
To Airth Ferrie when that the day was light.
How a true Scot thrangh kindnesse of Wallace,
Brogbt them sone over, then kend them to that place
Als Kirlie wist if Wallace living were.
Neare Dunipace that hee shonld find him there.
The Parson gart good purveyance for them right,
Into Tor-wood they lodged all that night.
While the Women that Wallace North had send,
Returned againe and told him to an end.
What English-men in the way shee saw dead,
Feill was fallen fey in many sundrie steed,
The Horse shee saw that Wallace had bereft,
And the Gaskhall standing as it was left.
Withoutten harme, nor touched of a stone,
But of his men good tydings gat shee none,
Therefore hee grieved greatlie in that tyde,
In the Forrest hee would no longer byde.
The widow gaue him part of Silver bright,
Two of her Sonnes that worthie ware and wight.

The

The third thee left because hee lacked age,
In weare as than might not win vassalage,
The Parson then got them good horse and geare,
But woe hes was his minde was so in weare:
Thus toke hee leave without longer abode,
To Dundaf mure the samine night hee rode:
Sir Iohn the Grahame, which Lord was of that land,
An aged knight had mads none other band:
But purchast peace in rest hee might bide still,
Tribute hee payed full sore against his will.
A sonne hee had both wise, worthie and wight,
Alexander the fierce at Barwicke made him knight,
Where showne was of battell to haue beene,
Betwixt the Scots, and the bold Persie keene,
This young Sir Iohn right noble was in weare,
On a broad sword his Father gart him sweare,
Hee should bee true to VVallace in all thing,
And hee to him while life in them might ring.
Three nights there VVallace was out of dreed,
Rekked him well so hath hee mickell need.
On the fourth day hee would no longer bide,
Sir Iohn the Grahame bowned with him to ride,
And hee said nay, as then it should not bee,
A plaine part yet I will not take on mee,
I haue tint men through my ouer rekleſſe deed,
A burnt Chyldeals more sore the fire should dread.
Friends some part I haue in Cliddisdaile,
I will goe see what they may me availe.
Sir Iohn answered, I will your counsell doe,
When yee thinke tyme sende priuatelie mee to,
Then I shall come with my power in haste,
Yee him betaught vnto the holis Ghaiste,
S. Iohn to borgh they thold meete whole and sound.
Out of Dundaf his and hes foure couth sound,

In Bothwell Moure that night remained hee,
With one Crawford that lodged him privilie.
Upon the morne to the Gilbanke hee went,
Received hee was of many with glad intent.
For his deare Eme young Auchinlek dwelt there,
Brother hee was to the Shyreffe of Aire.
When olde Sir Rannald to his deede was dight,
Then Auchenlek wedded that Ladie bright:
And Children got, as stories beares record,
Of Lesmahago, for hee held of that Lord.
But hee was slaine, that pittie was the maire,
With Persies men into the Towne of Aire.
His sonne dwelt still, then nineteene yeares of age,
And brooked whole his Fathers heritage.
Tribute hee payed for all his lands braide,
To Lord Persie, as his brother had made.
I leave Wallace with his deare uncle still,
Of English-men yet something speake I will.
A Messenger soone through the Countrey yeed,
To Lord Persie, and told this fellon deed:
Kinclevin was burnt, broken, and casten downe,
The Captaine dead of it, and Sainct-Johnstone.
The Lorane als in Shoar-wood shawes shene,
Into the land great sorrow hath beene sene,
Through wight Wallace, that all this deed hath done:
The towne he spyed, and that forthought vs sone.
Buttellar is slaine, wih doughtie men and deare.
In asper speach the Persie that can spiere:
What word of him, I pray thee graithlie tell.
By Lord, hee said, Right thus the case befell:
Wee know for trueth hee was left him alone,
And as hee fled, hee slew full manie one.
The horse wee found, that him that gate could beare,
But of himselfe no other word wee heare.

At Striveling Bridge wes wot he passed nought,
To death in Forth hee may for vs bee brought.
Lord Persie said, Now truely that is sinne,
So god of Hand hee is this world within.
Had hee tane Peace, and beene our Kings man,
This whole Empire hee might haue conquest then,
Great harme it is, our Knights that are dead,
We must gar see for others in their stead,
I trow not yet that Wallace losed bee,
Our Clerks sayes, Hee shall garre many die.
The Messenger sayes, All that forsooth hath beene
Many hundreth that cruell was and keene,
Since hee began are losed without remead.
The Persie said, Forsoth hee is not dead.
The Cruikes of Firth hee knowes wonder weill:
Hee is on lyue, that shall our Nation feill.
When hee is stressed, then can hee swimme at will,
Great strength hee hath, both wit and grace theretill.
A Messenger the Lord charged to wende,
And his command in writ hee with him sende.
Sir Iohn Pstewart great Shyreffe then hee made,
Of Saint-Iohnstone, and all the Lands braid:
Into Kinclevin there dwelt none then againe,
There was nought else but broken walles in plaine.
Leane I them thus, ruling the lands there,
And speake I will of Wallace good welfaire.
Hee send Keirlie vnto Rannald that night:
To Boyde ane Blair, that worthy were and wight,
And Adam als his Cousen good Wallace,
To them declared hee of his painfull cass.
Of his escape out of that Companie.
Right wonder glad was that good Chevalrie,
From tyme they knew that Wallace living was,
Good Deligence they made to him to passe.

Wallace

Master Iohn Blaire was one of that message,
A worthie Clerke, both wise and als right sage,
Learned hee was before in Paris towne,
Amongst Masters in Science of good renowne.
Wallace and hee at home in Schoole had beene,
Soone afterwards, as verity was seene,
Hee was the man that chiefelie vndertooke,
That first compylde to dyte the Latine Bookes,
Of Wallace life, right famous of renowne,
And Thomas Gray Parson of Libertowne:
With him they were, and put in Historiall
Oft one or both mickell of his trauell.
And therefore heere of them I make mention,
Master Iohn Blair to Wallace made him bowne,
To see his health, his comfort was the more,
As they full oft together were before.
Silver and Gold they gaue him for to spend,
So did hee them freely when GOD it send.
Of good welfare as then hee wanted none,
English-men with hee was left him alone,
Where hee should bee was nons of them couth say,
Drowned or slaine, or else escaped away.
Therefore of him they tooke but little heede,
They knew him not, the lesse hee was in dread.
All true Scots, great labour to him gaue,
What Good they had, hee needed not to craue.
The Peace lasted that Sir Rannald had tane,
Those three months it should not bee out gane.
Whole Christmas then Wallace remained there,
In Lanerke oft to sport hee made repaire.
When that hee went to Gilbanke from the Towne,
If hee found men was of that Nation,
To Scotland they did never grieuance more,
Some slicked they, some threats in sunder there.

Feill men were found dead, but none wift who it was,
Whom bee handled bee let no further paſſe,
There Heſilrig dwelt, that curſed Knight to walle,
Shyreffe hée was of all theſe Lands haile.
Of fellon outrage, deſpiteſull in his deede,
Many of him therefore had mickell dreed,
Marvell bee thought who durſt his people ſla,
Without the Towne bee cauſde great number gae,
When VVallace ſaw that they were moe than hée,
Then did bee nought but ſalute courteouſlie.
Als his foure men bure them ſo quyetly:
No Sutheron could deeme them vnhoneſtly,
In Lanerk, a Gentle Woman there,
A Mayden mylde, as my Booke will declare:
Eightéene yeares old, and little moze of age,
Als bozne ſhee was to part of Heritage.
Her Father was of Wozſhip and renowne,
And Hew Braidfute hee heght, of Lammingtowne.
As feill were then into the Countrey calde,
Befoze time they Gentle-men were of alde:
But this good man, and als his Wife was dead,
The Malden wiſt then of none other remead:
But ſtill ſhee dwelt in tribute in the Towne,
And purchaſt had King Edwards pzotection:
Herbants with her, of friends at her will,
Thus lived ſhee without deſire of ill.
A quyet Houſe, as ſhee might holde in weare,
Foz Heſilrig had done her mickell deare.
Slaine her bzother, which eldeſt was and Heire,
All ſuffered ſhee, and right lowlie her bare.
Amiable, ſo benigne, ware, and wiſe,
Courteous and ſweet, fulfilled of all gentrice.
Well ruled of tongue, right haile of countenance,
Of Wertues ſhee was wozthie to advance,

Humble

Humblie her held, and purchast a good name,
Of everie wight shee keeped her from blame,
True righteous folke a great favour her lent.
Upon a day to the Kirke as shee went,
Wallace her saw, as hee his eyes can cast,
The print of Loue him prunzeit at the last.
So asperlie through beautie of that bright,
With great pnease in presence bide hee might,
Hee knew full well the kindred of her blood,
And how shee was in honest vse and good.
Whiles would hee thinke to loue her ouer the laue,
And other while hee thought on his disdaue.
How that his men were brought to confusion,
Through his last Loue, hee had in Saint-Iohnstone.
Then would hee thinke to liue and let overslide,
But that thought long in minde could not abide:
Hee told Keirlie of his new lust and baill,
Then asked hee him of his true counsell:
Maister, hee said, As farre as I can feele,
Of likelinesse it may bee wonder well,
Since so ye loue, take her in Marriage,
Godly shee is and als of heritage:
Suppose that yee in loving feill a misse,
Great GOD forbid it should bee so with this.
To marry thus I cannot yet attend.
I would of Warre first see a finall end,
I will no more alone to my loue gang,
Take heede to mee, for dread I suffer wrang:
To proffer loue thus soone I would not prieue,
Might I leaue off, in Warre I thinke to liue,
What is this loue? Nothing but follishnesse:
It may reaue mee both wit and sentastnesse.
Then said hee thus, This will not graithly bee,
Armours and Warres attaine to reigne in mee.

Right sooth is it, sood I in bliſſe of Loue,
Where deedes were, I should the better proone.
But well I wot, where great earnest is in thought,
It letteth warre, that in wise men is wrought.
Balesse it bee, but only till one deed,
Than hee that thinkes of loue for to speed,
Hee may doe well, hath hee Fortune and grace:
But this stands all into an other case.
A great Kingdome, with feill foes ouer-set,
Right hard it is any mends for to get:
Against them, and keepe the obseruance,
Whych belongs to loue, and all her friuole chance.
Example I haue which mee forthinketh sore,
I hope in GOD it shall bee so no more.
The truetb I know of this, and her Linage:
I know nought her, therefore I losse a gage;
To Keirlie hee thus argued in this kind,
But great desire remained in his mind.
For to behold that freelie of fassoun,
A while hee left, and came not in the Towne.
On other thing did make his wit to baike,
Prouding if hee might of that labour slaike.
When Keirlie saw hee suffered paine for thy,
Deare Sir, hee said, Wee liue in slaggary,
Goe see your Loue, and yee shall get comfort,
At his counsell, hee walked for to sport.
Vnto the Kirke, where shee made resorence:
Shee knew him well, but as for Eloquence,
Shee durst not well, in presence to him kyth.
Full sore shee dread that Sutheron should her myth,
For Hesilrig had a matter new begun,
And her desired in Marriage to his Sonne.
With her Warden this Wallace shee besought,
To Dyne with her; and priuatelie shee him brought
Thrown

Throughout a Garden, shée had gart worke of new:
So English-men nought of their meeting knew.
Then kissed he this Maid, with gladnesse & pleasance,
Soone her besought right heartly acquaintance,
Shée answered him, with humble words, and wise,
Were mine acquaintance worthie for to prise,
Yee shall it haue, as GOD mée saue in saule.
But English-men doe gar our power faile.
Through violence of them, and their bairnage,
That hath weill neare destroyed our Linage.
When Wallace heard her complaine pitteouslie,
Grieved in heart hée was right greatumlie.
Both yre and Loue him set into a rage,
But nought for thy hée sobered in courage,
Of this matter hee told as I said aire,
To that gentle bow Loue constraind him saire.
Shée answered him reasonably againe,
And said, I shall to your service bée bane:
With all pleasance in honest causes haile,
And I trust nought yee would set to assaile.
For your worship, to doe mee dishonour,
And I a Maid, and stand in many stour,
From English-men to saue my Woman-heid,
And cost haue made to keepe mee from their feid.
With my good will I will no Lemmon bée,
To no man borne: therefore I thinke should yée,
Desire mee nought, but into goodlinesse,
Perchance yee thinke I were too low percase,
For to pretend to bee your righteous Wife,
Into your service I would vse all my life.
Heere I beseech for your Worship in Armes,
Yee charge mee not with no vngodlie Harmes.
But mee defende, for worship of your Blood.
When Wallace weill her true tale vnderstood,

As in a part him thought it was reason,
Of her desire therefore to conclusion:
Hee thanked her, and said, If it might bee,
Through GOD's will that our Kingdome bee free,
I would you wed, with all heartie pleasance,
But at this tyme I may not take such chance.
And for this cause none other now I crave,
A man in Warre may not all pleasance have.
Of other talke then can I tell you no more,
To my purpose what band that they made there.
Conclude they this, and to the dinner went,
The sore grievance remained in his intent.
Losse of his men, and lustie paine of Loue,
His leaue hee take, at that time, to remoue.

CHAP. II. How *Wallace* past to *Lochmabane*, and how they cutted his Horse tailes, and how hee shane the Blood-letter.

THen to Gilbanke hee past ere it was night,
Upon the morne with his foure men him dight,
To the Corhead without resting hee rade,
Where his Nevoy Thom Holiday him abade,
And Edward Little als, his Cousen deare
Which was so blythe when hee wist him so neare:
Thanking great GOD hee sent him safe againe,
For many dreamed hee was in Stratherne slaine,
Good cheare they made, all out those dayes three,
Then Wallace said, That hee desyred to see,
Lochmabane towne, & English-men that were there,
On the fourth day they bowned them to faire,
Sirteene hee was of goodly Chevalrie,
In the Knockwood hee leaved all but three:
Thomas Holiday went with them to the Towne,

Edward Littleand Keirlie made them bowne,
To an Vtter Thomas Holiday led them right,
And gaue command their Dinner should bee dight.
To beare a Palle in gud intent they yeed,
Of English-men they thought there was no dreed.
One Clifford came, was Emes sonne to the Lord,
And three with him the truth for to record.
To their Innes soone, after Wallace was past:
Who ought these horse? in great hathing bee askt,
The Gud-wife saide for to haue pleased him best,
Three Gentle-men are come out of the West:
Who Devill them made so gaylie for to ride?
In faith with mee a wed there must abide,
These lewd Scots haue learned little good,
Loe, all these Horse are shent for fault of blood,
Into great scorne, withoutten words more,
The tailes all of those three Horse they shore,
The Good-wife cryed, and piteouslie can greet:
So Wallace came, and could the Captaine meete,
A Woman told him, they had his horse shent,
For proper yre hee grew in matalent.
Hee followed fast, and said, Good friends abide,
Service to take for thy Craft in this tide.
Parthell thou art, without command of mee,
Reward againe mee thinkes I should pay thee:
Since I of late new came out of the West,
In this Countrey a Barbour of the best:
To cut and shaue, and that one wonder good,
Now shalt thou feele how I vse to let blood,
With his good sword the Captaine hath hee tane,
While horse againe hee Parshelled never one.
Another soone vpon the head strake hee,
While chafts and cheekes vpon the gate can flee.
By that his men the other three had slaine,

Their Horse they tooke, and graithed them full bane
Out of the towne, for Dinner had they none:
The wife bee prayed, that made so pitteous mone.
Then English-men from that Chiftane was dead,
To Wallace sought from manie sundrie stead:
From the Castle came cruell men and keene.
When Wallace hath their sudden semblie seene,
Toward some strength hee bowned him to ryde,
For then him thought it was no tyme to byde.
His Horse bled fast, that gart him dreading haue,
Of his good men hee would haue had the laue:
To the Knockwood withoutten more they rade,
But into it no sojourning hee made:
That wood as then was neither thicke nor strong.
His men hee got, then lighted hee to gang,
Toward an hight, and let their Horse a while.
The English-men were then within a mile,
On freshe horse ryding full hastilie,
Seaven score as then were in that companie:
The Scots lap on when they that power saw,
Toward the south them thought it best to draw.
Then VVallace saide, It was no wit in weir,
With our power to byde them bargaine heere:
Yon are good men, therefore I will that wee,
Innermore seeke, while God send vs supplie.
Haliday sayde, Wee shall doe your counsell,
But sore I dread that these hurt Horse will faile.
The English-men in birnisht armour cleare,
Up then to them approached wonder neare:
Horsed Archers shot, and would not spare:
Of VVallace men they wounded too full sair,
In yre hee grew, when that hee saw them blede,
Himselfe hee turned, and on them sone hee yeede,
Fyfteene with him, that worthie were in weir,

Of the formost right sharplie downe they beare.
At that returne fifteene in field was slaine,
The lane they fled vnto their power againe,
Wallace followed with his good Chevalrie.
Thomas Holiday in weare was full busie,
A bushment saw that cruell was and keene.
Two hundred haile of weell graithed English-men,
Tukell, hee said, our power is too smaw,
From this plaine field I counsell you to drawe,
Too few wee are against yon fellon flaile,
Wallace returned full soone at his counsell,
At the Cor-head full faine they would have beene,
But English-men hath well their purpose seene:
In plaine battell them followed hardilie,
In danger thus they held them awfullie.
Hew of Moreland Wallace followed fast,
Hee had before made many Scots agast.
Holden hee was of Meare the worthiest man,
In North England was with them living than,
In his Armour well forged of fyne steele,
A noble Coursour bare him both fast and well.
Wallace returned beside a burlie Brake,
And on him set a fellon sicker stroake.
Both coller bone and shoulder blaid in two,
Throughe the mid coast the good sword gart hee goe,
His speare hee wan, and als his Coursour bright,
Then left his owne for loved was his might,
For laike of Blood hee might no further gang.
Wallace on horse the Sutheron men amang:
His men relieved that doughtie were in deed,
Him to reskew out of that fellon dread,
Cruell strooks forsoth there might bee seene,
On either side till blood ran on the greene:
Right perillous the semblie was to see,

Hardlie

Hardy and hote continued the maillie,
Shewing rescue of Scots and Englisth als,
Some carved bone in sunder, and some the hals,
Some hart, some hint, some dung vnto the dead,
The hardy Scots so stirred in that stead:
With Haliday on sote that boldly abade.
Among the Sutheron a full great rowme they made:
Wallace on Hoyse, hint him a noble Speare,
Out throw them rade, as god Chiftaine in Weare.
Thee slew hee there, ere that his speare was gane,
Thus his good Sword in hand then hath hee tane:
Dang on derfly, with strokes sad and sore,
Whom that hee hit grieued the Scots no more.
Frae Sutheron men by naturall reason knew,
How with a stroke a man ay hee slew:
Then marvelled they hee was so miskell of maine,
For their best men in that kind had hee slaine.
That his great strength againe helped him nought,
Nor none other in contrare VVallace sought.
Then said they all, Liue hee in strength vntane,
This whole Kingdome hee will win him alane.
They left the Field and to their power fled,
And told their Lord how evill the formest sped.
Which Graystock heght, was new come in the land
Therefore hee trowed none durst against him stand.
Wonder hee thought when as hee saw that sight,
Why his good men for so few tooke the flight.
At that returne twenty in field were tint.
And Moreland als therefore hee would not stint:
But followed fast, with three hundreth but dread,
And swore hee would bee venged on that dead.
The Scots wan Horse because their owne did faile,
In fleeing then chosed the most availe:
Out of the field this wight Wallace is gone,

Of his good men hee had not lessed one:
Fiue wounded were, but lightly foorth they rode,
VVallace a space behind them ape abode.
And Holiday prooved well in many place,
A Sister-sonne hee was to good Wallace.
Marlicke they rode, and held their horse on end,
For they trowed well the Sutheron would offend.
With whole power at once vpon them set,
But Wallace cast their purpose for to let:
To breake their rap hee visit them full fast,
The English-men so greatlie were agast:
That none of them durst euth out of the taile,
All in array together held them haile:
The Sutheron saw how that abundantlie,
VVallace abode neare hand their Chebalrie:
By Morelands Horse they knew him wonder well:
Past to their Lord, and told him eberilk deale:
Loe, Sir, they said, forsoth this same is hee,
That with his hands causeth so many die.
Hath his Horse grace vpon his feete to byde,
Hee doubts not through fiue thousands for to ryde,
Wee reed you cease, and follow him no more,
For dread that wee repent it syne full sore:
Hee blamed them, and said, Men may well see,
Cowards yee are, that for so few would flee,
For their counsell yet leaue would hee them nought,
Into great yre hee sadly on them sought.
Inapling a place where hee might bargane make,
Wallace was woe vpon him for to take.
And hee so few to byde them on a plaine,
At Qoinsbery hee would haue beene full faine,
Vpon himselfe hee tooke so great trabell,
To send his men, if that might him availe.
A Sword in Hand, right manlie him to weare.

Ape

Aye waiting fast if hee might get a speare.
Now heere, now there before them to and fro,
His horse gaue ouer, and might no further goe,
Right at the skirt of Quinsberrie befell,
But vpon grace, as mine Authour will tell,
Sir Iohn the Grahame that worthie was and wight
To the Corhead came on the other night.
Thirtie with him of noble men at wage,
The first Daughter hee had in marriage
Of Holiday, was Nebor to Wallace,
Tythings to spiere Sir Iohn passed off that place.
With men to speake where they a tryst had set,
Right neare the steid where Scots and English met.
And Kirkpatricke that cruell was and keene,
In Eskdale wood that halfe a yeare had beene.
With English-men hee could not well accord,
Of Torchorwald hee Barroun was and Lord.
Of kin hee was to Wallace Mother deir,
On Crawford syd that meikill had to steir.
Twentie hee had of worthie men and wight,
By then VVallace approached to their sight.
Sir Iohn the Grahame when hee the counter saw,
On them hee rade and, stood but little aw:
His good father hes knew right wonder well,
Kest downe his speare and sunzeit not a deill,
Kirkpatricke als with worthie men of weare:
Fiftie in front at once downe they beare,
Through the thickest of three hundreth they raide,
On Sutheron syde full great slaughter they made:
Them to reskew that was in fellon throng,
Wallace on foote the great power among.
God rowme he got through helpe of GOD's grace,
The Sutheron fled and left them in that place,
Horses they wan to stuffe the chase good speede.

Wallace

Wallace and his that doughtie were in deed,
Grayſtocke tooke ſight on ſterne Horſe and ſtout,
An hundreth held togeather in a rout,
Wallace on them full ſadlie can perſue,
The fleeing well of Engliſh-men hee knew.
That aye the beſt would paſſe with their Chiftaine,
Before him fand good Sir Iohn the Grahame,
Aye ſtryking downe whom ever hee might hy,
Then Wallace ſaid, This is but waſte folly,
Commons to ſlay where Chiftaines goes away,
Your Horſe are freſh, therefore doe as I ſay,
Good men yee haue are yet in noble ſtate,
To yon great rout for GODS loue hold your gate,
Sunder them ſoone, wee ſhall come at your hand,
When Sir Iohn had this tale well vnderſtand.
Of none other from thence forth tooke hee heed,
To the formeſt hee followed well with ſpeed.
Kirkpatrike als conſidered their counſell,
They charged their men aye follow on the ſtaill,
At his command full ſoone with them they met,
Sad ſtroaks and ſore ſadly vpon them ſet.
His Vncle als hee knew right wonder well,
Reſt downe his ſpeare and ſounziet not a deall.
Kirkpatricke als with worthie men of weare,
Thirtie on front at once downe they beare,
Through the thickeſt Sir Iohn the Grahame rade,
On Sutheron ſide full great ſlaughter they made.
Good rowme he gat throgh helpe of GODS grace,
The Sutheron fled and left them in that place,
Horſes they wan to ſtuffe the chace good ſpeed,
Wallace and his that doughtie were indeed.
Grayſtocke fled faſt on ſterne Horſe and on ſtout,
An hundreth helde togethor in a rout.
Wallace on them ſadly could perſue,

The

The fleeing well of Englisſh-men hee knew.
Wallace on Hoꝛſe hee hint a noble Speare,
And followed faſt, as good Chiftaine in weare.
Thꝛee flew hee there ere that his ſpeare was gane,
Then his good Swoꝛd in his hand hat hee tane.
Dang on deꝛfly with ſtroakes ſad and ſoꝛe:
Whom that hee hit grieved the Scots no moꝛe.
When Sutheron men by naturall reaſon knew,
How with a ſtroake ever a man hee flew:
Upon the laue figting full wonder faſt,
And many groome they made full ſoꝛe agaſt.
The Engliſh-men that buſie were in weare:
Aſſayled ſoꝛe them from the Moſſe to beare.
Right perillous the ſembly was to ſee,
Hardie and heat continued the mellie,
Showing reſcue of Scots and Engliſh als,
Some carved bone in ſunder, and ſome the hals,
Sir Iohn the Graham to Grayſtocke faſt hee ſought,
His Penſane then it helped him right nought.
Upon the craig a graith ſtroake gaue him right,
The burely bꝛand was bꝛaid and birnicht bꝛight.
In ſunder carved the mailzies of fine ſteele,
Thꝛough bꝛaine and bone it ruſhed ever illie deale.
Dead with that dint to the ground downe him dꝛaue.
By that Wallace aſſembled on the laue.
Deꝛfly to death feill friekes there hee digbt,
Roſe never againe whom ever hee hit right.
Kilpatrik came, Tom Holiday, and their men.
Their doughtie deedes were noble foꝛ to ken.
At the Knockhead the bold Grayſtock was ſlaine,
And many which were of mickell maine.
To ſaue their lyues part in the wood they paſt,
The Scottiſhmen they ran together faſt.
When VVallace with Sir Iohn the Grahame met,

Right

Right gwdlie hee with humblenesse him greete:
Pardon hé asked of the rexroose befoze,
Into the chase, and said hé should no moze,
Inforzmation make to him that was so good,
When that Sir Iohn Wallace well understood,
Goe away, hee said, thereof as now no maire,
Yee did full right, it was foz our welfaire,
Wyser in warre yé are all out than I,
Father in armes yé are to mée foz thy.
Kirk-patrike then that was his Cousen deare,
Hé thanked him right on a good manner.
Eight scoze were slaine oz they wold leaue that stead,
The fleeing folke they knew of no remead,
Not one was lost of all their Chevalrie.
Sir Iohn the Grahame to them came happilie.
The day was done, approaching was the night:
At Wallace then they asked counsell right.
Hee answerd thus, I speake but with your liene,
Right loath I were any gwd men to grieue.
But this I say in tearmes shoze foz mee,
I would assaile if yee thinke it may bee,
Lochmabane house which now is left alone,
Foz well I wot that power in it is none,
Carlaverok als yet Maxwell hath in his hand,
And wee had these they might bee both a wand
Against Sutheron that now hath our countrie,
Say what yee will, this is the best thinkes mee,
Sir Iohn the Grahame gaue first his good consent,
Then all the lave right with a whole intent,
To Lochmabane right hastilie they ryde:
When they came there not halfe a myle befyde,
The night was darke, to counsell are they gone,
Of wone oz Starro appearance was there none,
Then Wallace said, wee thinke this land at rest,

Tom Holiday, thou knowest the Countrey best,
I heare no noyse of feill folks heare about,
Therefore I trow wee are the lesse in doubt.
Holiday said, I will take one with mee,
And ride before, the Countrey for to see.
Watson hee called, with mee make thee bowne,
With them thou wast aye neighbour in this towne,
I grant I was with them against my will,
And mine intent was aye to doe them ill.
Vnto the gate peartly they two forth rade,
The Porter came without en longer abade,
At Iohn Watson then tythings could hee spiere:
Open hee bade, the Captaine commeth neare.
The gate but more bawiselie vp hee drew,
Tom Holiday sone by the craig him threw.
And with a knife hee sticked him in that stead,
In a darke hole downe dreadlesse cast him dead.
Iohn VVatson hath hint the Keyes in his Hand,
The Porter then with Wallace was command.
They entred in, before them found no moe,
Except Women, and simple servants two:
In the kitching long scudlers had they beene,
Some they were slaine. When the Lady had seene,
Shee cryed for Grace, for him that dyed on tree.
Then Wallace said, Madame, your noyse let bee.
To Women yet, wee doe but little ill.
And young Children wee like not for to spill.
I would haue Meate, Holiday, what sayest thou:
For fasting folke to Dine good time were now.
Great purveyance was ordayned them before,
Both Bread, and Ale, good Wine, and other store,
To Meat they bowned, for they had fasted long,
Good men of Armes into the closse causey gang.
Part fearing folke on foote they from them glade,

On the Knockhead, where great mellie was made:
Aye as they came Iohn *Watson* let them in:
And done to death withoutten noyse or din.
No man left there, that was of England borne,
The Castle well they vewed on the morne,
For Iohnstone sent a man of good degree,
Second Daughter forsoth wedded had hee:
Of Holidayes deare Nevoy to Wallace,
Great Captaine then they made him of that place.
They left him there into a good arrap,
They ished forth vpon the other Day.
Women had leaue in England for to fare,
Good Wallace, and Sir Iohn the Grahame could care
To the Corhead, and lodged there that night,
Upon the morne, the Dunne was at the hight.
After Dinner they would no longer byde,
Their purpose take in Crawford mure to ride.
Sir Iohn the Grahame, with *Wallace* that was wight,
Tom Haliday againe returned right,
To the Corhall, and there remained but dread,
No Sutheron with principall who did this deeds,
Kirkpatrik past into Eskdale woods wide,
In safetie there hee thought hee should abide,
Good Wallace and Sir Iohn the Grahame in feare,
With them fourtie men of Armes cleare.
Through Crawfurd mure as they then take their way
On English-men their mynde remayned aye.

CHAP. III. How *Wallace* wan the Castle of *Crawfurd*, and slew the Captaine thereof.

FRom Crawfurd-Iohn, the water downe they ryde,
Neare hand the night they lodged vpon Clyde:
Their purpose to take into a quiet Haile.

Then VVallace said, I would wee might assaile,
Crawfurd Castle, with some good jeopardie.
Sir Iohn the Grahame, how say yee best may bee?
This good knight said, If the men were without,
To take the House there is but little doubt:
A Squyer then ruled that Lordship whole,
Of Cumber-land borne, his name was Mortindale.
Then Wallace said, My selfe will passe in feire,
And one with mee of Hatberie for to spiere.
Follow on dreigh if that wee misser ought,
Edward Little with his Master foorth sought.
To an Ostellarie, and with a woman met:
Shee told to them that Sutheron there were set.
If yee bee Scots, I counsell you passe by,
For if they may, yee will get evill Hatbery.
At drinke they are, so haue they beene right long,
Great word there is of Wallace them among.
They trow that hee hath found his men againe,
At Lochmabane feill English-men are slaine.
The house is lost, that makes them bee full woe,
I hope in GOD that they shall soone tyne moe.
VVallace spiered of Scotland if that thee bee?
Shee said, Yea, and thinkes yet to see,
Sorrow on them, through helpe of GODS grace,
Hee asked her Who was into that place?
No man of fence, was left that house within,
Twentie are heere making great noyse and din.
Alace, shee said, If that I once might see,
The worthie Scots in it most master bee,
With this woman hee would no longer stand,
A beaken hee made, Sir Iohn came at his hand.
Wallace went in, and said, Benedicitie,
The Captaine spiered, What ballamte may thou bee
That comes so grim, some tydings to descrie,

Thou art a Scot, the Deuill thy motion quell.
Wallace braid out a sworde, withouttem moze,
Into the Breast the Byrnie Captaine hee boze.
Throughout the Coate, sticked him to the dead,
Another hee hit atward upon the head.
whom euer hee stroake, hes bursten bone and lyze,
Feill of them dead, fell flatling in the fyze:
Paltry payment hes made them on the flooze,
And Edward Little keeped well the Dooze.
Sir Iohn the Grahame full fains would haue beene in
Edward him bade at the Castle begin:
For of these folke wee haue but little dzead,
Sir Iohn the Grahame fast to the Castle yeed,
Wallace rudelie such routs on them gaue,
That twentie men derflie to death hee dzaue.
Fifteene hee stroake, and fifteene hath hee slaine,
Edward slew fiue which was of mickell maine.
To the Castle Wallace had great desire,
By that Sir Iohn had set the House on fire,
None was therein that great defence could moe,
But women sore fast weeping into woe:
without the place a bold Bulwarke was made,
Wallace went ouer withoutten longer bade.
The women soone hee saued from the dead,
weake folke hee put and Childzen from that stead.
Of Purdepance hee found little or none,
Before that tyme their victuall was all gone:
Yet in that place they lodged all that night,
From Osslares brought such good as they might,
Upon the morne houses they spoyled fast,
All things they bought, out of that place they cast,
Tree worke they burnt, that was within the wones,
And wales brake down, that stalward were of stones.
Spoyld what they might then would no longer byde,

Vnto Dundaffe the same night they did ryde,
And lodged there with all mirth and pleasance,
Thanking great GOD that sent thē such good chance.

THE SIXT BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

Of the Spousage of *Wallace*, & how *Hesilrig* slew *Wallace* wife in the Towne of *Lanerk*, and how *Wallace* slew *Hesilrig* for the same cause, & put the *English*-men out of *Lanerke*.

THen passed were the Octanes of February,
And part of March by right digestion
Appeared thē the last moneth of Ver,
The signe of sommer, with his swēt season,
By that VVallace from Dundaffe made him boune.
His leaue hee tooke and to Kilbanke can faire
The rumour rose through Scotland vp and downe,
With English-men that VVallace liuing were.

Into April when cloathed is but weene,
The able ground through working of nature,
And Woods haue won their worthie wæds grēne.
When Nymphens in building of her boure,
With oyle and balme fulfilled of sweet odoure,
Cancittis in trace as they were wont to gang,
Walking their course in eberie casuall houre,
To glaid the Hunters with their merrie sōng.

In this same time to him approached new,
His luftie paine of which I speake of aire,
By loues case hee thought for to persue,
In Lanerk towne and hither can hee fare:
At residence a while remained there.
In her presence, as I haue said before:
Though English-men grieved at his repaire.
Yet hee delighted the thing that set him fore.

The fire of Loue him rewled at such wise,
Hee lyked well with that goodly to bee,
Whyles hee would thinke of Danger for to ryse,
And other whiles out of her presence flee.
To cease of warre it were the best for mee:
Thus win I nought but sadnesse on ilke syde,
Shall never man this Cowardnesse in mee see,
To warre I will, for chance that map betyde.

What is this Loue? it is but great mischance,
That mee would bring from Armes veritie:
I will not change my worship for pleasance,
In warre I thinke my tyme to occupy,
Yet her to loue I will not let for thy,
More I shall desyre my worship to reserue,
From this day forth, then evermore did I,
I feare of warre whether I line or sterue.

What shall I say, Wallace was plainlie set
To loue her best in all the world so wide,
Thinking hee should of his desyre to get,
And so befell by concord on a tyde.
That shee was made at his commaund to byde:
And this began the stinting of this strife,
The band began with graith witnesse besyde.
Mine Author sayes, shee was his wedded wife.

Now liue in Peace, now liue in good Concord:

Now liue in play, now liue in whole Pleasance:
For thee by chance hath both her loue and Lord,
Yee thankes Loue, that did him so advance,
So evenly helde vp favour the Valliance:
Then hee at will may lap her in his Armes,
Shee thanked GOD of her high happie chance,
For in his tyme hee was the flowre of Armes.

Fortune him show her double figured face,
Feill sple or then hee had beene set aboue,
In prison now, delivered now through grace,
Now at vnease, now at vnrest, and rufe,
Now well at will, willing his pleasant loue,
And thought himselfe out of adversitie,
Desiring aye his Manhood for to prove,
In Courage set vpon the staiges hie.

The verie trueth I cannot graithlie tell,
Into this lyfe how long that they had beene,
Through naturall course of generation fell:
A Childe was cheved these two lovers betweene,
Which goodly was a Maiden bright and cheene:
So farther foorth became time to her age,
This life lait man get her in marriage.

The other Maid wedded a Squyer wight,
Which was well knowne come in of Balliols blood,
And their heires by lyne succeeded right:
To Lammingtoune and other lands good.
Of this matter the right who vnderstood,
Heereof as now I will no more proceede,
Of my sentence shortly to conclude,
Of other thing my purpose is to reede.

Right goodly men came of this Lady ying,
Further of them as now I speake no maire,

But

But Wallace forth into his wairre can reigne,
Hee might not ceasse great courage so him beare,
Sutheron to slay for dread hee would not spaire:
And they oft syse feill causes to him wrought,
From that tyme forth which moved him so saire,
That never in world out of his mind was brought.

Now leave thy mirth, now leave thy whole pleasace
Now leave thy blisse, now leave thy Childish age:
Now leave thy youth, now follow thine hard chance,
Now leave thy lust, now leave thy marriage,
Now leave thy Loue or thou shalt tyne a gage,
Which never in earth shall bee redeemed againe,
Fellon Fortune and all her feires outrage,
Goe liue in warre, goe liue in cruell paine.

Fye on Fortune, fye on thy frivole Wheele,
Fye on thy trust, for here it hard no left:
That so transfigured Wallace out of his weele,
When hee trusted for to haue lived heft,
Of pleasance here to him is but a jeft:
Through thy feirs cours that hath none hap to hoe,
Him thou overthrew out of his lyking reft.
From great pleasance, in warre, travell and woe.

What is Fortune, who drawes the dait so fast,
We wot there is both well and wicked chance,
But this false world with many double cast,
In it is nought but verie variance.
It is nothing to Heavenlie governance:
Then pray we all to the maker above,
Which hath in Hand of Justice the Ballance,
That hee vs grant of His deare lasting Loue.

Hereof as now farther I speake no maire,
But to my purpose shortlie will I faire.

Twelue hundreth yeare thereto nyntie & seaben,
Frō CHRIST was borne the righteous king of
William Wallace into good liking goes: (Heaben
In Lanerk Towne among his mortall foes,
The English men that euer stout haue beene,
With Heslrig that cruell was and keene,
And Robert Thorne a fellon subtill knight.
Hath found the way by what meanes best hee might,
How that they make contrare to Wallace:
By Argument as hee came vpon case.
On from the Kirke that was without the towne,
While their power might bee in Armes bowne:
Sir Iohn the Graheme that worthie was and true,
To Lanerk towne good Wallace could persue.
Of his welfare as hee full oft hath seene,
Of men hee had in compayne fyfteene.
And Wallace nine, they had no feires moe,
Vpon the moore vnto the Wast they goe,
They and their men graithed in goodly greene,
For the season such vse full long hath beene.
Where sadly they had sayde their Deuotion.
One argued them as they went throughe the towne.
The strongest man that Heslrig then knew,
And als hee had of lightlie words anew.
Hee salust them as it were but in scorne,
Dewgaleh, good day, bon seniour, and good morne.
Whom seemes thou (quod Wallace) wilo learde thee
Why Sir (quod hee) came yee not ouer the sea.
Pardon mee then, for I weende yee had beene,
An ambassade to bring an vncouth Queene.
Wallace answered, such pardon as wee haue,
In vs to giue, thy part thou shalt not craue.
Since yee are Scots yet salust shall yee bee.
Good euen daucht Lord Wallauch Wanzenochadie.

More Sutheron men to them assembled mare,
Wallace was loath as then to make a fleare.
One made a tit, and scrip at his long sword,
Hold still thine hand (quod he) and hyk take thy word.
With thy long sword thou makis mekill boast,
Thereof (quod hee) thy Dame made little coast,
What cause hast thou to weare that goldy greene?
My most cause is, but foy to make thee weene,
What should a Scot doe with so fair a knife?
Hee said, The hyest that sangles thy wife,
That woman long hath called himself faire,
While that his Thilve wythes to bee thine Heire.
Wee thinke (quod hee) thou dylvest more to stoure,
Thy Dame was fairer ever then was boure.
The powre then assembled on him about,
Two hundreth men that stalwart were and stout,
The Scottish saw their powre was command,
Sir Robert Thorne and Heslrig at hand.
Great multitude with weapons birnisht beene,
The worthie Scots that cruell were and keene:
Among the Sutheron such dints gane that tyde,
While blood on breid burst from wounds wide,
Wallace in stoure was cruell as a tyger,
Of a Sutheron hee smote off the right hand,
And when the Carle of fighting might no more,
With left hand in yre holds a Buckler:
Then from the stump the blood sprang out full fast,
In Wallaces face abundantly can it cast,
Into great part it marred him of his sight:
Sir Iohn the Graheme a stroake hath tane him right.
With his good sword, upon the Sutheron syre,
Derflie to death dryue him into that yre:
The perill was right awfull, hard and strong,
The stoure endured ma dyetions and long.

The

The Englishmen yet gathered wonder fast,
The worthie Scots the gate left at the last,
When they has slaine, and wounded many one,
To Wallace Iames the gainest way are gone.
Their passed sone, defended them right well,
Hay and Sir Iohn, with swords of tempred stele:
Behinde their men, while they the gate had tane,
The woman then, which was full will of wane,
The portall schew with fellon noyse and din,
Set vp the gate and let them enter in:
Throngh to a strength they passed off that stead,
Fyftie Sutheron vpon the gate lay dead.
This faire woman with busynesse and might,
The Englishmen did tarry with a slight,
While that Wallace into the wood was past,
Then Cardoe Craiga they persued full fast:
When Sutheron saw that chaiped was Wallace,
Againe they turned, the woman tooke on case,
Put her to death I cannot tell you how,
Of such matters I may not tarry now.
Where great dule is but redeeming againe,
Renewing of it is but eking of paine.
A true woman had serued her full lang.
Out off the Towne the gainest way can gang,
To Wallace tald how all the dead was done,
The paynfull woe fought to his heart full sone.
Were not for shame hee had shot to the grounde,
For bitter baile that in his breast was bound:
Sir Iohn the Grahame both wise, gentle, and free,
Great mourning made that pitie was to see:
And als the laue that were assembled there,
For peze sozrow with heart weeped full saire.
When Wallace felt their courage was so small,
Hee sensed him for to comfort them all.

Ceasse

Ceasse men hee said, This is a bestiesse bane,
For wee cannot chenis her life againe,
Uneasse a word hee might bring out for teend,
The baitfull teares burst braithlie from his eine.
Sighing hee said. Shall never man mee see,
Rest into ease whils this dead wroken bee,
The sakeleesse slaughter of her, both blythe and bright,
That I showe to the maker of might.
Of all that Nation I shall never forbeare,
Young nor olde that able is to weare.
Priests nor women I thinke not for to slae,
In my default but if they causing mae:
Sir Iohn hee said, Let all this mourning bee,
And for her sake there shall ten thousand die.
Where men may weepe their courage is the lesse,
It slaikes the pre of wrong they should redresse:
Of their complaints as now I speake no more,
Of Auchinlek in Kilbank dwelling there.
When hee heard tell of VVallace beration,
To Carrland wod with ten men made him bowne:
Wallace him fand some part within the night,
To Lanerk towne in the hasse they them dight,
The watch as then of them had little dread,
Parted their men, then dybers wayes yeed:
Sir Iohn the Grahame and his good companie,
To Sir Robert Thorne full fast they hye:
Wallace and his to Hesilrig some they past,
In an high house where hee was sleeping fast,
Stroake at the Doore with his Fote hardilie,
While bar and brates in the floore hes gart lye:
The shrieffe cryed, Who makes this great deray,
Wallace hee said, which thou hast sought this day,
The womans death will GOD thou shalt deare by,
Hesilrig thought it was no time to lye:

Out of the House full faine hee would haue beene,
The night was mirke, yet Wallace hath him seene.
Feircely him straike as he came in great yre,
Upon the Head hitit throughe bone and lyre.
The shearing swoord glaid to his shoulder bone,
Out ouer the stair among them hee is gone,
Ewd Auchinlek trowed not that hee was ueid,
Thrise with a knife hee straike him in that steid,
The scry about rose rudely in that streete,
Feill of the lane were fulzeit vnder feete,
Young Heslrig and wight VVallace is met,
A sicker straike Wallace hath on him set:
Deedly to Death ouer the staire dang him downe,
Many that night he slew in Lanerk towne,
Some greiffles lap, and some sticked within,
Effeired they were with hideous noyse and din.
Sir Iohn the Grahame had set the House in fyre
where Robert Thorne was burnt vp bone and lyre.
Twelue scoore they slew that were of England borne,
women they liued and Preists on the morne.
To passe their way of blisse and gaidly baire,
And swore that they againe should come no maire.
when Scots heard these syne tydings of new,
Out of all parts to Wallace fast they drew.
Pleniesht the towne which was their Heritage,
Thus Wallace straue against that great barnage,
Aye hee began with stiffe and stalward hand,
To cheeris againe, some rowmes in Scotland.
The worthie Scots that semblid to him there,
Choosed him for Chiefe their Captaine and leader.
Aymer wallange a fellon tyrant knight,
In Bothwell dwelt King Edwards man full right,
Murray was out though hee was righteous Lord,
Of all that land, as true men will record.

In

Into Arrane hee was dwelling that tyde,
And other men in his land durſt not byde,
But this falſe Knight in Bothwell winning was.
A man hee gart ſoone to King Edward paſſe,
And told him whole of Wallace ordinance,
How hee had put his people to miſchance.
And plainlie was riſen againe to reigne,
Grieved thereat right greatly was the King.
Through all England hee gart his dooers cry,
Power to get and ſaid hee would plainlie,
In Scotland paſſe that realme to ſtatute new,
Feill men of weare to him right faſt they drew,
The Queene felt well how that his purpoſe was,
To him ſhee went, on knees then can ſhee as,
Hee would deſiſt and not to Scotland gang,
Hee ſhould have dread to worke a fellon wrang,
Chriſtned they are, yon is their heritage,
To reave their Crowne it is a great outrage,
For her counſell at hame hee would not byde,
His Lords him ſeit in Scotland for to tyde,
The Scots man that dwelt with King Edward,
when hee heard tell that VVallace tooke ſuch part,
Hee ſtole from them as privilie as hee may,
In Scotland then hee came upon a day,
Seeking Wallace hee made him readie bowne,
This Scot was borne in Kyle at Richartowne.
All England coaſt hee knew it wonder well,
From Hull about to Briſtow everie deale,
From Carlile through Sandwich that Royall ſtead,
From Dover over unto Saint Bayes head,
In Picardie and Flanders both had beene,
All Normandie and France hath hee ſeene,
A Purſevant to King Edward in weare,
But hee could never gar him armes beare,

Of

Of great stature and somepairt gray was hée,
The English-men called him but Grymisbie.
To Wallace came and into Kyle him fand.
Hée tolde him whole the tydings of England,
They turned his name from tyme they him knew,
And called him Iop, of engyne hee was true,
In all his time good service in him fand,
Gaue him to beare the armes of Scotland,
Wallace againe in Cliddisdale soone hé rade,
And his power sembled withoutten bade.
Hee gart command who would his Peace take,
A free remit hee should gar to him make.
For all kin dead that they had done before,
The Persies Peace, and Sir Rannalds was worne.
Feill to him drew, that boldly durst abide,
Of Wallace kin of many divers side.
Sir Rannald then sent him his power haile,
Himselfe durst not bee knowne into battaile,
Against Sutheron: for hee had made a band,
Long time before, to holde of them his land.
Adam Wallace past out of Richartowne,
And Robert Boyde, with good men of renowne,
Of Cunninghame and Kyle came men of waile,
To Lanerk sought on horse a thousand haile.
Sir Iohn the Grahame, and his good Chevalrie.
Sir Iohn of Tinto, with men that hee might trye,
Good Auchinlick, that Wallace Uncle was,
Many true Scots with their Chiftaine could passe,
Three thousand whole of likely men of Weare,
And feill on foote, which wanted Horse and Geare,
The time by this was comming upon hand,
The awfull hosts with Edward of England,

The

The Battell of Bigger.

TO Bigger came, with sixty thousand men,
In warre weeds, that cruell was to ken.
They planted there feill tents and pallions,
Where Clarions blue, with many mightie sounds.
Plenisht that place with Victuall and Wine,
In Carts brought their purvepance full fine.
This awfull King gart two Heraulds bee brought:
Gaue them command in all the haste they mought,
To charge Wallace, that hee should come him till,
Without promise, and put him in his will:
Because I wot hee is a Gentle-man,
Come in my grace, and I shall saue him than.
As for his life, I will vpon mee take,
And after this, if hee will service make,
Hee shall haue wage that may him well suffice,
That Rebald wænes for hee hath done suppryse,
To my people, oft vpon Adventure,
Against mee that hee may long endure.
To this proffer gain-standing if hee bee,
Heare I avow, hee shall bee hanged hie.
The young Squyer was brother to Sir Hew,
Hee thought hee would goe disaguisde to persue,
Wallace to see, that tooke so high a part.
Borne Sisters Sonne hee was to King Edward,
A Coate of Armes hee tooke on him but bade,
With the Heraulde full prively forth rade.
To Tinto Hill withoutten residence,
Where Wallace lay, with his folke at defence,
A likely hoste, as of so few they found:
To him they fought, and would no longer stand.
If yee bee hee that ruleth all this thing,
Presents wee haue brought from our worthie King,

Then Wallace causde thrè Knights vnto him call,
Then red the Writ in presence of them all,
To them hè said, Answere pè shall not craue,
By word, or writ, which lykes you best to haue.
In writ, they said, it were the likliest.
Then Wallace thus began to byte in hastè.
¶ Thou Rever King, thou chargest mee throughcase,
That I should come, and put mee in thy Grace,
If I gain-stand, thou heghtest to hang mee,
I vow to GOD, and ever I may take thee,
Thou shalt bee hanged, for an Example to giue,
To King of Reif, as long as I may liue.
Thou proffers mee, of thy wages to haue.
I thee defye, power, and all the laue
That helps thee heere, of thy stout Nation,
Will GOD, thou shalt bee put from this Region,
Or die therefore, contrare though thou had sworne:
Thou shalt vs see, before nyne houres to morne,
Battell to giue, mauger of all thy Kin:
For falselie thou seekest our Realme within.
This writ hè gaue to the Herauld but more,
A good reward hè gart deliver them there,
But Iop knew well the Squyer, young Sir Hew,
And told Wallace, for hè was verie true.
Pè them commanded, that they should him take.
Himselfe began, sore accusing to make,
Squyer, hè said, since thou hast feyned Armes,
On thè so shall fall some part of these harmes,
Example to giue to thy stout Nation,
Upon the Hill hè gart then set him downe.
Stroake off his head, ere hè would further goe,
To the Herauld, sayd then, withoutten hoe,
Becaus thou art false to Armes, and mansworne,
Through thy cheeke thy tongue shall bee out-thorne.

When that was done, then to the third said hee,
Armes to judge thou shalt never graithly see,
Hee gart a Smith, with a Turkesse right there,
Pull out his eyes then gaue them leaue to fare.
To your false King, thy fellow shall thee leade,
With this answere, turse him his Nevopes head,
Thus sore I dread the King, and all his boast,
His dumbe Fellow led him vnto the Hoste.
When King Edward his Heraulds thus hath seene,
In proper wise hee grew neare woo for teene.
That hee wist not, in what wise him to weake,
For sorrow almost, one word hee could not speake,
A long while hee stood, writhing in a rage,
On lowde hee said, This is a fell outrage.
This deed to Scots full sore it shall bee bought,
So despitefull in world was never wrought,
From this Region I thinke not for to gang,
Till time that I shall see this Rebell hang,
I let his thus inspyte and sorrow dwell,
Of the good Scots shortly I will you tell.

FOrth from his men then Wallace raiked right,
To him hee called Sir Iohn Tinto the Knight,
And let him wot, to visse hee would goe,
The English Hoste, and bade him tell no moe.
Whatsoever they spiered, till that hee came againe.
Wallace disagnysed, thus bowned hee over plaine.
Betwixt Culter, and Bigger as hee past,
Hee was ware where a Worke-man came fast,
Driving a Mare, and Pitchers for to sell,
Godfriend, hee said, in trueth will thou mee tell,
With this Chantry where passest thou truely?
To any place, who liketh for to buy,
It is my Craft, and I would sell them faine,

I will them buy, so GOD mee helpe from paine.
What price? let heare, I will them haue like one,
But halfe a Marke, for such price haue I tane.
Twenty shillings, Wallace said, thou shalt haue,
I will haue Mare, Pitchers and all the laue,
Thy Gowne and Hose, in haste put thou off fine,
And make a change, for I shall giue thee mine,
And thine olde Hoode, because it is threed-bare.
The man weende well hee had scorned him there.
Thou tarry nought, it is sooth that I say:
The man cuist off his feeble Weede of Gray:
And Wallace his, then payed Silver in hand:
Passe on, hee said, thou art a bad Merchand:
The Gowne and Hose, in Clay that clagged was,
The Hoode hekled, and then made him to passe.
The whip hee tooke, and foorth the Mare can call,
Attour the Brae, the vpmost Pot gart fall:
Brake on the ground: the man leugh at his faire,
But thou beware, thou tynes of thy Chauffaire.
The Sunne by that was passed out of sight,
The day was gone, and comming was the night.
Amongst the Sutheron full busilie hee past,
On either side his eyes hee can well cast:
How Lords lay, and had their lodging made,
The Pabilion where that the Leopards bade,
Spying full fast, where his abaile might bee:
Hee could well winke, and looke vp with one eye.
Some scorned him, some glayd-carle call'd him there.
Agrieued they were of their Heraulds misfare:
Some asked of him, How hee sold of the best,
For foure pennies hee sayd, while they may lest.
Some brake a part, some pricked at his eye,
Wallace fled out priuatelie, and let them bee:
Into the Hoste againe hee passed right,

His men by then had tane Tinto the knight.
Sir Iohn the Grahame gart bind him wounder fast,
For wee wist well wee was with Wallace last.
Some bade burne him, some hang him in a Tord:
They swore that hee deceived han their Lord.
Wallace by this was entred them among,
To him hee reede and would not tarry long:
Then hee gart lowse him of those bands so new,
And said, hee was both sober, wyse, and true.
To Supper sone bowned, but more abade:
Hee tolde to them what Market hee had made:
And how that hee the Sutheron saw full well.
Sir Iohn the Grahame displeased was some deale,
And said to him, not Christian-like it was,
Through wilfulnesse in such perill to passe.
Wallace answered, Ere wee win Scotland free,
Both yee and I in perill more must bee:
And many other the which full worthie is,
Now of one thing wee bee some part in misse.
A little sleepe I would faine that wee had,
With pon men then spoke how we may make vs glad
The worthie Scots tooke good rest while neare Day,
Then rose they vp, t'array some ordaind they.
The Hill is left, and to a plaine are gone,
Wallace himselfe the Vanguard first hath tane.
with him was Boyde and Auchinleck but dread,
with a thousand of worthie men in weed.
And many then, in the middle-ward put hee,
Sir Iohn the Grahame hee gart their leader bee.
with him young Adam, the Lord of Richertowne,
which doughtie was, and als of great renowne.
The third thousand in the Rere-ward hee dight,
To Walter gane of Newbigging the knight.
with him Tinto that doughtie was indeede,

And David, sonne to Sir Walter to leeue,
Behind them neare the Foote-men gart hee bee,
And bade them byde, while they their time might see
Hee want weapons, and harnesse in this tyde,
The first Counter yee map not them abyde.
Wallace causde some the Chiftaine to him call,
His charge hee gaue, for chance that may befall,
To take no heede to geare, nor yet pillage,
For they will flee as wood men in a rage.
Win first the men, the goods then yee may haue,
And take no tent of covetise to craue.
Through covetise men lose both goods and life:
I pon command for heare such in our strife.
Loke yee saue none, Lord, Captaine, nor yet Knight,
For worship worke, and for your Elders right,
GOD bleste vs all, and that in our voyage,
But this stout folke out of our Heritage:
Then they inclined all with a goodly will,
His plaine command they height it to fulfill.
On the great Hoste the parties can forth draw,
Comming to them out of the South they saw:
Three hundreth men into their Armour cleare,
The gainest way to them approached neare.
VVallace said soone, These are none English-men,
For by this Hoste the gates full well they ken:
Thom Holiday those men hee guided right,
From Annandale hee had led them that night.
His two good sonnes, Johnstone and Rutherfurde.
Wallace was blythe when that hee heard that word:
So was the laue of that good Chevalrie,
Iardane came there into their companie.
And Kirk-patrike, before in Eskdale was:
A wing they were, in Wallace Hoste to passe.
The English watch that night had beene on feild

Drew to their horse right as the day can peire,
Wallace knew weill (for hee before had seene)
The Kings Pavilion, where it had bushed beene,
Then with rich Horse the Scots upon them rade,
At the first Counter so great abasing made,
That all the Hoste astonisht at that sight,
Full many one verelie to Death they dight.
Feill of them as then were out of their array,
The more awfull and hastie was the stray.
The noyse was huge, through stroaks that they dang,
The rumour rose so rudely them among:
That all the Hoste was then in poynt to flee.
The wise Lords, from they the perill see,
The fellon fray als raised was about,
And how their King stood in so mickell doubt:
To his Pavilion full many thousand sought,
Him to rescue by any way they mought.
The Earle of Kent that night walking had beene,
With fine thousand of men in Armour keene.
About the King full suddainlie they gang,
And trust him well the assaylie was right strong.
All Wallace folke in use of Warre was good,
Into the Toure soone lighted where they stood:
Whomsoever they hit, no Harnesse might them stint,
From they on foote assembled with Swords dint,
Of manhood they in hearts full cruell was,
They thought to win or never hence to passe.
Feill English-men before the King they slew.
Sir Iohn the Grahame came with his power now,
Among the Hoste, with the Middle-ward heerade,
Great martyrdoms on Sutheron men they made,
The Rere-ward then set on so hardilie,
With Newbigging, and all their Chevalrie,
Pavilion Ropes they cutted all in sunder,

Borne to the ground, and many smaped vnder.
The foot-men came, which I spake of laire,
On frazed folke with stroakes sad and sore,
Though they before wanted both Horse and Gear,
Enough they got, what they would weale to weare.
The Scots power then all together were,
The Kings Pavilion brimly downe they beare,
The Earle of Kent with a good Axe in his hand,
Into the floure full stoutlie hee could stand:
Before the King making a great debate,
Who best did then, hee had the highest state,
The fellon floure so stalwart was and strong,
Thereto continued marveilous and long.
VVallace himselfe full sadly could persue,
And at a stroake the chiefe Captaine hee slew.
The Sutheron folke fled fast, and durst not byde,
Horsed their King, and off the field can ryde.
Against his will, hee was full loath to flee,
Into that tyme hee was full loath to die.
Of his best men three thousand there were dead,
Ere hee could finde to flee, and leave that stead.
Twentie thousand fled with him in a fraile:
The Scots got Horse, and followed the Battaile,
Through Culter hope before they wan the bight;
Feill Sutheron folke were marred in the night,
Slaine by the gate, as their King fled away:
But faire and bright, and right cleare was the Day
The Sunne risen, shining over Hill and Dale,
Then VVallace cast what was best availe,
The fleeing folke, that off the Field first past,
Vnto their King againe assembled fast.
From either floe so many assembled there:
[illegible] Wallace would let follow them no mare,
[illegible] rade, gart his folkis turne againe.

Of English-men seaven thousand there was slaine.
Then Wallace went againe to Bigger rade,
Where English-men great purveyance had made,
The Jewairis as they were hither led,
Pavillions and all they left when as they fled.
The Scots got golde, good geare, and other wage:
Relieved they were that parted that pillage.
To meat they went, with great mirth and pleasance,
They spared not king Edward purveyance,
With solace then, a little sleepe they tooke.
A private watch he gart among them looke.
Two Cokes there fell, their lives then for to saue,
With dead Corpes, which lay nought in Graue,
When they saw well the Scots-men were at rest,
Out of the Field to steale they thought it best.
Full low then crept, till they were out of sight,
After the Hoste then ran in all their might,
When that the Scots had sleeped but a while,
Then rose they up, for Wallace dreaded guile:
Hee said to them, The Sutheron gan pursue,
Againe to vs for they are folke anew.
Where English-men pavilion make in Meere,
It is full hard to doe them mishall geare.
On this plaine Field wee will not them abyde,
To some good place my purpose is to ryde.
The purveyance that left was in that stead,
To Roppis Bogge hee gart servants it lead.
With ordinance, that Sutheron brought in there,
Hee with his Hoste to David Shaw can faire,
Where they remained a great part of the day.
Of English-men yet something will I say.
As king Edward through Cullen hopes sought,
When hee perceiv'd the Scots followed nought.
In Iohns Greue hee gart his Hoste byde still:

Fell fleeing folkes assembled sone him till.
When they were met, the King neare waxed mad,
For his deare kin, that dee there soled had.
His two Emes into the field were slaine.
His second sonne that mickell was of maine:
His Brother Hew was killed there full colde,
The Earle of Kent that cruell was and bolde.
With great worship toolke dead before the King,
For him hee mourned, so long as hee might ring.
At this sembly as they in sorrow stand,
The two Cokes sone came at his hand,
And tolde to him how they escaped were,
The Scots all as twine lyes drunken there,
Of pour wight wine, wee gart vs thither lead,
Full well wee may bee venged of their deed,
Upon their lyues, is sooth that wee you tell,
Returne againe, yee shall finde them pour sell.
Yee blamed them, and said, No wit it was,
That bee againe for such a tale should passe.
Their Chiftaine is right marvellous in weare,
From such perrill hee can well them forbeare.
For to seeke more, as now I will not ryde,
Our meat is soled, therefore wee may not byde,
The hardy Duke of Longcastle and Lord,
Soveraigne hee said, to our counsell concord,
If this bee true, wee may the more availe,
Wee may them win, and make but light travell.
Were you follie dead that now against vs stand,
Then need wee not for meate to leave the Land,
The King answered, I will not ryde againe,
As at this tyme my purpose is in plaine,
The Duke said, Sir, if yee determined bee,
To move you more effeirs not vnto mee,
Command your Power againe with mee to wend,

And I of this shall see the finall end.
Ten thousand whole hee charged for to ryde,
Here is the strength, all night I shall you byde,
Wee may get meat of bestiall in this land,
God drinke as now wee may not bring in hand.
Of Westmureland the Lord had met them there,
On with the Duke hee graithed him to fare,
At the first stroake with them hee had not beene,
With him hee led a thousand well beseene.
And Patricke Lord was with a thousand bowne.
Of King Edward hee keeped Calice towne.
These twelue thousand into the towne can fare,
The two Captaines soone met them at Bigger,
With the whole stuffe of Roxburgh and Barwicke,
Sir Rauffe Gray saw they were Sutheron like,
Out of the South approached to their sight,
Hee knew full well with him it was not right.
Aymer VVallange with his power came als,
King Edwards man, a tyrant Knight and falle,
When they were met, they fand not elle there,
But dead Corses and they were spoyled bare.
Then marvelled they where the Scots should bee,
Of them about appearance they could not see:
But syes them told, that came with Sir Aymer,
In David shaw they saw them make repaire,
Then feill Sutheron soone passed to that place,
The Watch was ware, and told it to Wallace,
Hee warned the Hoste out of the towne to ryde,
In Ropis Bog hee purposed to byde,
A little shaw upon the one syde was,
That men on foote out of the Bog might passe.
The horse they left into that little hold,
On foot they thought the Hoste that they should hold,
The English Hoste had well their passage seene,

And

And followed fast with cruell men and keene:
They trowed that Bog might make them little baile,
Growen ouer with rispe, and all the sward was haile.
On them to ryde they ouband with great prze,
Of the formost a thousand in the myre,
Of horse with men are plunged in the depe,
The Scots of their comming toke good keepe.
Upon them set with stroakes sad and sore:
Feede none away of all that entred there.
Light men on foote vpon them derflie dang.
Feill vnder horse was smored in that thrang.
Stampyed in Malle, and with rude horse ouergone,
The worthie Scots the byrland then haue tane.
Upon the leane fighting full wonder fast,
And many grounde they made full sore agast.
The English-men that bulle were in Weare,
Assayled sore them from the Bolle to beare.
On either side, but then it was no boote,
The strength they held right awfully on foote.
To men and horse gaue many grieuous wound,
Feill to the Death they sticked in that stound.
The Pikard Lord assayled sharply there,
Upon the Grahame, with stroaks sad and sore.
Sir Iohn the Grahame, with a stiffe sword of stele
His bright brynie bee pierced eberie deale,
Through all the stuffe, and sticked him in that stead:
Thus of his dint, the bold Pikard was dead.
The English Bolle tore plaine part for to flie,
In their returning the Scots gart manie die.
Wallace would faine at the Wallange haue beene,
Of Westmoreland the Lord was them betweene,
Wallace on him bee set an awfull dint.
Through Balnets stuffe, that no stele might anstint
Derflie to Death bee left him in that place,

And

So that false knight escaped through this caise:
Good Robert Boyde hath with a Captaine met,
Of Berwicke then a sad stroake on him set:
Overthort the craig, and carved the Pesane,
Through all his weede in sunder stroake the bane.
Feill Horse-men fled fast, and durst not abyde,
Rebated evill, unto the King they ryde.
The Duke him told of all his journey baile,
His heart for yre boldned in bitter baile.
Highlie he thought hee should never London see,
On Wallace deede, while hee revenged bee,
Or lose his men againe, as hee did aire:
Thus South hee sought with great sorrow and care.
Then at the Kirke a little tarry made,
Then through the Land over Sulway fast they rade,
The Scots Hoste a night remained still,
Upon the morne they spoyled with good will.
The dead Corpse carried to Braid-wood with care,
At a Counsell three dayes they sojourned there.
At the Forrest Kirke a meeting ordainde hee,
They choosed Wallace Scots Warden to bee,
Trusting hee should their painfull sorrow cease,
Hee received all that would come in his peace:
Sir William came, that Lord of Dowglas was,
Forsooke Edward, at Wallace peace can aske,
In that thirlage hee would no longer bee,
Tribute before to England payed hee.
In contrare Scots with them hee never rade,
Far better cheare Wallace therefore him made.
Thus treated hee and chirrisht wonder faire,
True Scottish-men, that fewtie made him there,
And gaue full greatly still goods that hee wan:
Hee warned it nought to no good Scottish-man,
Who would rebell, and goe contrare the right,

Hee

Yee punisht sore were hee Squyer or Knight.
Thus marbeilouslie god Wallace tooke in hand,
Likelie hee was, right faire, and well farrand.
Manlie and stout, and therewith liberall:
Pleasant and wise in all good generall.
To slay forsooth Sutheron hee spared nought.
To Scottishmen full great profit hee wrought.
Into the South forsooth then passed hee,
As him best thought hee ruled that Countrie.
Syrreffe hee made that cruell was and keene:
And Captaines of true wise Scots men,
From Gamylis-path the land obeyed him haile,
To Vr Water both strength, Forrest and daile,
Against him in Galloway house was none,
Except Wigtoun bigged of lyme and stone,
That Captaine heard the reule of Wallace,
Away by sey hee stole out of that place:
Leaved all waste, and could to England wend,
But Wallace soone a keeper to it send,
A good Squyer, and to name hee was cald,
Adam Gordoun, as the Storie mee talde.

A strength there was at the Water of Cree,
Within a Roch right stalward wrought of tre
A gate before no man might to it win,
But the consent of them that dwelt therein.
On the backe syde a Roch and water was,
A strait entrie forsooth there was to passe.
To belie it, Wallace himselfe soone went,
From hee it saw, hee cast in his intent:
To win the hold hee hath chosen a gate,
That they within should make little debate:
His power whole hee gart byde out of sight,
But fyres with him, while time that it was night.

The

Then tolke two when that the night was dim,
Steven of Ireland and Keirlie that could clim:
Up soone they went against that rock so strong.
Thus entred they the Sutheron men among,
The watch before tooke no heede to that syde,
These three in feire soone to the Porter glyde,
Good Wallace then stroake the Porter himselfe,
Dead ouer the rocke into the Dyke hee fell,
Let downe the Bridge, and blew the Horne on hight.
The bushment brake and came in all their might,
At their owne will soone entred in that place,
To English-men they did full little grace,
Sirtie they slew, in that place was no moe,
But an olde Priest and simple women two,
Great purueyance was in that rock to spend,
Wallace staid still while it was at an ende.
Brake downe the strength both bridge e bulwark all,
Out ouer the rock they gart the timber fall,
Under the gate, and would no longer byde,
In Carrik then they bowned them to ryde,
Passed them not but soberlie can faire,
To Turueburie that Captaine was of Aire,
With Lord Persie to take his counsell haile,
Wallace purposed that place for to assaile,
A woman tolde when the Captaine was gone,
Good men of fence into that stead was none.
They filled the dyke with earth and timber haile,
Then fyred the house no succour might availe,
A Priest there was and gentle women therein,
Which in their manner made hideous noyse and din,
Mercie they cryed for him that dyed on tree,
Wallace gart slaike the fyre and let them bee,
To make defence no moe was leaued there,
Bes them commanded out of the land to faire.

Spoyled

Spoyled the place, and spilt all that they mought,
Upon the morne to Cummok some they sought,
To Lanerk then and set a tyme of aire,
Misdoers feill bee gart bee punisht there.
To good true men bee gaue a noble wage,
His brothers Sonnes put to their heritage,
To the blacke Craig of Cummok past againe,
His houshold set with men of mickell maine,
Three moneths there bee dwelt into good rest,
The subtile Sotheron found well it was the best,
Trewes to take, for to eschew a chance:
To further this they sent for Knight Wallance.
Bothwell yet that traytour keeped still,
And Aire all whole was at Lord Persies will.
Through great supplie of the Captaine of Aire,
The Bishop Beik in Glasgow bee dwelt there.
Earle of Stanefurde was Chancellar of England,
With Sir Aymer this traytour toke on hand:
To procure peace by any manner of case,
A safe conduct they purchast of Wallace.
In Ruglane Kirke the tryst there haue they set,
And promise made to meete Wallace but let.
The day of this approached wonder fast,
The great Chancelet and Aymer thither past.
Then Wallace came and his men well beseene,
With him fiftie arraped all in greene,
Like one of them a Bow and Arrow beare,
With long Swords the which full sharpely sheare.
Within the Kirke so soone they entred had,
Unto his prayer bee past but more abade,
Then up bee rose, and to his tryst bee went,
And his good men full cruell of intent.
In yre bee grew that traytour when bee saw,
The English-men of his face stood great awe:

Wit ruled him, that hee did none outrage,
The Earle beheld fast to his hie courage.
Forthought somepart that hee came to that place,
Greatlie abaled for the volt of his face.
Sir Aymer said, This speach yee must begin,
Yee will not bow to no Prince of your kin:
Allovered yee are, I trust yee may speake well,
For all England hee will not breake a deale,
His safe conduct where hee makes a band,
The Chancellor then proffered him his hand,
Wallace stood still, and could no hands take,
Friendship to them no likelinesse would make.
Sir Aymer said, Wallace yee understand,
This is a Lord and Chancelor of England:
To salute him yee may by proper skill:
With short advise hee made answere him till,
Such saluting I vse to English-men,
So shall they have where ever I may them ken:
At my power, that make I GOD a vow,
Out of conduct if that I had him now.
But for my life and all this land so braid,
I will not breake the promise that is made,
I had rather at mine owne will have thee,
Without conduct, that I might wroken bee,
Of thy false deede thou doest in this Region,
Than of pure Gold a King with his Ransome,
But for my hand I will as now let bee,
Chancelor say forth what yee desire of mee,
The Chancelor said, The most part of this thing,
To procure peace I am sent from the King,
With the great Seale, and voyce of his Parliament,
What I binde heere, our Bargans shall consent.
Wallace answered, Over little mends wee have,
Then of our right yee occupie the lave;

Quite-claime our Land, and wée shall not deny.
The Chancelersaid, Of no such charge haue I,
Wée will giue Gold, ere our purpose should faile.
Then Wallace said, in waste is that travell,
Wée aske no Gold by favour of your Kin,
In warre of you wée take what wée may win.
Abaised hée was to make answere againe,
Wallace said, Sir, wée jangle all in vaine,
My counsell giues, I will no fable make:
As for an finall peace to take,
Not for my selfe, that I binde to your Seale,
I cannot trow that ever you will bee leale.
But pure folke that greatlie haue béene suppressed,
I will take Peace, while further yée bée advised.
Then bound they thus, There should bée no debate,
Castles and Townes should stand in their like state:
From that day forth, while a peare was at end,
Sealed this Peace, and toke their leaue to wend.
Wallace from them passed into the West:
Made plaine repare where that him liked best,
Yet sore hée dread that they should him deceiue,
The Indenture to Sir Rannald hée gaue,
His deare Uncle, where it might képed bee:
In Cummocke then to his dwelling went hee.

The ende of the sixt Booke.

THE

THE SEAVENTH BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* burnt the Barnes of *Aire*, and put Bishop *Biecke* out of *Glasgow*, and slue Lord *Persie*.

IN Febyuare befell the samine cace,
That English-men tuke trewes with VVallace.
This passed over, till March away was sought,
The English-men cuist all the wayes they mought,
With subtill and wicked conclusion,
The worthie Scots to put to confusion.
Into Aprill the King of England came,
In Cumberland, to Pumfret, from his Yome,
Into Caryle to a counsell hee yeed,
Whereof the Scots might haue full miekle dread.
Many Captaines that were of England borne,
Thither they past, sembled their King beforne.
No Scots man to Counsell was there calde,
But Sir Aymer, that Traytor was of olde.
At him they spiered, How they should take in Hand,
The Righteous blood to struy out of Scotland?

Sir Aymer said, Their Chiftaine can well doe,
Right wise in Warre, and hath great power tw;
And now this trewes gines them such hardiment,
That to your Faith they will not all consent.
But would ye doe right as I can you learre,
This peace to them it should bee sold full deare.
Then named he the fierce Sutheron among,
How they best might the Scots Barons hang.
Foure great Barnes at that time stood in Aire,
Wrought for the King, when his bigging was there
Bigged about, that no man enter might,
But one at once, nor haue of other sight.
A Justice made, which was of miekle maine,
There ordaind they these Lords should bee slaine,
The Lord Persie of this matter they layde,
With sad aduise againe to them hee sayde,
These men with mee haue kaped trueth so long,
Deceitfully I may not see them hang:
I am their foe, and warne will I them nought.
So I bee quyte, I care not what bee wrought:
From thence I will, and toward Glasgow draw,
With our Bishop to beare of his new Law,
Then chosed they a Justice fierce and fell,
Which Arnulfe height, as mine Author will tell,
Of South-Hampton hee height both Heire and Lord
Hee vnder-toke to pine them with a Cord,
An other Heire in Glasgow ordaind they,
For Cliddisdale men to stand the selfesame Day.
Then charged them in all wapes earnestlie,
By no kin meane Wallace should scape them by:
For well they wist, and these men were aber throwne
They might at will breake Scotland as their owne.
This Band they closed vnder their Seales full fast.
Then sought ouer mure againe King Edward p[illegible]

The new Iustice receiued was in Aire,
The Lord Persie can vnto Glasgow faire.
This Heire was set in June the eighteine Day,
And plainlie cyted no free men were away.
The Scots marueiled, and peace tane in the Land,
Thy English-men such maistrie toke in hand,
Sir Rannald set a day before this Heire,
At Monktoun Kirke, his friends to meete him there,
William Wallace vnto the tryst could passe,
For hee as then Warden of Scotland was,
Thus Maister Iohn, a worthie Clerke was there,
Hee charged his Kin to byde from that Heire:
Right well hee wist, from Persie left that land,
Great perill was to Scots appearand.
Wallace from them into the Kirke hee yeede,
Pater noster hee saide, and als a Creede:
Then to the Grece leaned him soberlie,
Vpon a sleepe hee fell full sudainlie.
Cleland followed, and saw him fall on sleepe:
Hee made no noyse, but wiselie couth him keepe:
In that slumber comming hee thought hee saw,
A stalwart man that toward him couth draw,
Bone by the hand hee hint him hastilie:
I am (hee said) in voyage charged with thee.
A sword him gaue, of burelie birnisht steele.
Sweet sonne, (hee said,) this sword thou shalt weild well.
Of Lopaston hee thought the Plummate was,
Both hilt and all glittering as the Glas.
Deare sonne, (hee said,) wee tarry heere too long,
Thou shalt goe see where wrought is mickle wrong.
Then hee him led to a mountaine on hight,
The world hee thought hee might see at one sight,
Hee left him there, and then from him hee went,
Thereof Wallace studied in his intent,

To sée him there hee had full great desire,
Therewith hee saw begin a fellon fire:
Which braithlis burnt abroad out through the Land
Scotland all over, from Rosse to Sulway sand.
Then soone to him descended there a Queene,
Illuminate, light shining full bright and sheene,
In her presence appeared so mickell light,
That all the fire shee put out of his sight.
Gaue him a Wand of colour red, and greene,
With a Sceptre layned his face and eene.
Welcome, shee said, I chose thee to my Lone,
Thou art granted by the great GOD above,
To helpe people that suffer mickell wrong,
With thee as now I may not tary long:
Thou shalt returne to thine owne Hosse againe,
Thy dearest kin are heere in mickell paine.
This right Region thou must redeeme it all,
Thy last Reward on Earth shall bee but small:
Let not therefore, take redresse of this mille,
To thy Reward thou shalt haue Heavens blisse.
Of her right hand shee betaught him a Booke,
Humbly thus her leaue then shee tooke.
Vnto the Clowds ascended out of sight.
Wallace tooke vp the Booke in all his might:
In three patts the Booke well written was,
The first Letters were grosse Letters of Brasse:
The second Golde: the third fine Siluer sheene.
Wallace marvelled what this Writting should meane,
To reade the Booke hee busked him so fast,
His spirit againe to wakening minde it past.
And vp hee rose, then suddainlie forth went.
This Clerke hee found, and tolde him his intent,
Of his Vision, as I haue said before,
Compleatly forth, what needes words more?

Hearc

Deare sonne, hee said, thy wit vnableth,
To rattle such, for dread I say amisse:
Yet I shall deeme, though my cunning bee small,
GOD grant that no charge after my words fall.
That stalward Man, gaue thee that sword in hand,
Fergus it was, first winner of Scotland,
That Mountaine is where hee thee had on hight,
Knowledge to haue of wrong that thou must right:
That fyre shall bee seill tydings ere yee part,
Which will bee tolde in many sundrie Airt.
I cannot wot what Queene that, that will bee,
But if it bee Fortune, a Lady whiles right free.
The prettie wand, I trow by mine intent,
Betokens Rule and cruell Chastisement:
The red colour who graithlie vnderstood,
Betokens all to great Battell and Blood.
The greene, Courage, that thou art now among:
In trouble and warre thou shalt continue long.
The Saphyr stone thee blessed thee withall,
Is happy chance, will GOD shall to thee fall:
The threefold Boke is but this broken land,
Thou must redeeme, by worthinesse of hand.
The Balle Letters betoken but to this,
The great oppresse of Warre and mickell misse,
The which thou shalt bring to the right againe,
But thou therefore must suffer mickell paine.
The gold betokens honour and Worthinesse,
Victor in armes, manhood, and nobleneſſe.
The Silver showes cleane life and Heavens blisse,
To thy reward that mirth thou shalt not misse.
Dread not therefore, bee out of all despaire,
Further as now hereof I can no more.
Hee thanked him, and thus his leave hath tane:
To Corsbie then with his Uncle rade home.

With mirths thus all night sojourned there,
Upon the morne they graithed them to the Poire,
And soothly they rade till they came to Kincace,
With dreadfull heart thus spiered good Wallace,
At Sir Rannald for their Chatter of peace:
Revoy, hee said, these words are no lies:
It is leaven at Corsbie in the hill,
Where thou it laid, thereof none other wit.
Wallace answered, Had we it heere to shaw,
And they bee false, wee shall not enter aw,
Deare sonne, hee said, I pray thee passe againe,
Though thou would send thy travell were in vaine:
But thou or I, none can it bring this tyde,
Great grace it was made him againe to tyde,
Wallace returned, tooke none with him but three,
None of them knew of this Inventorn but hee:
Unhap him led, forbid him could bee nought,
Of false deceit this good knight had no thought,
Sir Rannald rade but resting to the towne,
Wotting nothing of this false treason.
That wicked Signe so ruled that planet,
Saturne as then was in his highest state.
About Iuno in his Melancholie,
Iupiter and Mars ape cruell of envie.
Saturne as then advanced his nature,
Of tyrannie hee power had and cure:
Rebels rules in many free Nation,
Troublous weather makes many Ships to drowne,
His dreiching was with Pluto in the Sea,
As of the Land full of iniquitie.
Hee wakens Warre full of Pestilence,
Filling of Halles with cruell violence.
Poyson is rife amongst these other things,
Soddaine slaughter of Emperours and Kings,

dire.

When

When Sampſon pulled to the ground the Pillare,
Saturne was then into his higheſt ſpheare:
At Thebes als of his power they tell,
When Phionax ſanke through the Earth to Hell,
Of the Trojans hee had full mickle cure.
When Achilles at Troy ſlew good Hecture.
Burdeous ſtrent, and many Cities moe:
His power yet it hath no hap to hoe,
In braad Britaine feill vengeance hath beene ſeene,
Of this, and more, yet wot well what I meane,
But to this Houſe that Tallward was and ſtrong,
Sir Rannald came, and might not tarry long,
A Walke was knit, all full of Ropes keene,
Such a Toll-booth ſince then was never ſeene,
Strong men were ſet the entry for to hold,
None might win in, but one as they were cald.
Sir Rannald firſt to make fewtie for his land,
The Knight went in, and would no longer ſtand:
A running corde they ſlipped over his head,
Hard to the Walke, and hanged him to the Dead,
Sir Brice the Blaire next after in hee paſt,
Unto the death they haſted him full faſt.
By hee had entred his head was in the ſnare,
Knit to the Walke, hanged to death right there,
The third entred great pittie was for thy,
A gentle Knight, Sir Neill Montgomerie:
And other feill of landed men about,
Many went in, but no Scots came out.
Of Wallaces part they put to that derfe dead,
Many Crawfurdes ſo ended in that ſtead,
Of Carricke men Kennedies ſlew they als,
And kind Campbels, that never had beene falſe.
They rebelled againſt their righteous Crowne,
Iudheron for thy put them to confuſion.

Barklyes, Boydes, and Stewards, of good kin,
No Scot escaped that time entered in.
Upon the Walke they hanged many paire.
Besides them dead in e nooks tuik them there.
Since the first tyme that any warre was wrought,
To such a death to many peed there nought,
Upon one Day, through curssed Saxons seede,
Vengeance of this out throngh the Kindzed preede,
Granted it was from the great GOD of heaven,
So ozdained that Law should ber their sleven,
To the false Saxons, foz their false Judgement,
Their wickednesse ober all the wozld is went.
Yee noble men that are of Scottish kind,
Their pitteous Death yee keepeit in your mind,
And vs revenge when wee are set in throng,
Dolour it is heeroon to tarry long.
Thus eighteene scoze verily to death they dight
Of Barrons bold, and many wozthie Knight.
When they had slaine the wozthiest was there,
Foz weake people no longer they would spiere,
Into the gairtly cuist them out off in that stead,
As they were bozne, spoyled bare and dead,
Good Robert Boyde into the Tobernne peed,
With twentie men, that doughty were indeed,
Of Wallace house, full cruell of intent:
Yee governed them when Wallace was absent.
Keirlie returned with his Maister againe,
Cleland and Boyde, that miekell was of maine:
Steven of Ireland went soozthy into the streete,
A true Woman full lone with him could meete.
Hee spiered at her, What hapned in the Peire,
Sozrow thee said, is nothing els there.
Feared he thee said, Alace, where is VVallace?
From vs againe hee passed at Kincace.

Gos

Goe warne his folke, and charge them off the fawne,
To keepe himselfe I shall bee readie bowne:
With her as then no more tarry he made,
To his Fellowes he went withoutten bade,
And to them telde of all this great warfare,
To Langlawe wood they bowned withouten more:
By this Wallace was comming wonder fast,
For his friends hee was full sore agast,
Unto the Barne fayre hee could passe,
To enter in, for he no perill knew:
This true Woman upon him lowde can call,
O feire Wallace, full tempest is befall.
Our men are slaine, great pitie is to see,
As beastiall Hounds haliged over a tree:
Our true Barrons by two and two pull in,
Wallace weeped for great ioye of his kin,
That with vnease upon his Horse hee bade,
More for to speire to this Woman hee rade,
Deare Nick hee said, If thou the trueth can tell,
Is mine Eme dead, or how the case befell,
Out of yon Barne forsooth I saw him borne,
Naked laid low, and cold Earth him before.
His frostly mouth I kissed in that stead,
Right now manlike, now bett and brought to dead.
And with a cloathe I covered his Lithame,
For in his life hee did never Woman shame.
His Sister sonne thou art worthie and wight,
Revenge his Death for GODS sake at thy might,
As I shall helpe, as I am Woman true.
Deare wight, he said, great GOD if that thou knew,
Good Robert Boyde where ever thou can him see,
William Crawfurde alsit hee living bee:
Adam Wallace would helpe mee in this strife,
I pray to GOD to send them all on life.

For

For GOD's sake bid them soone come to mee,
The Justice Iames than spy for charitie,
And in what feire that they their lodging make,
Soone after that wee shall our purpose take,
Into Langlane which hath thair succour beene,
Aone market and woidsome woods greene:
Hereof as then to her hee spake no more,
His bridle turned, and from her can hee fare:
Such mourning made for his deare worthie Iain,
Hee thought for baile his braest neare burst in twin,
As hee thus rode in great anger and teene,
Of English-men there followed him fifteene,
Wight wailed men that toward him could draw,
With a Master to teach him in the Law,
Wallace returned in griefe and maltalent,
With his sword drawne among them soone hee went
The middle of one hee manked soone in two,
The other there upon the head can to:
The third hee stroke and through the coft him claue,
The fourth to ground right deadly downe hee draue:
The fift hee hit in great yre in that stead,
without rescue dreadlesse hee left them dead,
When his three men had slaine the other fiue,
From them the laue escaped with their life:
Fled to their Lord, and tolde him of this cafe,
To Langlane wood then rode wight Wallace,
The Sutheron sayd, what one hee hit right,
without mercie dreadlesse to Death was dight,
Marvell they had such strength in one should bee,
One of their men at each stroake hee gart die.
Then deemed they it should bee Wallace wight,
To their language then answered an olde Knight:
Forsooth hee said, hee hee escaped this heire,
All your new deed, is ceiling of your care.

The

The Justice said, when there such rumours rose,
Yee would bee feared and there came many foes:
That for one man mee thinke yee like to flee,
And wats not yet indeed if it bee hee,
And tho it were, I count him but full light,
who bides heere each Gentle-man shall bee Knight.
I thinke to deale their lands whole the morne,
To you about that are of England borne,
The Sutheron drew to their lodging but more,
Foure thousand whole that night was into Aire.
In great Barnes bigged without the towne,
The Justice lay with many bold Baron.
Then hee gart cry about these waines wide,
No Scots Bairne among them there should abide,
To the Castle hee would not passe for ease,
But sojourned there wi things that might him please,
Great purveyance by sea was to them brought,
with wine and Aile the best that could bee bought,
No wath was set because they had no doubt,
Of Scots men that living was without,
Laboured in minde they had beene all that day,
Of Aile and wine enough chosen had they,
As beastlike folke tooke of them selfe no keepe,
In their baines soone slaide the sloathfull sleepe.
Through foule gluttonie in swair swapped like Swin,
Their Chiftaine was great Bacchus god of wine,
This wise woman long time among them was,
Feill men shee warned and gart to Langlane passe,
Her selfe formost when they with Wallace met,
Some comfort then into his heart was set,
when hee them saw hee thanked GOD of might,
Tydings hee asked the woman told him right,
Sleeping as Swine are all yon fierce meinie,
No Scots man is in yon companie.

Then

Then Wallace said, if they all drunken bee,
I call it best with fire them for to see.
Of men three hundreth to him sought,
The woman told three true Burgesses that brought,
Out of the towne with noble Ale and Bread,
And other stuffe as meikell as they might lead,
They eate and dranke the Scots men that mought,
The Nobles then lop hath to Wallace brought,
Sadly hee said, Deare friends now yee see,
Our Kin are slaine, therefore is great pittie:
Through foule murther the great despite is more,
Now some remeed I would wes set therefore,
Suppose that I was made Wardane to bee,
Part are alway such charge is put to mee.
And yee are heere come in of als good Blood,
And righteous borne by Aventure and als good.
Als forward faire, als likely in person,
Als ever I was, then for conclusion:
Let us chose fine of this good companie,
Then Cavils cast who shall our Master bee.
Wallace said, Boyde and Crawfurde of renowne,
And Adam als then Lord of Richartowne.
His Father then was visited with sickness,
GOD had him tane into his lasting Grace.
The fyft Auchinlecke in Warre a noble Man,
Cavels to cast about the fyre began:
It would on him for ought they would devyse,
Continually, while they had casten thryse.
Then Wallace rose, and out a sword can draw,
Hee said, I vow to the maker of aw:
And to Marie his Mother Virgine cleare,
My Uncles death now shall bee sold full deare,
With many moe of our deare worthie Kin,
First ere I eate or Drinke I shall begin.

For

For slouth or sleepe shall never remaine with mee,
Of this tempest while I avenged bee:
Then all inclined right humble of one Accord,
And him received as their Chiftane and Lord:
Wallace a Lord bee may bee clepit well,
Though rucall folke thereof have little feele,
They deeme no Lord, but lands bee their part,
Had bee the world, and bee wretched in heart,
Bee is no Lord, but to the worthinesse:
It cannot bee but freedome Lordlinesse.
At the Rodes they make full many one,
Which worthie are that lands they have none.
This discussing wee leave Heraulds to ende,
Unto my matter briefelie I will wend.
Wallace commanded a Burges for to get,
Fyne Calke enough that his deare Nice might set,
At ilke Gate where Sutheron were on raw,
And twentie bee gart sone Middles to thraw.
Each man upon his Arme a paire bee threw,
Unto the townes full fast they can persue,
The Woman past before him subtillie,
Calked each Gate, they needed not goe by.
Then fastned they the Doores with Middles fall,
To stapill and helpe with many sicker call.
VVallace gart Boyde neare hand the Castle goe,
With fiftie men a jeopardie to moe,
If any escape the fyre when that they saw,
All fast the gate bee ordained them to draw,
The rest with him about the Barnes yeed,
This true Woman him serued well indeed,
With Lint and Fyre that hattie kendle would,
In everie neuke they fastned blaises bold,
VVallace commanded to all his men about,
To Sutheron men that they should let breake out.

What ever he bee resketwes of their kin,
From the red fire himselfe shall passe therein,
The lemand low some lanced vpon sight,
Forsoth, bee said, this is a pleasant sight.
To our hearts it shall bee some redresse,
were these away their power were the lesse.
Vnto the Justice himselfe an lowde can caw,
Let vs to brough our men from your false Law:
That living are and chalped from your Heire,
Deale not their land, the vnlaw is over sore.
Thou had no right, it shall on thee bee seene,
The rumour rose with carefull cry and keene:
The baile fire burnt right brymme vpon loft,
To sleeping men their wakening was vnsoft,
The sight without was awfull for to see,
In all the world no greater paine might bee,
Than they within suffered for to dwell,
That ever was wrought, or Purgatrie but Hell,
A paine of Hell well neare it may bee calde,
Made folke in fire hampered manyfolde:
Feill biggings burnt that worthie were and wight,
Got none away knaue, Captaine, nor Knight.
When brands fell of rose trees them among,
Some rudely rose in bitter paines strong.
Some naked burnt with belthis all away.
Some never rose, but smored where they lay,
Some rushed fast to Aire if they might win,
Blinded with fire their deedes were full dim,
The creeke filled with filth of carion,
Among the fyre right fouill of infection,
The people beired lyke wood Beasts in that tyne,
within the wall ramping on either syde,
Rumisht with rueth, and many grieslie groane,
Sobs grimlie grat, while their life dayes were gone.

Some

Some Doores sought, the entrie for to get,
But Scots men so wisely them beset,
If any braike by Adventure off that steid,
With swords soone brymed they were to deid,
Or else againe by force driven in the fire:
There scaped none, but burnt bone and lyre,
The stinke skailed of dead bodies so wide,
The Scots abhorred neare hand them for to byde,
Yeed to the wind, and let them even alone,
While the red fyre had that fierce blow overgone.
A Frier, Drumlaw was Prior then of Aire,
Seven score with him that night toke Harberie there
Into his Innes, for hæ might not them let,
While neare midnight a watch on them hee set.
Himselfe woke well, while hæ the fire saw rise,
Some mends hee thought to take of that suppryse,
His brethren seven sone to Harnesse they yeed,
His selfe Chiftane, the remanent to lead,
The best they waile of Armour, and good geare,
Then Weapons toke right awfull in effeare,
These eight Friers, in three parts they goe,
With swords drawne in everie house yard two.
Some entred in whare Sutheron slæping were,
Upon them set, with stroakes sad and sore.
Feill strickes there the Friers dang to dead,
Some naked fled, and got out of that stead.
The water sought, abased out of scape,
Into the Fries well, that was both long and deepe,
Feill of them fell, that broke out of that place:
Drowned to ground, and dead withoutten grace,
Slaine and drowned was all that harbered there,
Men calles it yet, The Friers Blessing of Aire,
Fe[illegible] slaine of vaile was leaded upon cale,
In[illegible] Castle, Lord Perlie from that place.

Before the Heire from thine to Glasgow drew,
Of Wine and stuffe, it was to purvey new.
Yet they within saw the fire burning stout:
With short advise ished, and made no doubt.
The bushment then, as warriours wise and wight,
Let them alone, and to the House past tight.
Boyde wan the Port, entred with all his men,
Keepers in it were left but nyne or ten.
The formost sone himselfe reased in Hand,
Made quyte of him, then flue all that he fand,
Of Purveyance in the Castle was none,
Short time before from it Pearsie was gone,
The Earle of Arnulfe had receyved the Hold,
Which in the Towne was burnt to powder cold.
Boyde gart remaine of his men twentie still,
Himselfe past forth to wit of VVallace will.
Keeping the towne while nought was leaded there,
But the wood fire, and bigging burnt full baire.
Of likelie men that were borne of England.
By Sword and Fire that night died flue thousand.
When VVallace men were well together met,
Good friends, he said, ye know that there was set,
Such Law as this now into Glasgow towne,
The Bishop Biecke and Pearsie of renowne.
There I will in-baire ye thither baire,
Of our good Kin some part is losed there.
He gart sone the Burgesses to him call,
And gave comand in generall to them all.
In keeping they should take the house of Aire,
And held it whole while time that we beare mare,
To bide our Kings Castles I would wee had,
Call wee downe all, wee may bee dremed to bad.
They gart meat come, for hee had fasted long,
Little hee tuke, then bowned him to gang.

Boyde

Horse they chose that Sutheron had brought there,
Anew at will and off the Towne can faire.
Right wonder fast then rode this good Chevalrie,
Three hundreth whole was in that companie.
To Glasgow bridge, that bigged was of tre,
Soone passed over, ere Sutheron might them see.
Lord Pearsie wight, that busie were in weare,
Sembled his men right awfull in effeare.
Then demed they all that it was wight Wallace,
Hee had before escaped through many case.
The Bishop Biecke and Pearsie that was wight,
A thousand fell of men in Armes bright.
Wallace saw well what number sembled there.
Hee made his men in two parts for to faire,
Graithed them well without the Townes end,
Hee called Auchinlecke, for hee the passage kend.
Uncle, hee said, bee busie in the weare,
Whether will yee the Bishops taile up beare,
Or passe before, and take his Bennison,
Hee answered him with right short provision,
Unbishopped yet forsooth I trow yee bee,
Your selfe shall first his Blessing take for mee.
For sickerlie yee served it best to night,
To beare his taile wee shall with all our might.
Wallace answered, since wee must sundrie gang,
Perill it is if yee bide from us long:
For yon are men will not bee soone agast,
From time wee meete for GODS sake bye yon fast
Our sundring I mean no Sutheron saw,
Behinde them come in throw the North-chaw,
Good men of Wiltshire are in Northumberland,
The Carter thus, tooke other by the hand.
Auchinlecke said, wee shall you as tide warne,
Wee would like evill his blessing bee farre.

Abonneous staile betwixt vs sone must bee,
But to the right Almightie GOD haue eye.
Adam Wallace, and Auchinlecke was bowne,
Seven score with them on the backside of the towne,
Right fast they yeed while they were out of sight.
The ot her part arrayed them full right.
Wallace and Boyde the plaine streete vp can goe:
The Sutheron marvelled because they saw no moe.
Their Ensenzie cryed on the Pearsies side,
With Bishop Beike, that boldlie could abide.
A sore semblie was at their meeting seene:
As fire from flint it fared them betweene.
The hardy Scots right awfullie them abade.
Wrought feill to ground throgh weed ỳ was well made,
Pierced Plates with poynts stiffe of Steele,
Vp force of hand gart many cruell kneele,
The strong steure rose as smoake about them fast,
Or mist throgh Sunne vp to the Clowds past,
To helpe himselfe each one had miekell neede.
The worthie Scots stod in a fellon dreede.
Yet forward fast they preassed for to bee,
And they on them, great wonder was to see.
The Pearsies men in warre were vsed well.
Right fiercely fought, and sonzet not a deale.
Adam Wallace and Auchinlecke came in,
A part of Sutheron right cruelly they twin.
Returned to them as noble men of weare:
The Scots got rowme, and many downe they beare.
The new Counter assayled them so fast;
Throgh English-mens made stoppes at the last.
Then Wallace selfe into the fellon throng,
With his good sword, that heavie was and long:
At Pearsies face with a good will he bare:
Both bone and braine the crushed steele throgh share.

Three hundreth men, when Lord Pearsie was dead,
Out of the gate the Bishop Beike they lead.
For then them thought it was no time to bide.
By the Frier Kirke, to a wood there beside.
In the Forrest forthoth they tarried nought:
On fresh horse to Bothwell soone they sought.
Wallace followed with worthie men and wight,
Forfoughten they were, and travelled all the night.
Yet still they slew into that chase that day:
The Bishop selfe and good men got away.
Aymer Wallange rescued them in that place,
That knight full oft did great harme to VVallace.
VVallace began that night at ten houres in Aire,
On day by nine in Glasgow sembled there:
Vpon after noone at Bothwell yet hes was:
Reproved Wallange ere hee would further passe.
Then turned againe, as witnesses well the booke,
To Dundaffe rode, and there resting hee tooke.
Told good Sir Iohn of their tydings in Aire.
Great moane hee made hee was not with them there,
Wallace sojourned in Dundaffe at his will,
Five dayes out, till tydings came him till,
Out of the bight where good men were forlorne.
For Buchane rose, Atholl, Menteith, and Lorne,
Upon Argyle, a fellon warre they make:
For Edwards sake this they can undertake.
The knight Cambell in Argyle then was still,
With his good men against King Edwards will.
And keeped free Lochow his heritage:
But Makfadzeane did him great outrage.
This Makfadzeane to English-men had sworne,
Edward gaue to him both Argyle and Lorne.
False Iohn of Lorne to that gift can accord,
In England then hes was new made a Lord,

Thus sailslie hee gans over his Heritage,
And tooks at London of Edward a great wage:
Duncane of Lorne yet for the land traus,
While Makfadzeane over-set him with the laus.
Put him on force to good Campbell the knight,
Which into warre was wise, worthie, and wight.
This Makfadzeane was entred in Scotland,
And marvellouslie that tyrant twike on hand,
With his power, the which I spoke of aire,
These three Lordships assembled to him there,
Fifetane thousand of cursed folke indeed,
Of all gathring in Yoke hee had to lead.
And many of them was out of Ireland brought,
Bairnes nor wives that people spared nought.
Wasted the Land, as farre as they might goe:
These beastly folke could not but burne and slae.
Into Lochow hee entred suddainlie:
The good knight Cambell saw good defence for thy,
To Craghumyre with three hundreth hee peed,
That strength they helde for all their cruell feede.
Then brake the bridge, that they might ower past,
But through a Foord, where narrow passage was,
Abandonly Campbell against them bade,
Fast upon Awfe, that was both deepe and braide,
Makfadzeane was upon the other side,
And there on force behooved him to byde.
For at the Foord hee durst not enter out,
For good Campbell might set him then in doubt.
Makfadzeane sought, and a small passage fand,
Had hee leasure hee might passe off the land:
Betwixt a roch and a great water side,
But soure in front, there might none goe nor ride,
Into Lochow was brittall great plentie.
Where that hee thought with all his Folke to bee.

And other stuffe, that they had with them brought,
But all his Hoste availed him right nought.
Duncane of Lorne hath seene this suddaine case,
From good Campbell hee went to seeke Wallace.
Some helpe to get of their torment and teene,
Together before in Dundie they had beene,
Learning at Schoole, into their tender age,
Hee thought to staike Makfadzeans hie courage:
Gilmichell then, with Duncane foorth him dight,
A guide hee was, a foot-man wonder wight.
Soone got they wit where Wallace lodged was,
With their complaint to his presence they passe.
Earle Malcome als the Lennox held at peace,
With his good men to Wallace can hee preasse,
To him there came good Richart of Lundie,
Into Dundaffe hee would no longer lie,
Sir Iohn the Grahame, als bowned him to tide.
Makfadzeanes warre so grieved him that tide.

How *Wallace* slue *Makfadzeane*.

THen Wallace thought his great power to see,
In what array hee ruled that Countrie:
The Ruikbie then keeped with great wrong,
Striviling Castle, that stalward was and strong:
When Wallace came by South it in a baile,
To Earle Malcome hee said hee would it saile:
In divers parts hee gart dissever his men,
Of their power the Sutheron should not ken.
Earle Malcome bade, the bushment out of sight,
Wallace with him tooke good Sir Iohn the Knight.
And an hundreth of wise warre men about,
Through Striviling rade, if any would ish out.
Toward the bridge the gainest way they passe,

When Ruikbie saw where that their power was,
Hee tooke seven score of Archers that was there,
Upon Wallace they followed wonder sore,
That fell bicker did them mickell deare,
Wallace in hand griped a noble Speare.
Againe returned, and hath the formost slaine.
Sir Iohn the Grahame, that mickle was of maine,
Among them rade with a good speare in hand,
The first hee slew that hee before him fand,
Upon another his speare in sunder peed,
A sword hee drew which helped him in need:
English Archers upon them can renew,
That his good horse with Arrowes soone they slew,
On foot hee was when Wallace hath it seene,
Hee lighted soone, with men of Armes full keene,
Among the rout, fighting full wonder fast,
Then English-men returned at the last:
At the Castle they would haue beene full faine,
But Earle Malcome with men of mickell maine,
Betwirt the Sutheron and the gates yeed:
Many they slew that doughtie were indeed.
In the great preasse Wallace and Ruikbie met,
With his good Sword, a stroake upon him set,
Perfite to death the old Ruikbie hee drave,
His two sonnes escaped among the lave:
In the Castle, by aventure they peed,
With thirtie men, no moe escaped that dread.
The Lennox men with their good Lord that was,
From the Castle, they said, they would not passe:
For well they wist it might not holden bee,
For no long time, for thy this ordained hee.
Earle Malcome tooke the house to keepe that tide.
Wallace would not from his first purpose bide,
Auttance hee made to this good Lord and wise,

From

From them to passe hee would on no kin wise,
While that hes had Striviling, the Castle strong:
Trus men him told, they might not holde it long,
Then Wallace thought most on Makfadzeane,
Of Scottish-men hes had slaine manie one.
VVallace avowed, that hee should wreken bee,
On that Rebald, or else therefore to die,
Of tyrannie King Edward thought him good,
Low borne hee was, and als of simple blod,
Thus Wallace was sore grieved in his intent:
To this journey right earnestlie hee went.
At Striviling bridge assembled to him right,
Two thousand men that worthie were and wight,
Toward Argyle hee bowned for to ride,
Duncane of Lorne was their trus sicker guide.
Of olde Ruikbie, the which I spake of aire,
Two sonnes on line in Striviling lived there,
When those brethren conceived all at right,
This house to hold that they no longer might.
For cause why, they wanted men and meate,
With Earle Malcome they made them for to treate:
Grace of their lines, and they that with them was,
Gaue over the house then could to England passe.
On the third day that Wallace from them rade,
With King Edward full many yeares they bade,
In Bruces warres againe came in Scotland,
Striviling to keepe the one of them tooke in hand,
Mention of Bruce is oft in Wallace Booke,
To fend his right full mickell paine hee tooke.
Wherefore should I bere any tarp moe,
To Wallace forth now shortlie will I goe:
Duncane of Lorne Gilmichill from him send,
A Spy to bee for hee the countrey kend:
By our party was past by Straithfillane,

The small Foote-folke began to irke each ane,
And horse also on force behoved to faile:
Then Wallace thought that companie to weale:
God men bee faid, This is not meete for vs,
In broken array if wee coms to them thus:
We may take skaith, and harme our foes small,
To them in like wee may not semble all.
Tarry wee long, in plaine field while wee get,
Vpon them sone so well wee may not set,
Part wee must leane vs following to bee.
With mee shall passe our pointe into three:
Fine hundreth first to himselfe hath hee tane,
Of West-land-men, were worthie knowne each ane.
To Sir Iohn the Grahame as many ordained hee:
And fine hundreth to Richart of Lundie,
In that part was VVallace of Richartowne,
In all good deed hee was aye readie bowne.
Fine hundreth left, and might not with them goe.
Suppose that they to byde were wonder woe.
Thus Wallace Hoste began to take the hight,
Ouer a Mountaine then passed out of sight.
In Glendocher their Spy met them againe,
With Lord Campbell, then was our folke right faine,
At their meeting great blythenesse might bee seene.
Three hundreth led, that crnell were and keene.
Wee comfort them, and bade them haue no dread,
Yon Beastlie folke, they want weapons and weed.
Soone will they flee, and wee shortlie persue,
To Loch Duchane full suddainlie they drew.
Then Wallace said, A litle wee shall all to,
For heere is none will from his fellow goe.
Vpon the Hoste a Scurriour soone found hee:
The spy they send, the Countrey for to see.
To scoure the land Makfadzeane had him sand,

But

Out of Craigmure that day hee thought to wend.
Gilmichill fast followed vpon him there,
With a good sword that well and sharpelie share,
Made quyte of him that tydings told hee none,
The out spy thus was loised from Makfadzeane.
Then Wallace Hoste vpon their foot can light.
Their horse they left, though they were never so wight,
For Mosse and Craig they might no longer dree.
Then Wallace said, Who goes best, let see,
Through the Mosse deliveredlie they yeed,
Then tooke the hold, whereof they had most dread,
Endlong the hoze, aye three in front they past,
While all within were sembled at the last.
Lord Campbell said, Wee haue chosen this hald,
I trow to GOD their wakening shall bee cald.
Heere is no gate to flee pon people can,
But roches high and waters deepe and wan,
Eighteene hundreth of doughtie men indeed,
On the great Hoste but moze proceese they yeed,
Fighting on front, and miekle maistrie made,
The frayed folke busked withoutten bade.
Rudely to ray they rushed them againe,
Great part of them were men of miekell maine:
God Wallace men so stoutlie can them stiere,
The battell on backe fine Aiker braid they beare.
Into the stoure feill tyrants gart they knele.
Wallace in hand had a good sword of steele.
Whom ever hee hit brimly to ground them boze,
Rowmed him about a large rude and moze.
Sir Iohn the Grahame in deed was well worthie,
God Campbell als, and Richart of Lundie.
Adam Wallace, and Robert Boyde in feare,
Among their foes where deeds was sold deare.
The feilon stoure was awfull for to see.

Makfadzeane

Makfadzeane then, so great debate made hée,
with Ireland men hardy and couragious,
The stalward strife right hard and perillous,
Abounndance of blood from wounds wide and wan,
Sticked to dead on ground lay many man,
Two houres large into the stoure they stand,
The fiercest they enough of fighting fand,
That Iop himselfe well wiff not who should win,
But Wallace men would not in sunder twin.
To helpe them selfe they were of hardy will,
Of Ireland blood full fellonlie they spill,
with feill fighting made flops through the throng.
On the false part our wight warre men so dang,
That they to byde might haue no longer might,
The Ireland folke then made them for the flight,
In craiges clam, and some in water flet.
Two thousand there drowned withoutten let,
Bozne Scots men baide still into the field,
Cast vveapons them from, and on their knees knéld,
with pitteous voyce they cryed on Wallace,
For GODS sake to take them in his grace,
Grieved hee was but rueth of them hee had,
Received them faire, with countenance full sad,
Of our owne blood vvee should haue great pittie,
Looke yee slay none of Scots vvill yeelden bee,
Of outland men let none scape vvith their life,
Makfadzeane fled for all his fellon strife,
Unto a caue vvithin a clift of stone,
Under Craigmure vvith fiftie hath hee gone,
Duncane of Lorne, his leaue at Wallace ask,
On Makfadzeane vvith vvorthie men hee pask:
Yee granted him to put them all to dead,
They left none then but brought Wallace his head,
Vpon a Speare through the field it bare.

The

The Lord Campbell then hint it by the haire:
High on Craigmure hee beght it for to stand,
Still on the stone for honour of Ireland.
The lyflait men that were of Scotland borne,
Sone at his faith hee gart them all bee sworne,
Restored them that would come to his leis,
Hee let none slay that would come to his peis,
After this deed in Lorne then could hee fare,
Rueled the land, had beene in miekell care:
In Ardchatane a counsell hee gart cry,
Where many men came to his senzourie,
All Lorne hee gaue to Duncane that was wight,
And bade him holde in Scotland with the right,
And thou shalt brooke this land in heritage,
Thy brothers sonne in London hath great wage.
Yet will hee come, hee shall the lands haue,
I would tyne none that veritie might saue,
Many true Scots to Wallace could persue,
At Ardchatane from feill strengths they drew,
A good Knight came, and with him men sixtie,
Hee had beene oft in many seopardie,
With English-men, and sonzeit not a deale,
Aye from their faith hee kended him full well.
Keped him free, though King Edward had sworne,
Sir Iohn Ramsay that righteous was borne,
Of Ochterhouse and other lands Lord,
And Shyreffe als as my Booke will record,
Of noble blood, and olde ancestrie,
Continued well with worthie Chevalrie:
Into Stronchane long time hee had beene,
At great debate among his enemies keene,
Right wightlie wan his living into weare,
To him and his Sutheron did miekell deare,
Well hee eicheued and suffered great distresse,

His

His Sonne was called the floure of courtlinesse:
As witnesses well into this short trety,
After the Bruce who reeds that historie.
Hee ruled well both into warre and peace,
Alexander Ramsay to name hee heght but lies.
When it was warre to Armes hee him call,
Under the Crowne hee was one of the best,
In time of Peace to courtlinesse bespeed,
But to gentrice hee tooke none other heed.
What Gentle-men had not with Ramsay beene,
Of Courtlinesse they counted not a preene.
Freedome and trueth hee had as men would as,
Since hee began no better Squyer was,
Roxburgh hold hee wan right mankullie,
Then held it long while traytors treasonablie,
Caused his Death I will not tell you how,
Of such things I will goe by as now,
I haue had blame to say the soothfastnesse,
Therefore I will but lightlie run that race,
But it bee thing that plainlie slander is.
For such I trow they should not beeme no misse,
Of Alexander as now I speake no more,
His Father came, as I you told before:
Wallace of him right full great comfort hes,
For hee well could vse harming to his foes.
In warre hee was right mickle for to prise,
Besy and true, both sober, wight and wise,
A good Prelate als to Ardchatane sought,
Of his Lordship as then hee brooked nought.
This worthie Clarke come in of his linage,
Of Sinkler blood not fourtie yeare of age,
Chosen hee was by the Popes consent,
Of Dunkeld Lord was made with good intent.
But English-men that Scotland gripped whole,

Of benefice they let him bzoke but small.
When hee saw well therefore hee might not mute,
To saue his life three yeares hee dwelt in Bute.
Lived as hee might and keeped aye good part,
Vnder saifetie of Iames then Lozd of Stewart.
While good Wallace which Scotland wan with paine,
Reskozed this Lozd to his liuing againe.
And many moe which long had beene ouerthzowne,
Wallace then put righteousnesse to their owne.
The small Hosts the which I spake of aire,
Into the hight that Wallace leaued there,
Came to the field where Makfadzeane had beene,
Toke that was left both weeds and weapons sheene.
Thzough Lorne then past as godly as they can,
Of their number they had not losed one man.
On the fyft day wan to Ardchatane,
Where Wallace bade with good men manp one,
Hee welcomed them vpon a goodly wise,
And said, they were right mickle for to poyse,
All true Scots hee honoured into weare.
Gaue that hee wan, himselfe keeped no geare.

Chap. III. How *Wallace* wan *Saint-Iohnston.*

When Wallace would no longer sojourne there,
From Ardchatane out thzough the land they fare,
Toward Dunkeld with good men of renown, (sure,
His most thought then was to Saint-Iohnstowne.
Hee called Ramsay, that good knight great of baile,
Sadly aduised besought him of counsell:
Of Saint-Iohnstone, now haue I remembrances,
There haue I beene, and losed men thzough chances,
Vut aye for one wee gatzeten of them die,
And yet mee thinkes that is no meanes for mee.

I would

I would assay from this Land ere wee gang,
And let them wit they occupy heere wrong.
Then Ramsay said, that townes they may not keepe,
The walles are low, suppose the ditch bee deepe,
Wee haue anew that shall them comber so,
Fill vp the dykes that wee may plainlie goe:
In plaine battell a thousand ouer at once,
From this power they shall not hold von waines.
Wallace was glad that hee such comfort made,
Forth talking thus, vnto Dunkeld they rade.
Three dayes there they lodged with pleasance,
While time they had forseene their ordinance,
Ramsay gart big strong Bastailzies of tree,
By good wrights, the best of that Countrey.
When they were wrought betaught them men to lead,
The water downe while they came neare that stead,
Sir Iohn Ramsay right goodly was their guide,
Ruled them well at his will for to bide,
The great Hoste then about the village past,
With earth and stone they filled dykes fast.
Flaikes they laid on timber long and wight,
A rowme passage to the walles they dight.
Feill Bastailzeis right stronglie vp they rose,
With men of Armes soone to assaylie goes,
Sir Iohn the Graham, & Ramsay that was wight,
The turate bridge assieged in all their might,
And Wallace selfe at midstyde of the towne,
Good men of armes that was to bargane bowne,
The Sutheron men made great defence that tyde,
With artailzie that fellon was to byde.
With tablaster ganzie and stones fast,
And hand guns right brimlie out they cast.
Funzeit with speares as men of armes keene,
The noble Scots that worthis aye hath beene,

At hand-stroakes from they togethet met,
With Sutheron blod their weapons sone they wet.
Yet English-men that worthie weare in weare,
Into that stoure right boldlie can them beare.
But all for nought availed them that dæd,
The Scots through force upon them in they yæd:
A thousand men over walles yæd hastilie:
Into the towne rose hideous noyse and cry,
Ramsay and Grahame the turake gate have win,
And entred in, where great strife did begin.
A true Squyer, which Ruthwen hegbt to name,
Came to the assault with good Sir Iohn the Grahame,
Thirty with him, of men that proved well,
Amongst their foes, with weapons stiffe as stæle,
When that the Scots assembled on either syde,
No Sutheron was that might their dints abide,
Two thousand sone were foyled under fæte,
Of Sutheron blod they sticked in the stræte.
Sir Iohn Pstewart saw well the Towne was tint,
Toke him to flight and would no longer stint.
In a light Barge, and with him men stræte,
The water downe sought succour to Dundie.
Wallace bode still, while the fourth day at morne,
And left none there that was of England borne,
Riches they got, both gold and other good:
Plenisht the Towne againe with Scots blod:
Ruthwen hæ left their Captaine for to bæ,
In heritage gaue him the Office of Fæ,
Of all Stratherne and Shyrreffe of the Towne,
Then in the North good Wallace made him bowne,
In Aberdene hæ gart a Counsell cry,
True Scottish-men should assemble battily,
To Cowper hæ rade, to dike that Abbay,
The English Abbot was fled from thence away.

Bishop Senkler without longer abade,
Met them at Glammis syne forth with them he rade,
Into Brechin they lodged all that night,
Soone on the morne Wallace gart graith at right.
Displaide abroad the Banner of Scotland,
In good Array, with noble men at hand.
Cauſde plainly cry, that ſaved ſhould bee none,
Of Sutheron blood, where they might bee overgone.
In plaine battell through out the Mernes they ride,
The Engliſh-men, that durſt them not abide,
Before the Hoſte full fearedly they flee,
To Dunnotter, a Strength within the Sea,
No further they might win out of the Land,
They aſſembled there while they were foure thouſand,
To the Kirke they ran, and thought girth to haue tane,
The lane remained upon the rock of ſtone,
The Biſhop then began treaty to moe
Their lives to get, out of the Land to goe,
But they were rade, and durſt not weill aſſay,
Wallace, in fire cauſde ſet all haſtely,
Burnt up the Kirke, and all that was therein,
Attour the rock the lane ran with great Din.
Some hunge on Craigs, right Dolefully to die,
Some lap, ſome fell, ſome flattered in the Sea:
No Sutheron on life was leaved in that Hold,
And they within were burnt to powder cold.
When this was done, they fell on knees downe,
At the Biſhop aſked Abſolution.
Then Wallace leugh, and ſaid, I forgiue you all,
Are yee Ware-men that repents for ſo ſmall,
They rewed hs not within the Towne of Aire.
Our true Barons when that they hanged there,
To Aberdene then ſafely can they paſſe,
Where Engliſh-men right buſie ſitting was

An hundreth Shippes that Rather bare and Aire,
To turse their gwds, in Yaven were biding there.
But Wallace Hoste came on them soddainlie:
There scaped none of all that great Navie.
But feill servants in them was leaved none,
At an eb Sea the Scots is on them gone.
Tuke out the geare then set the Shippes on fire:
The men on land they burnt both bone and lyre.
Reed none away, but Wifes, wives, and bairnes,
Wade they debate they scaped not but barmes,
Into Buchane Wallace made him to ride,
Where Lord Bewmont was ordaind to abide.
Earle bee was made, but al short time before,
Bee brooked it not, for all his boisteous shore.
When bee wist well that Wallace comming was,
Bee left the land, and could to Slanis passe:
And then by Shippe fled in England againe.
Wallace rade through the North-land into plaine:
At Cromartie feill English-men they slew.
The worthy Scots unto him could persue.
Returned againe, and came to Aberdene,
With his blythe Hoste, upon the Lammes even.
Stablisht the land, as bee thought best to bee,
Then with a Hoste hes passed to Dundie.

CHAP. IV. How *Wallace* laid a siedge to *Dundie*: and gaue Battell to *Kirkinghame*, Thesaurer to King *Edward*, and to the Earle of *Warrane*, at Striviling Bridge.

GArt set a Sieuge about the Castle strang.
I leave him there, and further will I gang.
Sir Aymer Wallange hastes by unfull fast,
Into England with his whole house-horse past,

Bothwell hée left, was Murrayes heritage,
And toke him then to goe to Edwards wage.
Thus his owne land hee left for evermore.
Of *W*allace dead great tydings told hée there,
Als English-men sore mourned in their mood,
That loved hée the both life, lands, and good.
Edward as then could not in Scotland faire:
But Kirkinghame that was his Thesaurere:
With him a Lord, that Earle was of Warrane.
Hee chargeo them, with number many one,
Right well beseene in Scotland for to ride,
At Striviling still, hee ordained them to bide.
While hee might come, with ordinance of England,
Scotland againe hee thought to take on hand.
This Hoste past forth, and had but little dread,
The Earle Patricke received them at Tweed.
Malice hee had at good Wallace before,
Long time by-past and that increased more,
But through a tale, it hapned of his wife,
Dumbar from him shée held into a strife:
Through the supplie of *W*allace into plaine,
But hee by meanes got his Castle againe,
Long time ere then, and yet hee could not ceasse,
Against Wallace hee proved in many preasse,
With Englishmen supplyde them at his might,
Contrare Scotland they wrought full great unright,
Their mustore then was awfull for to see,
Of fighting men thousands were fyrtie.
To Striviling bridge past ere they lyked to byde,
To Earle *M*alcome a sledge they layd that tyde:
And thought to keepe the command of their King,
But good Wallace wrought for an other thing,
Dundie hee left, and made a good Chiftane,
With two thousand, to keepe that bande of Stone.

Of North-land-men and dwellers at Dundie:
The samin night to Samct-Johnstone went hee.
Vpon the morne to Shyrreffe-muire hee rode,
And there a while in gud array hee bode,
Sir Iohn the Grahame, said, wee haue vnder-tane,
With leslie power, such thing that will is gone,
Then Wallace said, Where such thing comes of need,
We should thank GOD, that makes vs for to speed,
But neare the bridge my purpose is to bee,
And worke for them some subtill jeopardie.
Ramsay answered, The bridge wes may keepe well,
Of way about the Sutheron haue little feill.
Wallace send Iop the battell for to set,
To Tewisday next to fight withoutten let.
On Saturday vnto the bridge they rade,
Of good plaine boords was well and joyntly made.
Gart watches wait that none should to them passe,
A wright hee tooke the subtillest that was,
And ordaind him to saw the boords in two.
By the mid-tresl, that none might ouer it goe,
On Cornell bands nailed it full soone,
Then filled it with Clay, as nothing had beene done,
The other end hee ordaind for to bee,
How it should stand vpon rollers of tree.
When one were out, that the resk downe should fall,
Himselfe vnder hee ordaind there withall.
Bound on the tresl, in a Cradle to sit.
To lowse the Pin, when Wallace let him wit.
But with an Horne, when it was time to bee,
In all the Hoste, no man should blow but hee,
The day approached of the great Battell,
The English-men for power would not faile,
Aye sure they were against one of Wallace,
Fifty thousand mand them to Battell place,

The remanent bade at the Castle still,
Both field and house they thought to keepe at will:
The worthie Scots upon the other side,
The plaine field take, on sute made them to byde,
Hew Kirkinghame the vangnard then led hee,
With twenty thousand of likely men to see.
Thirty thousand the Earle of Warrane had:
But hee did then as the wise man him bad:
All the first Hoste before him ayer was send,
Some Scots-men, that well the matter kend:
Bade Wallace blow, and said, they were anew,
Hee halked not, but sadly could persue,
While Warranes Haste thicke on the bridge has saw.
From Iop the Horne hee stint, and could it blow,
So asperly, and warnde good John Wright:
The roller out hee straike then with great slight,
The rest keep downe, when that the Pins out goes,
An hideous cry among the people rose,
Both horse and man into the water fell,
The hardy Scots, that would no longer dwell:
Set on the rest, with stroakes sad and sore,
Of them there ouer as then sowered thay were,
At the fore-brest they proved hardily,
Wallace, and Grahame, Boyde, Ramsay, and Lundy
All in the floure, fighting face for face,
The Sutheron off backe rered in that place.
At the first stroake fiue alther broad and more,
Wallace on sute a great sharpe Speare hee bore,
Among the thickest of the preasse hee goes,
On Kirkinghame a stroake hee chosen hes,
In the birnish that polisht was full bright,
The prunzeing head the plates pierced right:
Through the body sticked him but resque:
Perlis to death that Chiftane was done.

Both man and horse at that stroake hee bare downe,
The English Oste that were in battell bowne.
Comfort they tint when their Chiftane was slaine,
And many one began to flee in plaine.
Yet worthie men bade still into that stead,
While ten thousand were brought vnto the dead,
Then fled the laue and might no longer bide,
Succour they sought in many divers side,
Some East, some West, and some fled to the North:
Seven thousand whole at once flotted in Forth.
Plunged in deeps, drowned without mercie,
None left on live of all that whole menzie.
Of Wallace Oste no man was slaine of baile,
But Andrew Murray, into that strong battell.
The South part then, that saw their men were tint,
As fiercelie fled, as fire doeth from the flint.
The place hath left, Striviling, Castle and Towne,
Toward Dumbar in great haste made them bowne,
When Wallace Oste had wun the field by might,
Toke vp the bridge, and losed good Iohn Wright.
On the flyers then followed wonder fast,
Earle Malcome als out of the Castle past.
With Lennox men to stuffe the chase good speed,
Aye by the way they gart feill Sutheron bleed,
In the Torwood they gart full many die,
The Earle of Warrane then can full fiercely flee,
With Corse-patrike that graithlie can him guide,
Vnchanging horse, out through the land they ride.
Straight to Dumbar, but few with them they led,
Many were slaine, ouer loathfully that fled:
The Scottish horse had run full wonder long.
Many gane ouer, and might no further gang.
Wallace and Grahame euer together bade,
At Haddingtowne full great slaughter they made,

Of Englishmen when their horse tyred had:
Then Ramsay came, good Wallace was full glad,
With him was Boyde, and Richard of Lundie:
Three hundreth whole was of good Chevalrie,
And Adam Wallace als of Richardtowne,
With Earle Malcome they found at Haddingtowne.
The Scottish-men on slaughter taried was,
While to Dumbar the two Erlingnes could passe.
Full spitefull were for their contrary ease.
Wallace followed, while they got in that place.
Of their best men, and Kirkinghame of renowne,
Thirty thousand was dead but redemption.
Besyde Belitowne Wallace returned againe,
To follow more then was it but in vaine.

IN Haddingtone lodging hee made all night,
Upon the morne to Striviling passed right,
On the assumption day befell this case,
Aye loved bee the LORD of his good grace.
Convoyer oft hee was to good Wallace,
And helped him in many sundry place.
Wallace in haste soone after this Battell,
A great oath tooke of all the Barrons whole.
That with good will would come to his presence,
Hee height them als to bide at their defence.
Sir Iohn Menteith, was then of Arrane Lord,
To Wallace came, and made a plaine concord.
With witnesse there with his oath hee him band,
Lawly to keepe to Wallace and Scotland,
Who would not with free will to right apply,
Wallace by force punicht them rigorously.
Part put to death, part put in Prison strong,
Great word of him through both these Realmes rang.
Dundie they got sooner by a short treatie:

But for their lyues, they fled away by Sea.
English Captains that houses had in hand,
Left Castles free, and stole out of the Land.
Within ten dayes after this time was gone,
English Captaines in Scotland then was none,
Except Berwicke and Roxburgh Castles wight,
But Wallace thought to bring them to the right.

That time there was a worthie true Barron,
To name hee hight Christell of Setoun.
In Iedburgh wood, for safetie hee had beene,
Against Sutheron full well her could conteine,
Edward could not from Scots faith him get.
Though they gaue a million of gold well met.
Herbottell fled from Iedburgh Castle wight,
Towards England, there Setoun met him right.
With fourty men Christell in bargaine bade,
Against seaven score, and mistell maistry made,
Slew that Captaine, and many cruell man:
Full great Riches in that journey hee wan,
House-hold and Gold, as they should passe away:
The which before they keeped many a day.
Iedburgh hee tooke, and Ruthwen leaued hee,
At Wallace will their Captaine for to bee.
Bold Setoun then to Loutheane made repare:
In this story yee may heare of him more:
And into Bruce, who liketh for to read,
Hee was with them in many cruell deed:
Good Wallace then full sadly can deuyse,
To rule the land, with worthie men and wise.
Captaines hee made and Shyrefs that were good,
Part of his Kin, and of other true blood,
His deare Cousen in Edinburgh ordained hee,
With true Crawford, that aye was full worthie:

Keeper of it with noble men at wage,
In Manwell then he had good heritage.
Scotland was free that long in batle had beene,
Wallace it wan, from out faire Enemies keene,
Great gouernour of Scotland he could ring,
Waiting a time to get his righteous King,
From English-men that helde him in bandowre,
Long wrongfully from his owne righteous Crowne.

The ende of the seaventh Booke.

THE EIGHT BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* put *Corse-patricke* out of *Scotland*.

Eue Moneths thus Scotland stood in good rest,
A Counsell cryde them thought it was the best.
In Saint-Iohnstone where it should holden be,
Assembled Clerke, Baron and Burgesse free.
But Corse-patricke would not come at their call,
Bade in Dumbar, and made scorne of them all,
They spake of him fell Lords of that Parliament,
Then Wallace saide, Will we here to consent,
Forgiue him free all things that is by-past:
So he will come, and grant he hath trespast,
From this time forth kepe lawty to our Crowne,
They granted thereto, Clerke, Burgesse, and Baron

With whole consent their writing to him send,
Right lowlie thus they them to him commend,
Besought him faire as ane then of the Land,
To come and take some Governance in hand,
Lightly he leugh, in scorne as it had beene,
And said, hee had such Message seldome seene,
That Wallace now as Governour shall reigne.
Heere is great fait of a good Prince or King.
That King of Kyle I cannot understand,
Of him I helde neuer a furte of Land,
That Bauchler trowes for Fortun throwes her wheele
Therewith to iaft, it shall not long bee well,
But to you Lords, and yee will understand,
I make you wise I ought to make no band,
As free I am in this Region to reigne,
Lord of mine owne, as euer was Prince or King.
In England als great part of land I haue,
Manrent thereof will no man of mee craue,
What will yee more? I warne you I am free,
For your summonds, yee get no more of mee.
To Saint Johnstone this writ hee sent againe,
Before the Lords was manifest in plaine:
When Wallace heard the Earle such answere makes,
A great heate through conrage then hee takes:
For hee wist well there could bee but one King,
Of this Region at once for to reigne:
A King of Kyle for that hee called Wallace,
Lords hee said, This is an uncouth case.
Wee hes suffered wee are worse than wee was,
Thus rose hee vp, and made him for to passe,
GOD hath vs tholed to doe so for the lane,
On life, or death, in faith wee shall him haue,
Or gar him grant whom hee held for his Lord,
Or elis were shame in feare to record.

I vow to GOD with ease hee shall not bee,
Into this Realme, but one of vs shall die:
Lest than hee come and know his righteous King,
In this region both we shall not reigne,
His lightlie scorne he shall repent full sore,
But power faile vs I shall end therefore.
Since in this earth is ordaind mee no rest,
Now GOD bee iudge the right hee knowes best,
At that Counsell hee longer tarped nought,
With his two hundreth frō Sainct-Iohnstone he sought,
To the Counsell made instance ere hee yeed,
They should containe and of him haue no dread:
I am but one, and for good cause I goe,
Toward Kinghorne the gainest way they to.
Upon the morne over Forth, South they past,
On his voyage hee hasted wonder fast.
Robert Lawder at Musselburgh met Wallace,
From English-men hee keeped well his place:
Could none him treat, Knight, Squyer, nor yet Lord,
With King Edward for to bee at concord,
On Earle Patricke to passe hee was full glad,
Some said before the Battle hee would haue had,
Good men came als with Cristell of Setoun,
Then Wallace was foure hundreth of renowne.
A Squyer Lyle that well the countrey knew,
With twenty men to VVallace could persue,
Beside Lyntoun and to them told hee then,
That Earle Patricke with many likelie men,
At Cokburns-path hee had his gathering made,
And to Dumbar would come withoutten bade.
Then Lawder said, It were the best thinkes mee,
Faster to passe in Dumbar ere hee bee,
VVallace answered, wee may at leasure ryde,
With pon power hee thinkes bargaine to bryde.

And

And of one thing yé shall well vnderstand,
An hardyer Lord is not within our Land.
Right yé bee made true stedfast to our King,
By wit and force hee can doe meikell thing:
But wilfully hee likes to tyne himsell.
Thus rode they forth and would no longer dwell,
By Ealt Dumbar where men them told on case,
How Earle Patricke was warned of Wallace,
Neare Innerweik choosed a field at will,
With nine hundreth of likelie men but faile.
Foure hundreth was with Wallace in the right,
And they anone approached in their sight.
Great fault was there of good treatie betweene,
To make concord and that full soone was seene,
Without rehearse of Action in that tyde,
On either part together fast they ryde:
The stoure was strong and wonder perillous,
Continued long with deeds Chevalrous,
Many there died of cruell Scots blood,
Of this treaty the matter is not good:
Therefore I cease to tell the destruction,
Pittie it was and all of one Nation.
But Earle Patricke the field left at the last:
Right few with him to Cokburns-path there past,
Agrieved sore that his men thus were tint.
Wallace returned and would no longer stint,
Toward Dumbar where Southfall-men him told,
No purveyance was left into that hold,
Nor men offence, all had beene with their Lord.
When Wallace heard the sicker true record,
Dumbar hee tooke all whole at his bandoun,
Gaue it to keeps to Crestell of Seroun:
Who stuffed it with men and good Victuall,
Vpon the morne Wallace that would not faile,

With

With thzee hundzeth to Coxburnes path hee lought,
Earle Patricke ikhed, to2 bode him would hee nought,
Sone to the Parke Wallace a tange hath set,
To Bonkill wood Corl-patricke fled but let,
And out of it to Norame passed hee,
Then Wallace saw it might no better bee.
To Caldstreme rode, and lodged him in Tweid,
Earle Patricke then in all paste ran him speed,
And passed by ere Wallace power rose,
Without resting to Ettricke Foztest goes.
Wallace followed but hee would not assayle,
A range to make, as then it might not dayle,
Ober few hee had the strength was thicke and strong,
Twelue myle of breadth, and thereto twise as long.
Into Cokholme Earle Patricke bode at rest,
Foz moze power Wallace past in the West:
Earle Patricke then him graithen hastely,
In England past to get him there supplie,
Out through the land right earnestly could passe,
To Anthonie Beike that Lozd of Durame was,
Wallace put him out of Glasgow beloze,
And slew Persie their malice was the moze,
And Bishop Beike gart sone great power rise,
Northumberland upon an awfull wise.
They ozdaind Bruce in Scotland foz to passe,
To win his owne, but evill deceived hee was:
They gart him trow that Wallace was rebell,
And thought to take the Kingricke to him sell,
Foz stout they were, and ever yet hath beene,
Lawty and trueth was ever in Wallace seene,
To send the right was all hee take in hand,
And thought to bring Bruce free to his land,
Of this matter as now I tarry nought,
With strong power on Sutheron together lought,

From

From Oyis water assembled whole on Tweed,
The land Hoste was thirty thousand indeede,
Of Themis mouth sent Ships by the Sea,
To keepe Dumbar that tyme should them supplie,
Earle Patricke past with twenty thousand but let,
Before Dumbar a stalward sledge hee set.
The Bishop Beike and Robert Bruce bade still,
With ten thousand in Norame at their will,
Wallace by this that fall was labourand,
In Louthiane came with good fine men thousand,
Right well beseene into their Armour bright,
Thought to releeve the Setoun bold and wight,
Under Zester that first night lodged hee,
Hay came to him with an good Chevalrie,
In Doun forrest all that tyme hee had beene,
Hee had the comming of the Sutheron seene,
Fifty hee had of wise men into weare.
They told Wallace of Patrickes great effeare.
Hay said, Forsooth and yee might him overset,
Power againe right soone hee might not get.
My counsell is, that yee give him battell.
Hee thanked them of comfort and counsell.
And said, Friend Hay, in this cause that I wend,
So that wee win, I reke not lay to end,
Right sooth it is that once wee must die.
Into the right who should in terrour bee?
Earle Patricke there a Messenger gart passe,
Told Anthonie that Wallace comming was.
Of this tydings the Bishop was full glad,
A mends of him full faine hee would have had.
But more prolong through Lammer-mure they rode,
Neare the Spot-mure in buthment still hee bode,
Where Earle Patricke then ordained for to bee,
Wallace of Beike wittarned then was hee,

Yet

Yet hee before was not hastie indeed,
But then hee put both him and his in dread.
Upon swift horse scurriours rode betweene,
The comming then of Earle Patricke hath seene,
The house hee left, and to the Mure is gone,
A plaine field with his hoste hath hee tane:
Good Seroun then ished with few menzie,
Part of his men into Dumbar left hee,
To Wallace rode, was on the righteous side,
An good Array to Spotsmure they ride,
Some Scots dread the Earle so many was,
Twenty thousand against so few to passe:
But Iop perceived hee bade Wallace should byde.
Tine not your men but to some strength yeerydes.
And I shall passe to get you power more,
These are ever good thus lightlie for to ware,
Then Wallace said, in trueth I shall not flee,
For foure of his aye one while I may bee,
Wee are ever neare such purpose for to take,
A dangerous chase they might upon vs make,
Heere is twenty with this power this day,
Would him assay suppose I were away,
Many they are, for GODS sake bee wee strong,
Yon Sutheron folke in stoure will not bide long.

CHAP. II. How *Corspatricke* brought in *Scotland* Bishop *Beike*, and *Robert* the *Bruce*, and how *Wallace* gaue them battell, and put them out of *Scotland*.

THe byrnie Battell braythly on either side,
Great riero there rose ever all where they ride,
The sore semblie when they together met,
Feill stroakes there they sadly on other set.

Ywnzeing

Dunzeing speares through plates prassed fast,
Many off Horse downe to the ground they cast.
Saddles they teime of Horse but Maisters there,
Of the South syde, fyue thousand downe they bare.
Good Wallace Holke the formost cummered so,
That the rest was in will away to goe:
Earle Patricke bade, so cruell of intent,
All his whole Houshe of him tooke hardiment.
Against Wallace in many floure was hee,
Wallace knew well that his men would not flie,
For no power that liuing was on liue.
While they on Hill might beseige one for fiue:
In that great strife many were handled haile,
The feill dints, the cruell hard debate.
The feirs striking made many grieuous wound,
Upon the Earth the blood made to abound.
All Wallace Holke into a compasse bade.
Where they turned full great slaughter they made,
Wallace and Grahame, with Ramsay full worthie,
The bold Setoun, and Richard of Lundie,
And Adam Wallace als of Richardtowne,
Both Hay, and Lyle, with good men of renowne:
Boyde, Barklay, Baird, and Lawder that was wight,
Feill English-men deirly to death they dight.
But Earle Patricke full fiercelie fought against,
Through his owne hand many hes put to paining.
Our men on him thrang forward into throw,
Made through the Holke feill stoppes to renowne.
The English-men began plainlie to flie,
Then Bishop Beike full suddainlie they sie,
And Robert Bruce, contrare his nathue men,
Wallace was woe, from time he could him ken
Of Bruces deeds hee was aggrieued more,
Than all the lyne that pap that semblid there.

The great bushment at once then brake on braid,
Ten thousand whole that doughtie were indeed,
The fleers then with Earle Patricke relieued,
They fought againe, where many were mischieued,
When Wallace saw the bushment broken was,
Out of the Field on Horse hee thought to passe.
But hee saw well his Hoste sound in their weed,
Hee thought to fray the formost ere hee reed,
The new-come Hoste about him semblod there,
On either syde with streakes sad and sore.
The worthie Scots so fiercelie fought againe,
Of Anthonies men full many haue they slaine,
But that Tyrant so dred was in weare,
On Wallace Hoste hee did full mickell deare.
And the bold Bruce, so cruellie wrought hee,
Through strength of hand feill Scots gart hee die,
To resist Bruce, Wallace hee preassed fast,
But English-men so thicke betwixt them past,
And Earle Patricke in all the haste hee mought,
Throughout the steure to Wallace swne hee sought.
On the Pesnet a fellon streake him gane,
Carued the Plate, with his sharpe grounden glane,
Through all the sturte, and wounded him some deale.
But Wallace thought hee should bee venged well,
Followed on him, and a streake ettled fast,
But qua Maitland rekielie betweene them past.
Vpon the head good Wallace hath him tane,
Through heep and braine in sunder streake the bone,
Dead to the ground at that streake hee him drane,
Thus Wallace was dilleuered from the lane.
Of his good men, among them him alone,
About him sought feill enemies manie one.
Pricked his Horse, to ground behoued to light,
To send himselfe, as wiselie as hee might,

The worthie Scots that might no longer byde,
With heavie hearts out of the field they rode:
With them in feare they wiend Wallace had beene,
On fote hee was among his enemies keene:
God rowme hee made about him into breed,
With his good Sword that helped him in need.
Was none so strong that got of him a stroake,
After againe made never the Scots waike.
Earle Patricke then, that had great craft in weare,
With Speares ordaind good Wallace downe to beare,
Anew they tooke were whole into the Field,
To him they yeed, thought hee should haue no bield,
On either side fast prunzeing at his geare,
Hee hewed off heads, and wisely could him weare.
The worthie Scots of this then little wist,
Sought to good Graham, when they their Chiftan mist.
Lawder, and Lyle, and Hay, that were so wight,
And bold Ramsay, which was a worthie knight.
Lundy and Boyd, and Creitell of Setoun,
With fiue hundreth, that were in bargaine bowne,
Him to rescue full rudelie in they rade,
About Wallace a large rowme they made,
The Wishop Beike was braithly borne to eird,
At that rescue there was a fellon reird.
Ere hee got vp keill Sutheron they slew,
Out of the preasse Wallace they can rescue,
Soone horsed him vpon a Courser wight,
Eoward a strength they rade in all their might,
Right wisely fled, rescuing many man.
The Earle Patricke to stuffe the chase began,
On the fleers there little harme they wrought,
Good Wallace folke away together sought.
Those fiue hundreth the which I spake of aire,
So awfully abandoned them and fare,

No follower durst out from his fellow goe,
The good fleers such turning in they moe.
Foure thousand whole had tane the strength before,
Of Wallace Hoste his comfort was the more.
Of Glastaden that Forrest thought to hold:
Earle Patricke turned, though hee was never so bold,
Againe to Beike when scaped was Wallace,
Cursing Fortune of his mischancefull case,
The field hee wan, and seaven thousand were lost:
Dead on that day, for all the Bishops boast.
Of Wallace men fiue hundreth slaine I gesse,
But no Thirtaine, his mourning was the lesse,
Neare even it was, but Beike would not abide,
In Lawmer mure they turned in that tide:
Their lodging tooke where hee thought to availe,
For well they trowed the Scots would assaile,
Upon the Field, where they gaue battell last.
The countrey men to Wallace gathred fast.
Of Edinburgh with Crawfurd that was wight,
Foure hundreth came into their Armour bright.
To Wallace rode by his lodging was tane,
Of Tevedale came good men many one,
Out of Iedburgh, with Ruthwen at that tide,
Together fought from many divers side.
Sir William then, that Lord was of Dowglas,
With him foure score that night came to Wallace.
Twenty hundreth of new men met that night,
Upon their foes to venge them at their might:
At the first Field these good men had not beene,
VVallace watches their adversaries hath seene.
Into what wise they had their lodging made,
VVallace bowned after Supper but bade,
In Lawmer mure they passed hastilie,
Soone to arrayed this good Chevalrie.

Wallace them made in two parts to bee,
Sir Iohn the Grahame, and Secoun ordained hee,
Lawder, and Hay, with three thousand to ride:
Himselfe the rest towards wisely for to guide.
With him Lundie, both Ramsay, and Dowglas,
Barklay, and Boyde, and good Adam Wallace.
By this the day approached wonder neare,
And bright Titan in presence can appeare:
The Scottish Hoste soone sembled into sight,
Of their Enemies, they were not ready dight,
Out of array feill of the Sutheron was.
Right awfully Wallace can on them passe:
At this entry the Scots so well them bare,
Feill of their foes to death were brittined there.
Rekkelesse they rose, and many fled away,
Some on the ground were smoored where they lay:
Great noyse and cry was raised them among:
Good Grahame came, that stalward was and strong,
From Wallace men were well together mat.
On the South part so awfully they set.
In contrare them the frayed folke might not stand,
At once their fled of Sutheron ten thousand.
The worthie Scots wrought vpon such a wise,
Iop said, that they were worthie for to prise.
Yet Bishop Beike, that fellon Tyrant strong,
Bode in the stoure right awfully and long,
A Knight Skelton, that cruell was and keene,
Before him stood, into his Armour sheene:
To send his Lord, full worthilie hee wrought,
Lundie him saw and sadly to him sought:
With his good sword an ackward stroake him gaue,
Through Pesan stuffe his craige in sunder drave,
Whereof the rest were stonisht in that stead,
The bold Skelton, of Lundies hand was dead.

Then fled they all, and might no longer byde,
Patricke and Beike away with Bruce they ryde:
Fiue thousand held into a flop away,
To Norhame Poules in all the haste they may,
Our men followed, that were worthie and wight.
Many fleer to death they deryly dight.
These three Lords to the Castle they sought,
Full feill they losed that were from England brought
At this journey twenty thousand they tint.
Drowned and slaine with speares and swords dint,
The Scots at Tweed they hasted them so fast,
Feill Sutheron men to wrong words they past,
Wallace returned, in Norhame when they were,
For worthie Bruce his heart was wonder sore,
Hee had rather haue had him at his large,
Free of our Crowne, than of fine gold to charge,
More than was Troy, when as the Greekes it wan,
Wallace passed with many awfull man,
Ouer Patrickes Lands, and walked wonder fast,
Tooke out great goods, and places downe can cast,
His Steads twelue, that Methamis were calde,
Wallace gart breake those buirelie Buildings bolde,
Both in the Mers and Louthiane:
Except Dumbar standing hee leaued none:
To Edinburgh then vpon the eight day,
Vpon the morne Wallace without delay,
To Perth past, where a Counsell was set,
To the Barons hee shewed withouten let:
How his great Wow right well eschewed was,
To a Market hee gart Earle Patricke passe.
Because hes laid of Scotland hes held nought.
To King Edward to get supplie hee sought,
The Lords were blythand welcommed well Wallace,
Thanking great GOD of his fairs happy case.

Wallac

Wallace take Eate to governe all Scotland:
The barnage whole made him an open hand.
Then dealt the Land to good men him about,
For Scotlands right had set their lyues in doubt.
Stanetowne hee gaue to Lawder in his wage,
The Knight Wallange ought it in Heritage,
Then Birgem crueke hee gaue Lyle that was wight,
To Skrymger als full good reward hee dight,
Then Wallace towne, and other Lands thereftill,
To worthie men hee dealt, with noble will;
To his owne kin no Heritage gaue hee,
But Offices, that euerie man might see.
For couetice there could no man him blame:
Hee had reward, while the King should come home,
Of all hee did, hee thought to byde the Law,
Before his King and Master when hee saw,
Scotland was blythe, in dolour had beene long,
In euery part to good labour they gang.

CHAP. III. How *Wallace* past in *England*, and remained there three quarters of a Yeare, and came home againe without Battell.

BY this the time of October was past,
November neare approached wonder fast,
Tydings there came King Edward grieued was:
With his power in Scotland thought to passe,
For Earle Patricke had giuen such counsell,
Wallace got wit, and sembled power whole,
Fourty thousand in Rosling muire they met,
Lords hee said, this is King Edwards set.
In contrare right to seeke vs in our Land,
I height to GOD, and to you, by mine hand.

I shall him meete, for all his great barnage,
Within England, to end our heritage,
His false desire shall on himselfe bee seene,
Hee shall vs find in contrare of his eine:
Since hee with wrong hath riden this region,
Wee shall now passe in contrare of his croupne:
I will not bid great Lords with vs to fare,
For mine intent plainlie I will declare:
Our purpose is either to win or die,
Who yeelds him, shall never ransomed bee.
The Barons then him answered worthilie,
And said, they would passe with their Chevalrie:
Himselfe and lop prouyded that menie:
Twenty thousand of maryed men tooke hee:
Harnesse and Horse hee gart among them waile,
Weapons anew that might them best availe,
Graithed these men, that cruell were and keene,
Better in warre in world could not bee seene,
Hee bade the rest in labour for to byde,
In good Array from Rosling mure they ryde:
In their muster good Wallace could them aslie,
What needeth moe in one power they passe?
All of one will, as I trow yet are wee,
In plaine battell can nought discomfit bee,
Our Realme is poore, walled with Sycheron blood,
Goe and win on them gold and other good.
The Scottes inclined all with humble will,
And said they should bidding them fulfill.
The Earle Malcome with his Ireland men is gone,
But name of rule in him hee would have none.
Wallace him knew a Lord that was worthie,
At his Counsell hee wrought full stedfastlie:
No stronger hee was, if hee had battell seene,
For hee before had in good journeyes beene.

A man

A man of strength, that hath good wit withall,
A whole Region may comfort at his call.
As manlie Hector wrought into his weare,
Against an hundreth counted was his speare,
Not that was not through his strength onlie,
Such rule hee led of noble Chevalrie.
These examples were worthie for to reu,
Hector I leave and speake forth of our men.
The Knight Campbell made him to that voyage,
Of Lochow shiele that was his heritage,
And good Ramsay forth to that journey went.
Sir Iohn the Grahame forward in his intent,
Wallace Cousin, Adam, full worthie was,
And Robert Boyde, forth lightly can they passe,
Both Auchinlecke, and Richard of Lundie,
Lawder, and Hay, and Seroun full worthie.

This royall Hoste but resting forth they rode,
To Ercin field and there a while they bode,
Then Wallace tooke with him fourtie but lies,
To Roxburgh Gate rode soone ere they would cease,
Sutheron mistrusted if it should bee Wallace,
Without assurance come to persue that place,
Of Sir Rauffe Gray soone presence could hee aske,
And warned him thus, further ere hee would passe,
Our purpose is in England for to ride,
No time wee have of steeping for to bide;
Take heed and beare of our comming againe,
Giue over this house, send mee the keyes in plaine,
This I command, before these witnesse large,
If thou will not, remaine with all the charge:
But this bee done, of force and I take thee,
Over the wall thou shalt bee hanged hie,
With that hee turned, and all his Hoste can wend.

This ilke command to Berwicke soone hee send,
With good Ramsay, that was a worthie knight,
The haste but more right carefully hee dight.
Began at Tweed and spared nought they found,
But burnt by sure all whole Northumberland.
All Durhame towne they burnt vp in a gleid,
Abbayes they spared, and kirkes where they yeed.
To Yorke they rode, but bode ere they would blin,
To burne and slay of them hee thought no sinne.
No sinne they thought the same to let be seele:
But William Wallace quite our quarrell well,
Fortes they wan, and small Castles cast downe,
With asper weapons payed their ransome.
Of prisoners they tyned not to keepe.
Who they ouertook they made their friends to weepe.
No Sutheron saued, for all their great riches:
All such trashrie hee called wretchednesse.
Vnto the gates, and suburbes of the towne,
Braithly they burnt and blak their buildings downe.
At the walles assayled fifteene dayes,
Whyle king Edward sent to them in this wise,
A knight, a Clerke, and a Sequer of peace,
And prayed them from burning for to cease,
And heght battell ere fifteene dayes were past,
Soverance so long if hee liked to aske.
And als hee spiered, why Wallace tooke on hand,
The fellon strife in defence of Scotland:
And said, Hee marvelled in his wits for thy,
Against England was of so great party:
Since yee haue made so miskell of Scotland free,
It were good time for to let malice bee.
Wallace hath heard the Message say their will,
With manly vopen right thus hee said them till,
Yee may knaw well that right enough wee haue:

Of his soverance I covet not to crave,
Because I am a native Scottish-man,
It is my debt to doe all that I can,
To send this Kingrike out of dangering.
To his desire wee will grant him something,
Our Hoste shall seale for chance that may betide,
Thois fourty dayes bargaitis for to abide,
And shall doe nought lesse then it mons in pon,
In this respite my selfe could neder trow,
King Edwards wyit bower his seale thep gaue,
In fourtie dayes that they should battell haue,
VVallace then gane credence to their King,
Their leaue they tooke, then passed but tarrying,
And tolde him whole how Wallace let them feele,
Of their soverance hee cared not a deale.
Such ruled men so awfull in effeare,
Are not Crillen that hes leaues into weare,
The King answered, and said, It should beg kend,
It comes of wit, Enemies to commend,
They are to dread right greatly in certaine,
Saulie they thinke of harmes that they haue tane:
Leaue I them thus at counsell with the King,
And of the Scots againe to speake something.

WAllace transpntad vpon the second day,
From Yorke they past vpon a good arrap
Northwell they went in battell busked bowne,
Their lodging they tooke beside Northallartowne,
And cryed his peace their marcatas for to kaud,
Thois fourty dayes for people of England,
Who that liked any victuall to sell,
Of all their choice was mickell for to tell,
Sir Rauffe Rymount Captaine of Milcoun was,
With great power by night ordained to passe,

Du

On VVallace Hoste to make some jeopardie,
Feill Scottish-men that dwelt in that Countrie,
Wist of this thing and gathred to VVallace,
They made him wise of all this felon case.
God Lundie then to him hes called there,
And Hew the Hay, of Lochartquhart was Aire,
With three thousand that worthilie was wrought,
Then privatelie on fram the Hoste they sought,
The men hes tane that came to him of new,
Guids to hé for they the Countrey knew,
The Hoste they made in good quiet to bé,
A space from them hé bussed privatelie,
Sir Rauffe Rymount with seaven thousand came in,
On VVallace Hoste a jeopardie did begin:
The buthment brake or they the Hoste came neare,
The Sutheron men the worthie Scots can feire:
Three thousand whole were braithly brocht to grounde,
Journey they sought and fickerlie hath founde,
Sir Rauffe Rymount was kicked on a speare,
Three thousand slaine that worthie were in weare,
No Sutheron wist when their Chiftaine was slaine,
To Milton fast they fled all in their maine,
Wallace followed fast with his good Chevalrie,
Among Sutheron they entred suddenlie,
Scots and English into the towne at once,
Sutheron men shot and braithly cast downe stones,
Of their owne men right fell then hane they slaine,
The Scots about that were of mickell maine,
Up greisles ran and coaled all the towne,
Derflie to dead the Sutheron dang thay downe:
Wallace there hath founden great riches,
Jewels, and Gold, Weapons, and Harnesse,
Spoyled the Towne of Wine and of Wittaile,
To his Hoste sent with carriage of great vaile.

Thre dayes till within the Towne he bade,
Then brake downe worke that worthilie was made,
Wines and baikies they put out of the towne,
No man he saved that was of that nation.
When Scots had tane and turned their desire,
Walles they brake, and set the rest on fire:
The timber worke they burnt up all in plaine,
On the fourth day to the Hoile rode againe,
Gart cast a dyke that might some strengthning bee,
To keepe the Hoile from suddaine jeopardie.
Then English-men was right graithly agast,
From North and South unto the King they past,
At Pumfret lay and held a Parliament,
To give battell the Lords would not consent,
But Wallace were of Scotland Crowned King,
Their Counsell fand it was a perillous thing,
For though they wan, they wan but as the were,
And if they tint lost England ever more.
In case it were, put in the Scots hand,
And this decreit their wit among them fand,
If Wallace would upon him take the Crowne,
To give battell they should bee ready bowne.
The samine message to him they send againe,
And their intent they told to him in plaine.
Wallace them charged from his presence absent,
His Counsell called and schowed them his intent,
Hee and his men desired battell to haue,
Up any wapes of England over the lane.
Himselfe said first, That were an ouer hie thing,
Against my faith to reaue my righteous King:
I am his owne borne native of Scotland,
To weare the Crowne I will not take on hand.
To send my Realme it is my debt by skill,
Let GOD above reward mee as hee will.

Some bade Wallace vpon him take the Crowne,
Vthe men said nay, it were Destroun,
To crowne him King but voyce of Parliament,
For they wist not if Scotland would consent,
Other some said, It was the wrongous place,
Thus deemed they of many diuerse case.
The Knight Campbell of wit a worthie man,
As I said air with them was present then,
Heard and answered when many said their will,
This were the best, and Wallace grant thereto till,
To crowne him King solemnlie for a Day,
To get an end of all our long delay.
The good Erle Malcolme said that Wallace might,
As for one day in fence of Scotlands right,
Though he refused it lackingly to beare,
Receiue the Crowne as into care of weare.
The people all to him gaue their consent,
Malcolme of olde was Lord of Parliament.
Yet Wallace tholed, and let them say their will,
When they had deemed by many diuers skill,
In his owne minde hee abhorred this thing,
The commons cryed, Make Wallace crowned King:
Them sembled hee, and said, it should not bee,
At termes short yee get no more of mee.
Vnder correction our answere wee must make,
But such a thing I will not on mee take.
I will yon suffer to say that it was swa,
It were a scorne the Crowne on mee to ta.
They would not let the message of England,
Come them among as they should vnderstand,
Two Knights past to the message againe,
Made them to trow Wallace was crowned in plaine,
Gart them trust well that it was soothfast thing,
Deliuered thus, they passed to their King.

To

To Pumfret went, and told that they had seene,
Wallace crowned whereof they Lords were teene,
In barrat were in Parliament where they stood:
Then said they all these tythings are not good,
He did so weill in all his time before,
And now their King he will doe mekill more,
A fortunate man no thing goes him againe,
And we giue battell, we shall repent with paine,
An other said, And battell will he haue,
Or stroy our land no treasour may vs saue.
In his conquest since first he couth begin,
He selles not, but takes that he may win:
For English-men he sets no Dome but dead,
Pryce or pennies may make vs no remead.
And Woodstocke sayes, ye worke not as the wise,
If that yee take the anture of suppryse,
For though we win all that are in England,
The rest are strong against vs for to stand.
Be Wallace safe other they count but small,
For that men thinks it were the best of all,
To keepe our strengths, Castles, and walled townes,
So we shall send the folke of this Region.
Though North be burnt, better of soberance to be,
Than set all England in a jeopardie,
They granted all as Woodstocke can them say,
And thus they put the Battell in delay.
And cast them whole for other gobernance,
Against Wallace to worke some ordinance,
Thus Wallace hath in plaine discomfeit whole,
Against King Edward all his whole battell,
For through falsehod and his subtilitie,
They thought hee should for great necessitie,
And fait of Fud to steale out of the land,
This deceits their wit among them fand.

They

They gart the King cry all their Market downe,
From Trent to Tweed throughout faire and free towne:
That in the bounds no man should victuall lead,
Such stuffe, and wine, under the paine of dead,
The same decreit they gaue in Parliament,
Of Scots forth to speake is mine intent.
Wallace lay still while fourty dayes were gone,
Abiding them, but appearance saw none:
Wattell to haue as their promise was made,
Hé gart againe display his Banner broad:
Reproued Edward right greatly of this thing,
Vauchled his Seale, vieu out on this false King,
As recrying turned backe, and yeed his gate,
Then Wallace made full many biggings hote,
They raised fire, burnt vp Northallartowne,
Againe through Yorke thrise boldly made them bowne,
Destroyed the Land, as farre as ever they ryde,
Seaven myle about they burnt on euery syde.
And wrought the Sutheron many wofull wound,
Pallaces spilt great Towers can confound:
Widowes weiped with sorrow in their song,
Maidens mourned with great meaning among,
They spared none but women and the Kirke,
The worthie Scots of labour would not irke,
Gaue to Abbayes right largelie of their goods,
To all Kirke men they did nothing but good.
The temporall Land they spoyled at their will.
Good Gardens gay and great Orchards they spill.
To Yorke they went these warre-men of renowne.
A siedge set they right fully to the towne.
For great defence they garnisht them within,
A fellon salt without they can begin.

The

Chap. IIII. The siedge of Yorke.

Diuided the Hoste in foure parts about,
With watches fell, that no man should isshe out,
About the towne, vpon the South-part syde,
There Wallace and good Lundie did abyde.
Earle Malcolme then at the West gate abade,
With him the Boyde that good iourneyes had made,
The Knight Campbell of Lochow that was Lord,
At the North gate, and Ramsay made them lord.
Sir Iohn the Grahame, that worthie was in weare,
Auchinlecke, Crawfurde, with full manlie effeare,
At the East Port boldly they thinke to byde,
A thousand Archers vpon the Scots syde,
Diuidered them among the foure parties,
Fiue thousand Bow-men in the Towne for thy,
Within the walles arrayed them full right.
Twelue thousand moe, that seemlie was to sight,
Then Wallace said, And yond were on a plaine,
In field to fight mee thinke wee should bee faine:
Then sailzeit they right fast on every syde,
The worthie Scots that boldly durst abyde,
With Speare and Shield, for Guns they had none,
Within the Dykes they gart feill Sutheron groane,
Arrowes they shot, right fierce as any fire,
Out ouer the walles, that flamed in great yre,
Throngh birnish bright, with heades of fine steele,
The Sutheron blood of friendship none they feele,
Ouer shining Harnesse sought the blood sheene,
The English-men that cruell were and keene,
Keeped their towne, and sendey them full fast,
Faggels of fire among the Hoste they cast,
With Picke and Tarre of feill Sowes they sent.

Many were hurt, ere they from the walles went,
Stones of Spring-holds they did cast out so fast,
And gades of Yron, made many greame agast.
But nevertheleſſe the Scots that were without,
The Towne full oft they ſet into great doubt,
Their Bulwarke burnt right brymlie of the towne,
Their Barmkin wan, and great Garrets cast down,
Thus sayled they on each ſide with great might:
The day was gone, and comming was the night,
The wearie Hoſte then drew them from the Towne,
Set out watches, for reſting made them bowne,
Waſht wounds with wine, of thē that were vnſound,
For none was dead: of great mirth they abound.
Feill men were hurt, but no mourning they made,
Confirmed the ſiedge, and ſtedfaſtlie abade.
When that the Sunne on morrow roſe vp bright,
Before the Chiftaines aſſembled they full right,
And ſaid, Amends of the Towne they ſhould take,
For all the fence that the Sutheron might make,
Arraped againe, as they began before,
About the Towne they aſſayled wonder ſore,
With fellon ſhot out over the walles full cheene,
Feill Engliſh-men that cruell were and keene,
With ſhot were ſlaine, for all their Targes ſtrong,
Burſted Helmes, many to ground they dang.
Brime burning fire they caſt at every gate,
The entries thus in perill oft they ſet,
The defenders were of full great defence;
Raped the Towne, through ſtrength and violence,
All thus the day they drave vnto the night.
To Pavillons bowned many weary wight,
All irkt of weare, the Towne was ſtrong to win:
Of Artaillzie, and noble men within,
When that they trowed the Scots were at reſt,

For ieopardie the English-men them cast,
Sir Iohn Morton was knowne worthie and wight,
Sir William Leis then graithed them that night,
With fiue thousand well garnisht and lavage:
Upon the Scots they thought to make skirmage,
And at the gate issued out hastilie,
On Earle Malcolme, and his gud Chevalrie.
To checkie the watch Wallace and ten hath bene,
Ryding about, and hath their comming sene:
Hé gart one blow, was in his companie,
The ready men arraped them hastilie,
Feill of the Scots ilke night in Yarnelle lave,
By ordinance, for they such rule had made:
With short advise together then they went,
Upon their foes, where feill Sutheron were shent,
Wallace knew well the Earle to hastie was,
For that hé sped him in the preasse to passe,
A Sword of warre into his hand hé bare,
The first hé hit, the craig in sunder share,
Another ateward upon the face toke hé,
Both nease and front on the field gart hé flé.
The hardy Earle before his men out past,
Into the field where feill were fighting fast,
A shearing Sword hé bare drawne in his hand,
The first was ley that hé before him fand.
When Wallace and hé together were set,
There lasted none against them that they met,
But either dead, or else fled them fray,
By this the Hoste was in a gud array,
With the great fery assembled them about.
Then fled the Sutheron in a fellon doubt,
Wallace knew well the English-men would flé,
For thy hes thirled in the thicket to bé.
Dowing full fast on whomsoeuer hes sought,

Against his dint fine steele availed nought.
VVallace of hand, since Arthur had no maike,
Whom hee hit right, was ape dead at on stroake:
That was well knowne in many places where,
Whom Wallace hit, they desired Scots no moze.
Als all his men did cruelly and well,
That came to stroakes that might the Sutheron feele.
The English-men fled, and left the field plainlie,
The wozthie Scots wrought there so hardilie,
Sir Iohn Morton in that place hee was dead,
And twelue hundzeth, but guy moze remead.
Thus many were left into the field, and slaine,
The rest returned into the Towne againe.
And rewed full sore that ever they forth could found,
Among them was full many wailing wound.
The Yorke againe each one to their ward rade,
Commanded watch, and no moze noyse made,
But rested still, while that the bzight day dzew,
Againe began the Towne to saillze new,
All this day wrought with full great wozthinesse,
Assayled sore by wit and hardinesse,
The Hostes victuall ward scant, and failed fast,
Thus lay they there while divers dayes were past:
The land wasted, and meate none was to win,
But that wist not the folke that was therein,
They dzead full sore for their owne Wennison,
For soberance prayed the power of the Towne,
To speake with Wallace then they desyzed fast:
And hee appeared, and spiered what they askt?
The Mayor answered, Wee would pay you ransome,
To passe away, and deare no moze the Towne.
Great shame it were that wee should yelden bee,
And townes holpen of lesse power than wee,
Yee may not win vs, long though that ye bide:
Wee

Wee shall giue Gold, and yee will from vs ryde,
Wee may giue battell, durst wee for our King,
Since hee hath left, it were ouer high a thing:
To vs to doe, without his ordinance,
This Towne of him wee hold in gouernance.
Wallace answered, Of your Gold reck wee nought,
It is for battell that wee haue hither sought,
Wee had rather haue battell of England,
Than all the Gold that good King Arthur fand:
On Mount Michell, when hee the Gyant slew.
Gold may bee gone, but worship aye is new,
The King promisde that wee should battell haue,
His writ thereto vnder his Seale they gaue,
Letter nor band, yee see may not availe,
Vs for this time, to get of him battell.
Wee thinke wee should on his men wroken bee,
Vpon our kin many great wrong wrought hee,
His Deuill-lyke deede hee wrought into Scotland,
The Major said, Sir, right thus yee vnderstand,
Wee haue no charge what our King gars vs doe,
But in this kind wee shall bee bound to you,
Some part of Gold to giue you with good will,
And nought after to wait you with none ill,
By no kin meane the power of this towne.
But if our King make him to battell bowne.
Into the Holke was many worthie man,
With Wallace moe, nor now reckon I can.
Better it was for at his will they wrought,
Though hee was best, yet other lake wee nought,
All serued thankes to Scotland euermore,
For manlike wit the which they showed there,
The whole Counsell thus deemed them among.
The towne to sledge they thought it was too strong,
And not a way to win it with one slight:

The Counsell found it was the best they might,
Some gold to take, since that wee get no more,
Then forth away into their voyage fare.
Then Wallace said, My selfe will not consent,
But if this Townes make us this plaine consent,
Take our Banner, and set it on the wall,
For our power this Realme hath ridden all,
Peelden to bee, when wee thinke them to take,
In England long residence if wee make,
This answere swne they sent vnto the Maior,
And they consented: The remanent that was there,
The Banner toke, and set it on the Towne:
To Scotland was high honour and renowne,
The Banner there for eight houres vnto none,
Their finance made, delibered gold full sone,
Fiue thousand pounds of good gold of England,
The Hoste received with victuall aboundand,
With bread and wine right gladly forth they gaue,
And other stuffe, that they liked to haue,
Twenty dayes out the Hoste remained there,
But want of victuall gart them from it to fare,
Yet still at peace the Hoste lodged, that night.
While on the morne the Sunne was risen bright,
Into Aprill among these shawes sheene,
When that the ground was clad with tender greene.
Pleasant it was to any creature,
In lusty loue this time for to indure.
The good women had freedome largelie,
But food was scant, they could get none to buy,
Cursed vp tents, and to the Countrey rade.
On English-men full great heirship they made.
Burnt and brak down buildings they spared nought,
Right worthie Wallace low to ground them brought,
All Mydlame land they burnt vp in a fire.

Brake Parks downe, destroyed all the Shyre,
Wild Deare they slew, for other Beastes were none,
These warre-men tooke of Kennilson good wone,
Toward the South they turned at the last,
Made buildings bare, as farre as they past.
The Commons all to London then they went,
Before the King, and told him their intent,
And said, they would, but hee gart Wallace cease,
Forsake their faith, and take them to his peace,
No Heraulde there then durst to Wallace passe,
Whereof the King greatlie aggrieved was.
Thus Edward left his people into baile,
Contrare Wallace hee would not giue battell,
Nor byde in Field for ought that they could say,
Gaue over the cause, to London past his way,
At men of wit this question heere I aske,
Among Nobles if ever any was,
So long in England through force or through caise,
Since Brutus death, but battell, but Wallace?
Great Iulius the Empyre had in hand,
Yet twise on force was put out of England.
With Arthure als, first of Warre when hee proued,
Twise did they fight, suppose they were mischieued,
Awfull Edward durst not for Wallace byde,
In a plaine Battell, for all England so wyde.
In London lay and tooke him to his rest,
And brake his vow, which hold you for the best,
Deeme as yee list, goop men of discretion.
Right cleare it is to resolue this question.
To my sentence now briefelie will I passe,
When Wallace thus through Yorkshire sojourning was,
Victuall as then was none left in the Land,
But in houses, where it might bee warrand.
The Hoste hereof abaisd was to byde,

From food scanked, no pleasure was that tyde.
Some bade turne home, and some wold further more,
Wallace called Iop and said to him right faire,
Thou knowest the land where most abundance is,
Bee thou our guid, and then wee shall not misse,
Victuall to find, that wot I wonder well,
Thou hast I trust in England mickell feill,
The King, and his to strong strengths are gone,
But ieopardie, now perill haue wee none,
Then Iop said, Sir, bee yee guided by mee,
The plentiest part of England yee shall see.
Of wine and wheat there is in Richmount shyre,
And other stuffe for food, as yee desyre.
Whereof I trow yee shall bee well content,
The Hoste was glad, and thither-ward they went,
Many true Scots was sembled in that land,
To Wallace came well moe than nine thousand,
Of preseun part, some had in labour wrought,
From either part full fast to him they sought.
VVallace was blythe of our owne natiue kin,
That came to him of baile that they were in,
And all the Hoste of comfort was blyther.
From their owne folke was multiplying there,
In Richmount shyre they found abundance,
Of bread and ale, with other purueyance,
Brake Parks downe and slew beastes many one,
Of wild and tame, forsoth they spared none,
Throughout the land they past in good array,
A seemly place so found they in their way,
Which Ramswach heght as Iop himselfe told,
Fehew was Lord and Captaine in that hold,
Fiue hundreth men were sembled in that place,
To saue their selues and their goods from VVallace.
A royall stead was by the Forrest side,

With Turates faire, and Garrets of great pryde,
Builded about, right likely to bee wight,
With fiue great towers, well builded to the bight.
Feill men about on walles busked beene,
In good Armour, that birnisht was full sheene.
The Yorke past by, and visited but that place,
Yet they within on lowde defyed Wallace:
And Trumpets blew, with many warlike sound.
Then Wallace said, Had wee yon Gallands downe,
On the plaine ground, they would more sober bee,
Then lop said, Sir, yee gart his brother die,
In Heraulds weed, yee wot on Tinto Hill,
Wallace answered, So would I with good will,
Had I himselfe: but wee may not him deare,
Good men may thole of Harlots scorns in weare.
Sir Iohn the Grahame would at the bicker beene:
But Wallace soone the perill hath forseene.
Commanded him to let his fiercenesse bee:
Wee haue no men to waste in such degree.
Would wee them harme I haue another gate,
How wee with fire within shall make them heate,
For fire hath ays beene fellon into weare,
On such a place it may doe miekell deare,
Their Bulwarke olde I see of withyed Oake,
Were it on fire it would not bide a stroake,
Houses and woods heere is anough plentie,
Who hewes best of this Forrest let see,
Pull houses downe, wee shall not weine a deale,
The side Timber will gar the greene burne well.
At his command right buskly they wrought,
Great wood in haste about the place they brought,
The Bulwarke wan these men of Armes bright.
To the Barmkin laid Timber vp on hight.
Then Bow-men shot, to keepe them from that cast.

But they about had fastned fire full fast,
Women and Wairns on Wallace lowd can crie,
On Knees they fell, and asked him mercie.
At one quarter, where fire had not yet tane,
They tooke them out of that Castell of stone,
Syne bet the fire, with brands brim and bold,
The red flame rose full high aboue that Hold,
Barels of Picke for fence were hanged there,
All straike in fire, their mischiefe was the more.
When the brim fire out over the Place was past,
Then they within might neither shot nor cast.
Also Bestiall of Neate and Horse within,
Among the fire they made an hideous Din,
The Armed men in Harnesse were so hote,
Some downe to ground dashed but more Debate.
Some lay, some fell into the fellonn fire
Smored to dead, and burnt vp bone and lyre,
The fire brake in at all opens about,
None bade aloft, so fellonn was the doubt,
Fehew himselfe lap rudely from the hight,
Throw all the fire can on the Warmkin light.
With a good Sword Wallace straike off his head.
Iop hint it vp, turst it from that stead,
Fine hundreth men that were into that place,
Got none away but dead withouttен grace.
Wallace bade still with his power that night:
Vpon the morne the fire had fapled might.
Before the gate where it had burnt on breid:
A path they made, and to the Castle yeid.
Straike downe the gate, & tooke what they might win,
Iewels and gold, great Riches was therein.
Spoyled the place, and left nought else there,
But beastes, burnt bodies, and also walles bare,
Then tooke they her that wife was to Fehew,

Gaue

Gaue her command as shee was woman true,
To turne that head to London to King Edward,
Shee it received with great sorrow in heart,
Wallace himselfe these charges to her gaue,
Say to your King, but if I battell haue,
At London gates wee shall assaylie sore,
In this moneth we thinke for to bee there.
Trust in the trueth, will GOD wee shall not faile,
Unlesse I cease through charge of your Counsell,
The South-west part of England wee shall see,
But hee seeke peace, or else bargane with mee,
Upon a time hee charged mee on this wise,
Right bountiously to make to him service,
Such shall hee haue as hee vs causs hath made,
Then moued they without en more abade.
Delibered shee was from this Chevalrie,
Toward London shee dight her earnestlie.
Unto the Towne but more processe shee went,
Where Edward lay sore moued in his intent.
His Nevoyes head, when hee saw it was brought,
So great sorrow sadly vpon him sought,
With great vnease vpon his feet hee stood,
Weeping in woe for his deare tender blod:
The Counsell rose, and prayed him to cease,
Wee lose England but if wee purchase peace,
Then Woodstocke said, This is my best Counsell,
Take peace in time, as for your owne availe,
Or yee tine more, wee slaine of our courage,
After yee may get helpe of our barnage.
The King granted, and bade them message send,
No man was there that durst to Wallace wend,
The Queene appeared and saw this great distance,
Well borne shee was of the right blod of France.
Shee trowed well therefore to speed the more,

Her

Her selfe purposed in that Pellage to faire,
As shé forthought that the King toke on hand,
Against the right so oft to reaue Scotland,
And feill men said, the vengance hapned sore,
Of great murther his men made into Aire,
Thus déemed they the counsell them among,
To this effect the Quéene bowned to gang,
When shé hath séene each man forsake this thing,
On knées shé kell and asked at the King,
Soueraigne, shé said, If it your willes bee,
That I desire you Chiftains for to see.
For hé is knowne both worthie, wise, and true,
Perchance hee would rather on women rew,
Than on your men they haue him done such deare,
When hee them sees it moues him aye to weare,
It may not skaith although I doe not daile,
To helpe this land I would make my trauell,
The Lords all, of her desire was faine.
Vnto the King made instance into plaine,
That shee might passe, the King with acward will,
Yalse into pre hee gaue consent theretill,
Some of them said, the Queene loued *Wallace*,
For the great voyce of his hie nobleneſſe.
A hardie man, that is seemlie withall,
Great fauour will of Fortune to him fall,
Anent women is seene in many place,
So hapned now in this time of Wallace.
In his rising hee was a lover true,
And chosed one, but English-men her slue,
Yet said they nought, the Queene would on her take,
As for his loue such trauell for to make,
Now loue or leaue, or for helpe of their land,
I make rehearse as I in olde writ fand.
Shee graithed her vpon a gentle wise,

With

With gold and geare and syluer at her deuise,
Ladies with her none other would they send,
And olde Priests that well the Countrie kend,
Leane I the Queene to Message ready dight,
And speake further of Wallace trauell right.

THe worthie Scots among their enemies rade,
Destruction great vpon them haue they made.
Wasted the land about on either side,
No warre-men then durst in their wayes abide.
They ransomed none but to the Death them dight,
In many stead made fire braad and bright.
The Hoste was glad and in a good estate,
No power was that would make them Debate,
Great riches wan of gold and geare therestill,
Leauing enough to take at their owne will,
In awfull feire they trauell through the land,
Made biggings baire that they before them fand,
Great barmkins brake of steades starke and strong,
These wight warre-men of trauell thought not long,
South in the land right earnestlie they sought,
To Saint Albanis but harme there did they nought,
The Prior sent them Wine and Wennison,
Refresht the Hoste with great food and fusion.
The night appeared when they were at that place,
Then harbered they from thence a little space.
Chosled a stead where they should bydeall night,
Tents on ground and Pauilions prendly pight.
Into a haile beside a River faire.
On either side where wild beastes made repaire.
Set watches out that wisely could them keepe,
To supper went, and tymously could sleepe.
Of meate and drinke they haue sufficience,
The night was short aberiang the Darkfull thence.

How

CHAP. V. How the Queene of *England* came and spake with *Wallace*.

THE merrie day sprang from the Orient,
With beames bright illuminate the Occident,
After Titan, Phœbus trisped faire,
High in his Spheare the Signes made declare,
Zephirus began his mightie morrow course,
The sweet vapour did from the ground resours,
The donke dew from the heaven did daile,
In every mead both firth, forrest and daile.
The fresh rivet among the roches rang,
Through greene branches where birds blythlie sang,
With joyous voyce in heavenly harmonie,
Then Wallace thought it was no time to lie.
Hee blessed him, then suddainlie up hee rose,
To take the aire out of his tent hee goes.
Maister Iohn Blaire was readie hastilie,
To GOD his service bowne right reverentlie,
When that was done, Wallace could him array,
In his armour which was both good and gay,
His shining shield that bright was full beine,
His leg harneise, that clasped was full cleane,
Pullanes greis hee clasped on full fast,
A close birnet with many sicker cast,
Breast plait, bracles that worthie were in weare,
Beside him swith lop could his basnet beare.
His glittering Gloues graven on either side,
Hee seemed well in Battell for to bide.
A good Girdle, and then a burelie brand,
A staffe of Reole hee griped in his hand,
The bolde him blessed and prayed GOD of his grace
Him to convoy from all misaunpered case,

Adam

Adam Wallace and Boyd, forth with him peed,
Endlong a river out through a floreſt meid.
And as they walked out over the fields greene,
Out of the South they ſaw where that the Queene
Toward the Hoſte came ryding ſoberlie,
Fiftie Ladies were in her companie.
Walled of wit and deemed of renowne,
Some widowes were, and ſome of Religion,
And ſeaven Prieſts that were entred in age.
Wallace to ſuch did never great outrage.
But if to him they made a great offence,
Thus they approached on toward their preſence.
At the Pavilion where they the Lyon ſaw,
To ground they light, and then on knees they ſaw,
Praying for peace, they cry with pitteous cheere,
Earle Malcolme ſaid, Our Chiftaine is not heere.
Hee bade her riſe, and ſaid, It was not right,
A Queene on knees to bow to lower wight,
Up by the hand the Earle hath her tane,
Out over they went, to Wallace haue they gone,
When ſhee him ſaw ſhee would haue kneeled downe,
In armes ſone he clacht this Queene with Crowne,
And kiſſed her withoutten woords moze,
So did hee never to no Sutheron befoze.
Madame, hee ſaid, Right welcome mot yee bee,
How pleaſed yon our Hoſting foz to ſee.
Right well, ſhee ſaid, Of friendſhip haue wee neede,
GOD grant yee will our errand foz to ſpeede,
Suffer wee muſt ſuppoſe it like bs ill,
But truſt bs well it is contrare our will.
Yee ſhall remains with this Lozd I muſt gang,
From your preſence wee ſhall not tarry long.
The Earle and hee into the Pavilion yeed,
With good aydis to deems moze of this deed:

The

The counsell soone Wallace gart call them to,
Lords hee said, yee wot what is adoe,
Of their comming my selfe hath no pleasance,
And therefore must wee worke with ordinance,
Women may become tempting into weare,
Among fooles that cannot them forbeare,
I say not this by these or by the Queene,
I trow it bee not good that shee shonld meane,
Example take of long time passed by,
At Runsay baile the treason was plainlie,
But women made that Ganzelon with him brought,
And Turkie wine forbeare them could they nought,
Long vse in warre gart them desire their will,
Which brought King Charles to sexton losse and ill,
The floure of France without redemption,
Through that foule deed was brought to confusion,
Command your men, therefore in private wise,
On paine of life they worke not on such guise,
None spake with them but wise men of great baile,
That Lords are, and sworne to this Counsell.
His charge they did as goodlie as they mought,
This ordinance through all the Hoste was wrought:
Hee and the Earle both to the Queene they went,
Received her faire and brought her to the tent,
To dinner bowned as goodlie as they can,
And served was with many likely man,
Good purvepance the Queene had with her brought,
An assay shee tooke of all that good her thought.
Wallace perseived, and said, wee haue no dread,
I cannot trow that Ladies will doe that deed.
To poyson men all England for to win,
The Queene answered, If Poyson bee therein.
Of any thing that is brought heere with mee,
Upon my selfe first sorrow yes shall see.

Soone

Soone after meat a Marshell gart all absent,
But Lords, and they to the Counsell that went.
Ladies appeared in presence with the Queene,
Wallace allued what her comming might meane?
For Peace, shee said, that wee haue to you sought,
This birning warre in baile hath many brought,
We grant vs grace for him that died on tree.
Wallace answered, Madame, that may not bee,
England hath done so great harmes vnto vs,
We may not passe, and lightlie leaue it thus,
Yes, said the Queene, for Christen folke wee are,
For GOD sake since wee doe desire no more,
Wee ought haue peace: Shee said, that wee deny,
The perfect cawse then shall I show for why,
We seeke no peace, but for pour owne availe,
When that your King Scotland had graiped whole,
For no kin thing that bes before him fand:
Hee would not thole the right blood in the land.
But reft their Rent, then put their selues to dead,
Ransome of Gold might make vs no remead,
His fell false warre shall on himselfe bee seene.
Then soberly to him answered the Queene:
Of these wrongs amends were most faire.
Madame, hee said, of him wee aske no more,
But that hee would bide vs into Battell,
And GOD hee judge hee knowes the matter whole,
Such thing, shee said, it were not good, thinke mee,
Peace now were best, if it might purchast bee.
Would yee grant peace, and trewes with vs to make,
Through all England wee shall gar prayers make,
For pou and them that in the warre were lost,
Then Wallace said, Where such commeth through bast,
Prayer or force where so that it bee wrought,
To vs helps either little or els nought.

Warely ther said, Thus wise men hath vs kend,
Aye after Warres, Peare is the finall end.
Wherefore pee should of your great malice cease,
The ende of warres is Charity and Peace.
Peare is in Heaven, with blisse and sellandnesse,
Wee shall beseech the Lord of his hie Grace,
To command Peare, then wee may doe no more,
Madame, he said, ere your Prayer come there,
Mends of England wee thinke then for to haue,
What set you thus on warres for to saue,
From violent warres that wee thinke not to dwell,
Madame, bee said, the truely I shall you tell,
After the Date of Alexander the King,
Our land three yeeres stood desolate but King,
Keeped full well, at concord, in good state,
Through two that claimed, there happed great debate,
So earnestlie accord them, not they can.
Your King they asked to bee their ober-man,
Stilly hee staid in strengths of Scotland,
The Kingrike then hee toke at his owne hand,
Hee made a King, against the righteous law,
For bee of him should haue the Region aw,
Contrare his band were all the whole barnage,
For Scotland yet was never in thirlage,
Great Iulius that Tribute toke of all,
His winning was of Scotland but right small.
Then Edward your King vnder colour but more,
Through band hee made to Bruce that is our Heire,
Vnlaid that King which hee before had made,
Through all Scotland with great power they rade,
To Bruce then hee keeped no cunband.
Hee said, hee would not goe to conquith land,
To other men, And thus the case befell,
Then Scotland through hee demanded him tell,

Slely

blue our Elders, great pittie is to ſee,
In priſon then long time they keeped mee,
While I was then caſten out for death,
Thanked bee GOD hee ſent mee ſome remead.
Venged to bee I proved all my might,
Fell of that kin to death ſince I have dight,
The rage of youth gart mee deſire a wife,
That reved I fore, and will doe all my life,
A trayt'rous Knight, but mirrie gart her die,
One Heſilrig, but for deſpite of mee,
Then rang I forth in trabell, warres, and paine,
While wee redeemed part of our Land againe.
Then your Counſell deſtroyed us a trew,
Which made Scotland full graithlie for to rew,
Into that peare they ſet a ſubtill Heire,
Then eighteene ſcore to death they hanged there,
That nobles were, and worthie of renowme.
Of Coate armour cloeſt in that region:
The woman als, that dolefully was dight,
That death mee thinke to venge in all our might:
But of my minde that death will never ſlide,
Will GOD mee take from this falſe world ſo wide,
On Sutheron then I can no pittie have,
Your men in warres I never thinke to ſave.
The bright teares, was pittie to beholde,
Burſt from his eyes, when hee this tale had told.
The Queene weeped for pittie of Wallace,
Alace, ſhee ſaid, woe worth the wicked race,
In curſed time that Heſilrig was borne,
Many worthie through his deed are loſtone,
Hee ſhould have paine, that cauſed ſuch one ſlengh,
England ſince then hath wrought it deare enough.
Though I had beene a Queene or a Princeſſe,
Madame, hee ſaid, as GOD give mee good grace.

Princesse or Queene of what state so they bee,
Into her time shee was as neare to mee,
VVallace, shee said, of this talke wee will cease,
The mends thereof is good prayer and peace,
I grant, hee said, of mee as now no more,
This is right nought but reking of my care.
The Queene found well language nothing her bate,
Shee trowed with Gold that hee might bee overset,
Three thousand pound of fineſt Gold so red.
Shee gart bee brought to Wallace in that stead,
Madame, hee said, no such tribute wee crave,
An other mends wee would of England have:
Ere wee returne from this Region againe,
Of your fierce blood, that hath our Elders slaine,
For all the gold, and riches of your reigne,
Wee get no peace but desire of your King.
When shee saw well gold might her not relieue,
Some part in sport shee thought him for to prieue,
Wallace, shee said, yee are cliped my loue,
More aboundantlie I made mee for to proue:
Trusting therefore your rancour for to slake,
Mee thinke yee should doe something for my sake,
Right wise hee made answere to the Queene,
Madame, hee said, if veritie were seene,
That yee mee loued, I ought loue you againe,
These words are all for nothing but in vaine,
In speach of loue subtill yee Sutheron are,
Yee can vs mocke, suppose wee get no more,
To take a liking, and then get no pleasance,
Such loue as that is nothing to advance.
In London, shee said, for you I suffered blame,
Our Chamberlains will laugh when I come home,
So may they say, women are fierce of thought,
To make friendship, and then can get right nought.

Madame

Madame, ye wot how we were hither send,
We trow we haue but little to spend,
First with your gold, for ye are rich I with,
We would vs blind, since Scots are so wise.
Then pleasant words of you and Ladies faire,
Is who would dryue the Birde into a snare,
With a whistell-pipe, for it will freshest call,
Madame, as yet we may not tempt vs all.
Great part of good is left among our kin,
In England als, we find enough to win:
Abaled she was, to make answere him till,
Peace Sir, shee said, since that it is your will,
Warres or peace, what that you likest best.
Let your wis wit and good Counsell digest.
Madame, he said, now shall ye vnderstand,
The reason why that I will make no band:
With your Ladies I cannot treawes bind,
For your false King will soone hereafter find,
When he saw time, to breake it at his will,
And plainly say, he granted not therestill.
Then had we none but Ladies to reproue,
That shall not bee, by GOD that sits aboue,
Upon women I will no warres begin,
Of you in field no worship is to win.
All the whole peace on himselfe he shall take,
Of peace, or warres, what wee happen to make,
The Queene granted this answere sufficient,
So did the rest in plaine that were present.
His deliverance they held of great availe,
And strong enough, to show to their Counsell,
Woe was the Queene her trauell helped nought,
The gold shee tooke that they had with her brought
Vnto the Scots, right freelie shee it gaue.
To every man that knew for to haue.

Menstrels and Heraulds thee gane abounndantly,
Beseeking them her friends that they would bee.
When Wallace saw the freedome of the Queene,
Sadly hee said, The soth well hath beene seene,
Women may tempt the wisest hath beene wrought,
Your great gentrice it shall not bee for nought,
Wee you assure our Hoste shall doe nothing,
While time wee may send Message from the King.
If it bee so that bee accorded wee,
Then for your sake it shall the better bee,
Your Heraulds als shall safely come and goe,
For your freedome wee shall trouble no moe.
Shee thanked him of his graunting sayd,
And all her Ladies on a goodly wise.
Gladly they thanke the Queene and good Wallace,
Her Ladies als, and good Lords in that place.
Her leaue shee tooke for ought longer abade,
Frue myle that night south to and Hunry rade.
Upon the Morne to London passed they,
In Westminster where that the Counsell lay.
It needs not here now more rehearse this thing,
Wallace answere shee gart show to the King.
The great commend then shee to Wallace gaue,
Before the King in presence of the lane.
The true Scots it should greatly applease,
Though English-men therefore bad little ease.
Of worship, wit, manhood, and gobernance,
Of freedome, trueth, key of remembrance,
Shee called him there into their presence,
Though contrare them hee stood at his defence,
So Chiftaine like shee sayes, as shee is seene,
Into England Scrow hath never beene,
Would yee of gold giue him this Realmes rent,
For honour hee will not turne his intent.

Assured yee are, while bee may Message make,
Of wise Lords some part I reed you take,
To purchase peace withoutten words more.
For all England may rew this gate full sore,
Your Heraulds als, to passe to him hath lieue,
In all the Hoste there shall no man them grieue.
Then thanked they the Queene for her travell:
The King and Lords, that were of his Counsell.
Of her answere the King appeased was,
Then three great Lords they ordained to passe,
Their Counsell whole hath found it for the best.
Trewes to take, or else they got no rest:
An Herauld went, in all the haste hee may,
To Avane wall, where that the Scots lay:
Conduct to have, till they had said their will,
The Counsell sone a conduct sent them till.
Againe hee past, with soberance to the King,
Then thwled they three Lords for this same thing:
The keene Clifford that then was warden whole,
Bewmont and Woodstocke, all men of mickell valle.
What these three wrought, the rest shold stand thertill.
The Kings selfe hath given them at their will,
Sone they were brought to speaking with Wallace,
Woodstocke then shewed forth many subtill case.
Wallace hath heard the Sophismes eberie deale.
As yet, hee said, mee thinke wee meane but well.
In wrong yee hold and doth us great outrage,
Of houles part, which are our heritage,
Out of this peace in plaine I make them knowne,
Them for to win, since that they are our owne.
Roxburgh, Berwicke, that ours long time have beene,
Into the hands of King Edward I weene.
Wee aske heere als, by hertue of this band,
Our owne young King, by wrong led from Scotland,

Wee shall haue them without en words more,
To his desire the Lords they granted there.
Right at his will they haue consented whole,
From no kin thing the peace they would not faile.
The young Randall that then in London was,
The Lord of Lorne in this band hee can asse,
The Earle of Buchane, but then in tender age,
After hee grew a man of great vallalage.
Cumming and Fowles hee gart deliuer als,
Which after was to King Robert full fals.
Wallange fled ouer and durst not bide that stude,
In Picardie to ask eyin was no dute.
But hee would rather haue had that false knight,
Than a thousand of finest gold so bright.
The Bruce hee asked, but hee was had away,
Before that time to Calice many a day.
King Edward proued that they might not him get,
Of Gloceſter his Vncle had him set,
That Calice had, whole into his keeping.
Wallace that time got not his righteous King.
The Earle Patricke als from London they send,
With Wallace to goe, as well before is kend.
Of this matter and small Gouernance,
To King Edward hee gaue vp his leangeance,
And tooke to hold of Scotland euermore:
With full glad heart Wallace receiued him there.
They honoured him right reuerentlie as Lord,
The Scots were all rejoyced at that concord.
An hundreth Horse, with young Lords of renowne,
To Wallace came, all fred of that Prisone,
Ouer his Seale King Edward then gart send,
For to giue ouer and make a finall end.
Roxburgh, Berwicke, with three of mickell fame,
To Scottish-men, and all the diuines whole.

For fiue yeares treuas they promised by their hand,
Then Wallace said, wee will passe neare Scotland,
Ere ought bee sealed, and therefore make vs bowne,
Against wee will beside Northallertowne:
Where king Edward first battell bought to mee,
As wee began, there shall it ended bee.
Greet well the Queene, bee charged the Message,
It is for her that wee left our voyage:
A day hee set, when they should meete him there,
And seale the peace, without en processe more,
Vpon the morne the folke but more and lesse,
Trauoyned forth, vpon a goodlie wise,
To set the traist that Wallace had them made,
The English Message came but more abaid,
They sealed the peace, without en longer delay,
The Message then past the second day.
To London went in all the haste they can,
The worthie Scots with manie likelie man,
To Bamburgh came, with all their power whole,
Fortie thousand, all Scots of great availe,
Ten dayes before All-hallow euen the feare,
On Lambmes day they light on Carhame mure.
There longed they with pleasure as they mought,
While on the morne their Prieste to them then brought,
In Carhame kirke, and sealed in his hand,
Roxburgh Keyes, as right had made command,
And Barwicke als, which English-men had long.
They fred the folke, in England for to gang,
For their liues ithed of either place.
They durst not meet their reckoning with Wallace,
Captaine hee made in Barwicke of renowne,
That worthie was, yong Christell of Seroun.
Keeper hee made to Roxburgh Castle wight,
Sir Iohn Ramsay, a wise and worthie Knight.

Then Wallace selfe with Earle Patricke in plaine,
To Dumbar rode, and restored him againe,
In his Castle, and als his heritage,
With the consent of all the whole barnage.
When Wallace was agriet with his Lord,
To rule the Realme he made him gwde lord.
Scotland out ouer from Rosse to Solway sand,
He rode it thrise, and statute all the land.
In the Lennox a while he maide repaire,
Sir Iohn Menteith a while was Captaine there,
Als twise before he had his Gouuernance,
But no friendship betwixt them was sene.
Two Monethis still he dwelt in Dumbartane,
An horde he founded vpon an roch of stane.
When litle he there to build it to the bigge,
Then to the March againe he rode tigge,
Into Roxburgh doun chose him a place,
A gud tower there he gart build in short space,
His kingis house stood in good weirship and ease,
Was none so great ouer his neighbour displease,
The able ground gart labour to his fruite,
Wicquall and fruite there grew abouandantlie,
Was neuer before, since ryis was called Scotland,
Such wealth and peace both at once in the land,
He sent sop twise to Bruce of Huntingtowne,
Beleeuing that to come and take his Crowne,
Counsell he tooke at calle Saxons, alace,
He had neuer ban in life to get Wallace,
Three yeares as thus the Realme stood in good peace,
Of this saying mes worthis to cease,
And further, forth of Wallace will I tell,
Into his life what aventure fell.

Heere endeth the first Conclude of Scotland.

THE

THE NINTH BOOKE

CHAP.

How *Wallace* past into *France*.

The Royall king that reigned into *France*
Great hayte he bare of *Wallace* deliuerance,
The proues, prayses, and of his worthie dæd,
Als forward fame commended of manhod.
Both hunfole, true, and prayed well of pyle,
Of honour, treuth, and hoyde of couetice.
That noble king reigned in royaltie,
Had great delyte this *Wallace* for to se,
And knew right well thortly to vnderstand,
The great suppryse and ouer-set of England.
Hé marueiled als of *Wallace* small power,
That but a king tuke such a Realme to steire,
Against England, and gart their malice ceale,
While they desired with good to take peace.
And right anone an herauld hé gart call,
In thort tearmes hé bath rehearsed all,
Of his intent compleated to an end,
Then in Scotland hé bade him hé should weend,
And hé wald right with hery great honour,
To *William Wallace* as a conqueror.

O Loued leed with worthy wise and wight,
Through vew helpe in gaining of thy right:
Through right reskuing of thy native land,
With GODS grace against thy foes to stand,
In defence, helper of thy righteous blood,
O worthie birth, and blessed bee thy food.
As it is read in prophetis before,
An happie time for Scotland thou was borne,
I thee beseech with all humilitie,
By close letter thou would conceive and see:
As your Brother a trieben King of France,
To the bearer per heare and gude credence,
The Heraild him bowned, and to the ship is gone,
In Scotland soone hee comes vnto one.
But Heraild like hee lickes his presence,
On land hee went and made no residence,
In every stead where hee presumed there,
So on a day hee found him into Aire,
In good effeare, and manlike companie,
The Heraild then with honour reuerentlie,
Hath saluit him vpon a goodly manner,
And hee againe with humble vomelp cheare,
Receiued him into right goodly wise,
The Heraild then with worthy reuerence,
Betaucht to him the Kings writes of France,
Wallace on knee with lowlie obeysance,
Right reuerentlie for the worship of Scotland,
When hee it read and had it vnderstand,
At this Heraild hee asked his credence,
With asper speach and manlie countenance,
And hee him told, as I haue said before,
The Kings desire, what needs words more,
The hie honour and the great nobleneſſe,

Of your manhood well knowne in many place,
Pee likes als well your worthip to advance,
As yee were borne a liedge man of France,
Since this Region is floure of Realms seene,
Als the great band of kindnelle you betweene,
And since this Realme stands in such fafetie,
It were worthip his prelence for to see.
Wallace conceived withoutten tarrying,
The great delire of this most noble King,
Then to him laid, so GOD of heaven mee saue,
Herreafter soone an answere yee shall haue.
Of your delire that yee haue shewne mee till,
Welcome yee are with a free heartie will,
The Herauld bode vnto the twentis day,
With Wallace still in good welfare and play.
Consumed the time with worship and pleasance,
By good advise made his deliverance.
With his owne hand hee wrote vnto the King,
All his intent as touching to this thing,
Right rich reward hee gaue the Herauld to,
And him convoyed when hee had leaue to goe,
Out of the towne with goodly companie,
His leaue hee tooke, and went vnto the sea,
His purpose was to see the King of France,
Good Wallace then hath made his purveyance,
Nearell but weare to Saint-Iohnstone could faire,
A Counsell then hee had gart ordaine there,
Into his stead chosen a Gouernour,
To keepe the Land a man of great honour,
James good Lord the Stewart of Scotland,
Which Father was as storie beares on hand,
To good Walter which was of his patage,
Marjorie Bruce then got in marriage,
Thereat as now to speake I haue no space,

His

It is well knowne, thanked bee GOD for grace,
And to the Herauld without ten residente.
How hee appeared vnto the Kings presence,
From the Rochell the land soone hath hee tane,
Out over the land hee straithed him to gaine.
Seeking the King als goodlie as hee may.
So to the Court hee passed on a day,
To Paris went as pierlesse of renowne,
This King that time held pallace in that towne,
When hee him saw, hath straithlie vnderstand,
Hee spiered tydings the welfare of Scotland.
The Herauld said into these tearmes short,
That all was good, hee had the more comfort.
Saw thou Wallace the Chiftaine of that land,
And hee said, Yes, that dare I take on hand.
A worthier wight this day is living none,
In way of weare als farre as I haue gone,
The hie worship, and the great Noblenesse,
The good welfare, pleasance, and worthinesse,
The rich reward was worthie for to see,
That for your sake hee kythed vpon mee.
And his answere in writ hee hath you sent,
The King receiued it with a good intent.

O Royall Roy, and righteous crowned King,
Renowned of noblenes, & hertens most conning,
Yee know this well by other more than mee
How that our Realme stands in perplexitie,
The fierce Nation that wee are neighbours to,
When pleaseth them they make vs aye adoe,
No band may bee made of such sufficiance,
But ape in it they find a variance.
To wait a time, will GOD that I may bee,
Within a yeare I will your presence see.

Of

Of this answere well pleased was the King.
Leaue I them thus in royaltie to reigne,
And glad comfort right as I haue you told,
Of Wallace forth I will my purpose hold.

CHAP. II. How *Wallace* past in *France*, and fought with the Red Reaver, and vanquished him.

IN to Aprill the one and twentie day,
The Kalends changed as wee vse for to say,
The lustie time of Mayes fresh comming,
Celestiall great blythenesse in to bring.
Principall Moneth, forsooth, it may bee seene,
The heavenly hewes vpon the tender greene:
When old Saturne his cloudy course hath gone,
The which hath beene both Bird and Beastes bane.
Zephirus also with his sweete vapour,
His comfort hath by working of Dame Nature.
All fructuous thing into the earth adoun,
That rewled is vnder the hie Region,
Sober Luna in following of the Sea,
When bright Phœbus into the Themes hie,
The Bulles course so taken hath his place,
And Iupiter was in to Crabes face,
When Aries the hot signe cholerike,
Into the Ram which hath his roumes like,
Thetis had his place and his mansion,
In Capricornus the signe of the Lyon.
Gentle Iupiter with his milde ordinance,
Both Herbe and Tree conuertes into pleasance,
And fresh Flora her flowrie mantle spred,
In eu'rie Wale, both Downe, Hill, and Sheid.
In this same time, for this aune Author sayes,
Wallace to passe vit Scotland tooke his wayes.

By thort aduise bee thoope him to the sea,
And fiftie men hee tooke in his companie.
Hee let no word then waithe of his passage,
Or English-men had stopped his voyage,
Nor tooke no leaue at Lords of Parliament,
Hee wist full well they would not all consent,
To suffer him out of the Land to goe,
For they anone without witting of moe,
Hee gart forsee and ordaine well the ship,
And these were they past in his fellowship.
Two VVallaces was his kins-men full neare,
Crawfurde, Cleland, to him were holden deare.
At Kircubright hee ordained his passage,
Sea men hee set and gaue them goodly wage,
A good new barge right worthily wrought for weare,
They wanted not of wine victuall nor geare,
Wot yee they were a goodly companie,
Of wailed men had wrought full hardilie,
Bon-allies dranke right gladly on the morrow,
Then leaue they tooke, and with great God to borrow,
Boits were shot foorth and from the land they sent,
With glad hearts at once in they went,
Unto the Ship they rowed hastilie,
The Sea men then working full earnestlie,
Ankers wand in, wisely on either side,
Their Leads cast and waited well the tyde:
Let Sailes fall, and tooke their course anone,
A goodly wind out of the right airth came.
Friekes on forestam ruled well their geare,
Leads on leibunde with a Lordly feare.
Lynes laid out to looke their passage sound,
With full saile from Scotland foorth they found,
Sailed whole ouer the day and als the night,
Upon the morne when that the Sunne shined bright

Their ship-master vnto the top hee went,
South east hee saw that troubled his intent:
Sixteene sailes all arraied on a raw,
In colour red that toward them could draw.
The glittering Sunne vpon them showed bright,
The Sea about illuminate with the light.
The mans spirit was in an ertasie,
Downe hee went soone and saidr ight sorrowfullie,
Alace, alace, that ever I was borne,
Without remead our liues are all forlorne,
In cursed time I tooke this cure off hand,
The best Chiftane and rescue of Scotland.
Ouer reklesslie I haue tane vpon mee.
With weake power to bring him through the Sea,
It forced nought, would GOD I were torment:
So Wallace might with worship scape vnshent,
When Wallace saw, and heard this mans moane,
To comfort him, with his good will is hee gone,
Master, hee sayd, what hath anoyed thee,
Not for my selfe, this man said pitteouslie,
But of one thing I dare well vndertane,
Though all were heere the ships of Britane,
Part should wee lose, except Fortune had sworne,
The best warre man in Sea is vs beforne,
Liuing this day, and King is of the Sea.
Wallace sone spiered, wots thou what hee may bee?
The Red-reader they call him in his stile,
That I him saw, O cursed bee the while,
For mine owne life, I would no mourning make,
Is no man borne that can Tyrant will take.
He saueth none for Gold nor other good,
But slapes and drownes all derslie in the flood.
So gets no grace though hee were King or Knight,
His fortune pearces hes hath done great wright.

The power is so strong yee haue to stiere,
May none escape that comes in his danger,
Would yee him bowde, no bote is to begin,
The lowest Ship that is his state within.
My selfe is done vnto the dolefull dead.
Then Wallace said, Since thou can not reweard,
Tell me his feire, and how I shall him know.
What is his pie, and then goe lodge thee low.
The Ship-man said, Full well yee may him ken,
By grathy tokens full clearlie by his men.
His Coat Armour is seene in many stead,
All Battell bowne, in rayment all of red.
This formost Ship that persues vs so fast,
Himselfe is in, and will not bee agast,
Yee will yon haile, when that they come yon neare,
Without tarye then make yee strike and steare.
Himselfe will enter first full hardilie,
These are the signes that yee shall take him by.
A barre of blew into his shining Shield,
A Wend of white, desiring aye the fielde.
The red betokens blood and hardiment,
The white betokens courage, increaseth his intent.
The blue yee beares, for bee is Christen man.
Sadly him answered William Wallace than,
Though bee bee Christen, this is no Christen deed,
Gar vnder loft the LORD GOD not vs speed.
Both Ship-master, and the Steirt-man alse,
Into the Hold but bode bee gart them goe,
His fellow men without ten longer rest,
Wallace gart cast into their Armour prest,
Eight and fourty on loft bowde laid ther low.
William Crawford then to him can bee saide,
One said, then tarrit some part of Ship-man fare,
Thou hast beene vsed into the Townes of Ayr.

I pray thee take this doctrine well of mee,
Make that thou stand traittle by the Tree,
When they bid strike, to service bee thou baine.
When I thee warne draw by the Baile againe:
Cleland Cousen, come take the steere in hand,
Keepe on the waile neare by thee shall I stand.
GOD guide our ship, as now I say no more,
The Barge began with a full warrelike laite:
Himselfe on loft was with a drawne sword,
And bade the Stuert-man lay endlong the bord.
On lowde he cryed, Strike Dogs or ye shall die.
Crawfurd let downe the Baile a little wie.
The Capraine sone lap in, and would not stint.
Wallace hath him then by the Gorget hint:
On the over-loft keft him, where that hee stood,
While nose and mouth all rushed out of blood:
A forged Knife braithlie hee braided out,
The warre-ships were lapped them about,
The Barge clipped but they not reached fall,
Crawfurd drew Baile shot by, and off them pall.
The Reaver cryed, with pitteous voyce so cleare,
Grace of his life, for him that bought vs neare.
Mercie hee cryed for him that dyed on Rood:
Measure to mend, I have spilt mickell blood.
For my trespalle I would make some remead:
Bamp salelesse I have hard put to dead.
Wallace wist well enough yet to death was brought,
From them to scape no wise might bee thought:
And of his life some reskue might bee make,
Better purpose right sone then can bee take,
And als hee rewed for his life had beene fli.
In Latine tongue right thus hee said him till.
Never tone man that enemie was to mee,
For GOD thy like yet grant to mee,

Both knife, and sword, hee tooke from him anone:
Up by the hand as prisoner hath him tane,
Upon his Sword sharplie hee gart him sweare,
From that day forth hee should him never deare,
Commaund thy men, said Vallace, to our peace,
Their shot of Guns, that was not eith to cease.
Their cassing were awfull on either side,
The Red-reaber commanded them to bide,
Held up a Glowe, in token of the trew:
His men beheld, and well the Senzie knew.
Left off their shot, the signe when that they saw,
His greatest Barge toward him can hee caw.
Let bee your weare, these are friends at one:
I trow to GOD our worst houres are gone.
Hee asked Wallace, to doe what was his will:
With short advyse, right thus hee said him till,
To the Rochell I would yee gart them saile,
For English-men wee wot not what may aile.
Hee them commanded withoutten words more.
Turne saile and wind, toward the Rochell faire,
For there, will GOD, our purpose is to bee,
Loke well about for Scurriours in the Sea:
His charge they wrought, in all the haste they can,
And Wallace desirde to talke more with this man.
Wiselie hee spiered, in what land art thou borne,
In France, hee said, and mine Elders before,
And there wes had some part of Heritage,
Though fierce Fortune hath brought mee in a rage
Wallace yet spiered, how came thou in this life,
Forsooth, hee said, but through a suddaine strife.
So hapned I into the Kings presence,
Over rebellie to doe a great offence,
A worthie man of good kin and renowne,
That through my deed was put to confusion,

Dead of one stroake, what needs words more,
All mends it nought, though I repent it sore.
Through friend of Court I scaped off that place,
And never since could get the Kings grace,
Still of our kin they gart for my sake die.
From time I saw it might no better bee.
But leave the land, that mee behoved on néde,
Upon a day to Burdeous I péde.
In English ship so got wee on a night,
For Sea labour full earnestly vs dight.
To mé assembled mis-doers other moe,
Within short space wee multiplied so.
Were few that might against our power gang,
In Tyrannie thus have wée reigned long.
Thrie sixteene yeares I have beene on the Sea,
And done great harme, therefore full woe is mee,
I saved none for Gold nor great Ransome,
But slew and drowned in the Sea all downe.
Favour I did to folke of sundry land,
But French-men no favour of mee fand,
They got no grace, so farre as I might reigne,
Als on the Sea I cleiped was a King.
Now sée I well that my Fortune is went,
Vanquisht with one, that gart mee sore repent.
Who would have said this samine day at morne,
I should with one thus lightly downe bee borne,
In great haithing my men would it have ane,
My selfe beght als to have matched any twaine.
But I have found the verie plaine contrare,
Heere I gine over Robberie for evermore,
In such mis-rule I shall never armes beare.
But if it bee in honest vse of weare.
Now I have tolde part of my bliss and paine,
For GOD so save now some kindnesse show againe.

Mine heart will breake but I wot what yee bee,
Outragiouslie that hath rebuted mee:
For well I trowde that living had beene none,
By strength of force might mee as prisoner tane:
Except Wallace that hath redeemed Scotland,
The best is called this day living on hand.
Into his warres were worship for to wake.
Into this world I trow hee hath no make.
Wallace smiled, and said, Friend it may bee,
Scotland had need of many such as thee.
What is thy name, tell mee so haue thou seill,
Forsooth, hee said, Thomas of Longoveill,
Well broake thou it: thus endeth all our strife,
Shape to please GOD in mending of thy life.
Thy faithfull friend my selfe thinkes for to bee,
And als my name I shall soone tell to thee:
For chance of warre thou should no mervaile mai
As wierd will worke thy Fortune must thou take,
I am that man that thou advanced hie,
And but short time since I came to the Sea.
Of Scotland borne, my right name is Wallace.
On knee hee fell, and thanked GOD of grace,
I dare avow, that prelden is mine hand,
To the best man this day that is liband,
Forsooth, hee said, this pleasetb mee mickell more,
Then of Kingings yee gaue mee fiftie score.
Then Wallace said, thou art now heere through chan
My purpose is to passe now into France,
Unto the King since I am bowne to passe,
To my reward thy peace I thinke to asse.
Peace I would haue saine of my native King,
And no longer then in this Realme to reigne.
Then thou take leaue to come from it againe,
Into thy service I thinke for to remaine.

Serbi

Service hee said, Thomas, it may not bée,
But good friendlihip as I shall kæpe to thee.
Gart drawe the wine, and each one merry made,
The Ships by then were in the Rochell Rade.

THE red Blasons, as they had borne in weare,
The towne was soone into a suddaine feare:
The Red-reaver they said was at their hand,
Contrare whose strêgth might none against him stãd,
Some ships fled, and some the land hath tane,
Clarions blew, and Trumpets many one,
When Wallace saw the people was on fiere,
Hæ gaue command no Ships should neater piere,
But his owne Barge in their Haven gart drawe.
The folke was glad, when they the Banner saw,
Full well they knew in Gold the red Lyon,
Let vp the Port, receiued them in the Towne.
They soucred him for all hæ had there brought.
The Red Navie vnto the Haven sought,
On land then went, where that them liked to palle,
Right few wist there what Scottish-man Wallace was,
But well they thought hee was a goodly man,
And honoured him with all the craft they can.
Those foure dayes Wallace remained there,
These men hæ called when hee was bowne to fare,
Hee them commanded vpon that Coast to bide,
While hee them fred, for chance that might betide:
Beare you ebenlie, what good that ever yee spend,
Liue on your owne, while I you tidings send.
Gar sell your ships, and make you men of peace,
It were good time of wirkednesse to cease.
Your Captaine shall passe to the King with mee,
Through helpe of GOD I shall his warrand bee,
Hee gart greatly him in fate with his owne men,

Was no man there that might well Thomas ken,
Likelie hee was, manlie of gouernance:
Like to the Scots, by manlie countenance:
Saue of tongue, Scots had hee none,
In Latine well, it might haue sufficed one.
Thus past they on, in all the haste they may.
To Paris Towne they went vpon a day.
Tydings was brought of Wallace to the King,
So great desire hee had of no kin thing,
As in that time while hee had seene Wallace,
To meete himselfe hee waited vpon case.
In a Garden where hee gart them bee brought,
To his presence, with manlike feire they sought.
Two and fiftie at once kneeling downe,
And salust him as Roy of most renowne.
With rewled speach, in so goodly advise,
All France could no more nurture them devise.
The Queene had tiene, and came in her effeare,
For mickell thee heard of Wallace deed in weare.
What needs more of courtesie to tell?
They keeped well that to the Scots befell.
Of Kings fare I dare make no rehearle,
My feeble mind, my troubled spite transverse,
Of the rich service what needes words more?
Might none bee found, but it was present there,
Soone after meat the King to parlour went,
With goodly Lords there Wallace was present,
Then communed they of many sundrie thing,
To speake with him great desire had the King.
At him hee spiered of warres the gouernance.
Hee answered him, with manlie countenance,
To every point, so farre as hee had feill,
In Latine tongue right naturally and well.
The King conceived soone by his hie courage,

What

What warre men died by reife in their paſſage.
Into what mind the Red-reaver then was,
Marveill hee had how hee let Wallace paſſe,
To him hee ſaid, wee are ſomething to blame,
Wee might haue ſent with your Herauld from hame,
After power to bring you through the Sea.
GOD thanke you, Sir, thereof enough had wee,
Few men may paſſe where they find no perrill.
Right wheene map keepe where none is to aſſaile,
Wallace, hee ſaid, thereof marveill haue I,
A tyrant reignes in yre full cruelly.
Upon the Sea, that great ſorrow hath wrought:
Might wee him get, it ſhould not bee for nought,
Borne of this land, a native man to mee,
Therefore on vs the greateſt harme doth hee.
Then Thomas quoake, and changed countenance,
Hee heard the King his ill deeds diſadvance.
Wallace beheld, and ſeinzeit in a part,
Forſooth, hee ſaid, wee found none in that Airt,
That proferd vs any ſuch vnkindneſſe,
By your leue, Sir, I ſpeake in homelineſſe,
Trow yee by ſight pee could the Squyer know,
Full long it is, ſince time that I him ſaw,
But theſe words of him are but in vaine,
Ere hee come heere right good men will bee ſlaine.
Then Wallace ſaid, heere haue I brought with mee,
Of likelie men that dwelt in our Country,
Which of all theſe would yee call him moſt like?
Among them blent this royall Roy moſt riſe.
Aeſied them well, both ſtature and courage,
Manner, mackdome, their faſhion, and viſage,
Sadlie, hee ſaid, adviſed ſoberly,
That largeſt man, which ſtands next you by,
Would I call him, by mackdome to deryſe,

These are nothing but words of office.
Before the King on knees fell good Wallace,
O royall roy, of the honour and Grace,
With waste words I will you not trouble.
Now I will speake something for mine availe:
Our barren land hath beene overset with weare,
By Saxons fers that doth us mickell yeare.
Slaine our Elders, destroyed our righteous blood,
Wasted our land of gold and other good,
And yee are heere with might and royaltie,
Eye yee should haue to our adversitie.
And vs support for kindnesse of the band,
Which is confirmed betwixt you and Scotland.
As I am heere for your charge and pleasance,
My life-last is but honest thevisance,
Floure of Realmes, forsoth, is this Region.
To my reward I would haue great guerdon.
Wallace, hee said, aske what yee would haue,
Good gold or land shall not be long to craue.
VVallace answered, so yee grant it to mee,
What I would haue it shall soone chosen bee.
What ever ye owe that is in this region,
Yee shall it haue, except my Wife and Crowne.
Hee thanked him of his great kindlinesse,
All my reward shall bee asked of grace.
Peace to this man, I brought with me through chance,
Heere I quite claime all other gifts in France.
This same is he, if that yee know him well:
That yee of spake Thomas of Longoveill.
By rigour yee desired he should bee slaine,
I him restore unto your peace againe,
Receive him faire as liedge man of your land,
The King marveiled, and could in studie stand,
Perfectlie he knew that it was Longoveill,

Yee him forgaue his trespasse everie deale,
But for his sake that had him hither brought,
For gold nor good, nor else hee did it nought,
Wallace, hee said, I had lever of good land,
Ten thousand pound haue sealed in thine hand,
That haue I said, shall holden bee in plaine,
Yette I receiue Thomas to peace againe,
Dearer to mee thun ever I was before,
All for your sake though it were mickell more.
But I would witt how this matter befell,
Wallace answered, the trueth I shall you tell.
Then hee rehearsed what hapned on that day,
As yee before mine Author hath heard say.
When the good King had heard the suddaine case
Upon the Sea before sight of Wallace:
The King him held right worthie to advance,
Hee saw in him manhood and governance,
So did the Queene and all the other Lords,
Each wight of him great honour then records.
Hee purchast peace for all the power whole,
Fourteene hundreth was left at the Rochell.
Gart cry them free true servants to the King,
And never againe for fault into such thing.
When Thomas was restored to his right,
Of his owne hand the King had made him knight,
After hee gaue state to his nearest aire,
And made himselfe with Wallace for to fare,
Thus he hath brought these men from reife through care,
By suddaine chance of him and wight Wallace,
Thus leaue wee them in worship and pleasance,
At liking still with the good King of France.

How

Chap. III. How *Wallace* past in *Guyane*.

THese twenty dayes hee lodged into rest,
So to remaine hee thought it not the best.
Still into peace hee could not long endure,
For why contrarious it was to his nature,
Right well hee wist Englishmen occupped,
Guyane that time therefore hath hee espyed,
Some jeopardie vpon them for to make,
A goodlis leane hee at the King can take,
Of French-men hee none wonis with him call,
At that first time, for Aventure might fall:
But Sir Thomas that service could persue,
Hee wist not well if all the lane was true,
Of Scottish-men then semblid hastilie,
Nine hundreth seone of worthie Chevalrie.
In Guyane land full hastilie can ryde,
Raised feill fire, and wasted winnings wide.
Fortes they brake, and stalwart biggings wan,
Deirlie to death brought many Sutheron man.
A warrelike towne to land they in that land,
Which Schement heght that English-men had in hand,
Toward that stead full sadly Wallace sought,
By any way assayle it if hee mought.
Bargane to haue if hee might get them out,
Great strength of wood there was that towne about,
The towne stood als vpon a water side,
Into a Parke that was both long and wide,
They busked them while passed was the night.
When the Sunne rose foure hundreth men he dight,
The lane hee gart Crawfurd in buschment take,
If they misstered a reskew for to make:
Then Longoveill that aye was full savage,

With

With Wallace paſt as one to that ſkirmage.
Theſe foure hundzeth that was full well arrayed,
Before the towne in plaine battell diſplayed,
It was not well then knowne in that Countrey,
The Lyon in Gold that awfull was to ſee.
A forrey caſt, and ſeaſed miekell goon,
Warre men within that wiſelie vnderſtood,
Soone ſhed out the pzey for to reſcew,
The wozthie Scots ſtill Engliſh-men they ſlew,
The lane for dzead fled to the towne againe,
The forrey tooke the pzey and paſſed in plaine.
Toward the Parke, but power of the towne,
Ished out againe in awfull battell bowne,
A thouſand whole of men in armes ſtrong,
Few bode within that might to armes gang.
Then Wallace gart the forrayers leaue the pzey,
Aſſembled ſoone into a good array,
A cruell counter was at that meeting ſeene,
Of the wight warre men into their armour cheene,
Feill left their life vpon the Sutheron ſyde,
But not for thy full boldlie they abyde,
Of the Scots part then wozthie men they ſlew,
William Crawfurd that well the perrill knew.
Out of the Parke hee gart the buſhment paſſe,
Into the field where feill men fighting was.
At their entris they gart full many die,
The Engliſh-men was wonder loath to flie,
Full wozthilie they wzought into that place,
Bode neuer ſo few ſo long againſt Wallace:
With ſuch power that day as hee was there,
On either ſide aſſayled wonder ſore,
Into the Reuté ſo fellonlie hee wzought,
That wozthie men derflie to death was bzought,
With poynts pearſed thzough plaits birnicht bzight,

Wallace

Wallace himselfe and Sir Thomas the Knight,
Whom so they hit made never more debate,
The Sutheron part was handled there so hote,
Into that place they might no longer byde,
Out of that Field with sore hearts they ryde,
Unto the towne they fled full hastilie,
Wallace followed and his good Chevalrie:
Fighting so fast into the thickest throng,
While in the towne they entred them among.
With him Crawford and Longuevill the Knight,
And Richard als, Wallace his Cousen right,
Fifeteene they were of Scots companie,
Thus happed they among that great partie.
A cruell Porter gat upon the wall,
Pulled out the pin, let the Port cullzeis fall,
The English-men saw entered was no moe,
Upon the Scots full hardilie they goe,
But to a wall they have their backis set,
Sad strokes and sore boldlie about them set.
Richard Wallace the Turnegrece well hath keene,
Hee followed fast upon the Porter keene,
Upon the Wall dead in an oyke him drave,
Got up the Port, and let in all the lave.
When Wallace men had thus the entry wun,
Full great slaughter againe they have begun,
They saved nane upon the Sutheron live,
That weapons bare and Harnesse in that tive,
Women and barnes, the good they tuke them frae,
Then gave them leave in ther owne land to gae,
The Preists als that was not in the Field,
Of aged men that might not weapons weld,
They fine upon syne, for Wallace charge it was,
But made them free at largeste for to pase.
Riches of Gold they got in great plentie,

Harnesse

Harneſſe and Horſe that might them well ſupplie,
With Frence folke plenſhit the towne againe.
On the tenth day the Field they toke in plaine,
The river bowne into the Land they ſought,
On Sucheron men full great maſtrie they wrought.
Then when true men to the King tolde this tale,
Of French men hes ſembled a battell.
Twentie thouſand of true liedges of France,
His brother them led was Duke of Orleance,
Through Guyane land in rayed battell rode,
To follow Wallace who made but little bode.
For French ſupplie to helpe them in their right,
Neare Burdeous ere they overtake him might.
Ewd Wallace was there, and chaſen hath a plaine,
For ſome men told that Burdeous with great maine,
Within ſhort time though battell for to give,
But from they wiſt that French folke would relieue.
With great power for helping of Wallace.
Other purpoſe they tolke into ſhort ſpace.
In Picardie ſome meſſage could they ſend,
Of Wallace comming they hane told to an end.
Of Gloceſter Captaine of Calice was,
The baldie Earle hee made him for to paſſe,
In England ſoone, and then to London went,
Of Wallace deeds he tolde in Parliament,
Some playnite ſaid that Wallace brake the peace,
Wiſe men ſaid, nay, and prayed them for to ceaſe,
Lord Beaumont ſaid, He tooke but for Scotland,
And not for France, that ſhall ye underſtand.
If your Predecessors ſpeake of any more,
Hee hath done wrong the ſooth hee may declare.
Woodſtocke anſwered, ſaid ye have ſpoken well,
But contrare right that ſaid is to every deale,
If you bee for that hand for him and his,

Say no man say, but hée hath done amisse.
For principallie hee band with vs the trew,
And now againe begins hée malice new,
Sir King, hee said, if ever yee thinke to make,
On Scotland warre on hand now shall yee take
While hee is out or else it helps nought.
As Woodstock said, the whole Counsell hath wrought,
Power they raised in Scotland for to ryde,
By land and sea they would no longer byde.
Their land Hoste they cayed sone indeed,
Their vanguard tooke the hardy Duke to lead.
Of Gloceſter that of warre had great feill.
Of Longcaſtle the Duke governed well.
The middle ward, and to the Sea they send,
Sir Iohn Pſewart that well the North land kend,
The Knight Wallange before the Hoste in rade,
And such a wap with evill Scotiſh-men made.
Many Caſtles hee gart soons yeelden bee,
To Engliſh-men withoutten more mellie.
For the best will that it is warre in plaine,
Entred hee was into Bothwell againe.
Sir Iohn Pſewart that came in by the Sea,
Sainct-Iohnſtone soone got through a ſeopardie,
Dundie they tooke and put Scots men to dead,
In Fyfe from them was not keeped a stead.
And all the South from Cheviot to the Sea,
Into the weſt there might no ſuccour bee.
The worthie Lord that should haue governed this,
GOD hath him tane to everlaſting bliſſe,
True men him tooke and could to Arrane paſſe,
His sonne Walter that but a Child yet was.
Adam Wallace that will of no ſupplie,
To Rauchlie went, and Lindeſay of Craigie,
Good Robert Boyde in Bute made reſidence,

For

For hastie deceit they tooke them to defence.
Sir Iohn the Grahame in Dundaffe might not byde,
Succour hee sought to the Forrest of Clyde.
The Knight Stewart a Shyreffe made in Fyfe,
Sir Aymer brother, and gaue for termes of life,
Those Lands all that Wallange ought before,
Richart Lundy had great dread through their shore,
He liked not for to come to their peace,
Therefore in Fyfe they would not let him cease.
To passe over Tay as then it might not bee,
For English-men for rule that Countrie,
Out of the land hee stole away by night:
Eighteene with him that worthie were and wight,
And als his sonne that was of tender eild,
But after soone hee could weill weapons wield.
At Striviling bridge ere that the watch was set,
There passed hee the way withoutten let.
In Dundaffe mure Sir Iohn the Grahame hee sought,
A woman him told, as then before was wrought,
Into a strength hee went vpon the morne,
Lanerke was tane, with young Thomas of Thorne,
Hay and Lundy, they might no longer remaine,
By South Tinto to lodge they made in plaine.
Sir Iohn the Grahame got wot that they were there,
To them hee past withoutten processe more.
Wallange gart bring from Caryle carriage,
To stuffe Bothwell, both wine and good vernage.
Lundy and Grahame, got wot of that vittaile,
Right suddainlie they made them to assaile,
Fifty they were of noble Chevalrie,
Against fourescore of English company.
Squyer then keeped the Carriage,
All Brankistmahait whole then was his heritage,
Lundy and Grahame met with the Squyer wight.

Feill English-men der flie to death bee dight:
Sixtie were slaine vpon the Sutheron side,
And fiue Scots so boldlie they abide.
Great good they wan, both gold and other geare.
Victuall and hozse thus hapned in this weare.
Into the land therefoze they thought it best,
Since they haue seene well long they might not rest,
To take some place in strength that they might bide,
The Sutheron folke had plenisht on each side,
Lundies lodge they left vpon a night,
Into the Lennox they past the way full right.
The Earle Malcolme, that keeped that Countrey,
From English-men, through helpe of their supplie,
Seton and Lyle into the Batte abade,
For English-men so great maistry had made,
That all the South they had into their hand,
And Hew the Hay they send into England.
And other heires, to prison at their will.
The Northland Lords saw none helpe come them till,
A Squyer Guthrie among them ordained they,
To warne Wallace in all the haste hee may,
Out of Aberbrothocke hee passed to the Sea,
And at the Sluce landed full soone hath hee.
In Flanders land no residence hee made,
In France hee past, but Wallace well abade,
On his purpose at Guyane at the weare.
On English-men hee had done miekell deare,
While good Guthrie had gotten his presence,
Hee hasted him fast and made no residence,
Hee hath told him with Scotland how it stood,
Then Wallace said, these tydings are not good.
I had example of times that is by worne,
Treuess to bind with them that is manisworne,
But I as then could not thinke of such thing.

Becaus

Because that wee take peace with their false King,
By their Chancelor the other peace was broken,
And that full sore our sore Elders hath sounden.
Under that trew they gart eighteene score die.
That noble were the best in our Countrey,
To the great GOD my vow now here I make,
Peace with that King I thinke never to take,
Yee shall repent that ere this warre began.
Thus moued hee with many noble man,
Unto the King, and told him his intent,
To let him passe the King would not consent,
While Wallace there made promise by his hand,
If ever againe hee thought to leaue Scotland,
To come to him, his great Seale to him gaue,
Of what Lordship that he liked to haue.
Thus at the King an haity leaue tooke hee.
No man with him hee brought from that Countrey,
But his owne men, and Sir Thomas the Knight,
In Flanders land they past with all their might,
Guthrie barge at the Sluce could lye still.
To the Sea they went, with a full eger will.
Both Forth and Tay they left and passed by,
On North coast good Guthrie was their guy.
In Montros Haven they brought him to the land,
To true Scots it was a blythe tydand
Sir Iohn Ramsay, that worthie was and wight,
From Ouchter House the way hee chosen right,
To meete Wallace with men of Armes strong,
For his comming they had thought wonder long,
The true Ruthwen came als without tarie,
In Dirnane wood hee had his lodging made.
Barklay, Biller, to Wallace sembled fast,
With threehundreth to Ouchter House hee past.

The ende of the ninth Booke.

THE TENTH BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* wan *Sainct-Iohnstone*, by a jeopardie.

THE latter day of August fell this caſe,
For the reſcue thus ordaind good Wallace,
Of Sainct-Iohnſtone, that Suthe-
ron occuppied:
Faſt toward Tay they paſſed and eſpyed,
Ere it was day vnder Kinnowle them laid,
Out of the towne, as Scottiſh-men to him ſaid,
Their ſervants iſhed, with Carts, Hay to lead,
So was it ſoth, and hapned in that ſtead,
Then ſire there came, and brought but Carts thre,
When they of Hay were leading buſſie,
Guthrie, with ten in hands then hath them tane,
Put all to death of them hee ſaved none,
Wallace in haſte gart take their vpmoſt weed,
And ſuch like men they wailed with good ſpeed.
Foure were right good Wallace himſelfe tooke one,
A ruſſet cloake, and with him good Ruthwen,
Guthrie, Biſſet, and als good peomen two,
In that each ſute hes graithed them to goe,
Fifteene they tooke of men of armes wight.
In each Cart ſtus they ordaindе out of ſight.

Full

Full subtilly they covered them with Hay,
Then to the Towne they went the gaineſt way.
Theſe Carters had ſhort ſwords of fine ſteele,
Under their weed, then drove forth the Carts well.
Sir Iohn Ramſay bode in the Buſhment ſtill,
When miſter were to helpe them with good will.
Theſe true Carters paſt out withoutten let,
Out over the bridge and entred at the gate.
When they were in, their Cloaks they caſt them fra,
God Wallace then the chiefe Porter could ta,
Upon the head, while dead he hath him left,
Then other two the life from them he reft.
Guthrie, and Biſſet did right well in the Towne,
And Ruthwen als dang of their ſey men downe,
The armed men that in the Carts were brought,
Roſe up, and well their devoir duely wrought,
Upon the gate they gart feill Sutheron die,
Then Ramſayes ſpye hath ſæne them get entrie.
The buſhment both broke bridge and port hath wunn,
Into the Towne great ſtrife there was begun.
Twenty and one ere Ramſay came in plaine,
Within the Towne had fourty Sutheron ſlaine.
The Engliſh-men to array them were not gone,
The Scots as then leaſure let them haue none:
From god Ramſay with his men entred in,
They ſaved none were knowne of Sutheron kin,
And Longoveill, the worthie Knight Sir Thomas,
Proved well there, and many other place,
Againſt his dint few Engliſh-men might ſtand,
Wallace in him great faith and kindneſſe fand.
The Sutheron part ſaw well the Towne was tint,
Fierceſie they fled, as fire doth from flint,
Some fled, ſome fell into draw-dykes full deepe,
Some to the Kirke, their lines if they might keepe.

Some fled to Tay, and in small vessels prey,
Some of the died and drowned in that stead,
Sir Iohn Stewart at the west gate out past,
To Methwen wood bee sped him wonderfast,
An hundreth men the kirkie towne for succour.
But Wallace would no grace grant in that hour,
Bee bade slay all of cruell Sutheron kin,
Them for to slay bee thought it was no sin.
Foure hundreth men without the towne were dead,
Seaven score on kist scaped out of that stead.
Wives and bairnes they made them for to goe,
With Wallace will bee would slay none of thee,
Riches they found that English-men brought new,
Plenish the towne with worthie Scots and true,
Sir Iohn Stewart left Methwen for ever strong.
Went to the Gaske full fetill Sutheron among.
And then in Fyfe, where Wallange Shyreffe was,
Made scurriours sone out through the land to pass
And gathered men a stalward companie,
To Ardchatane bee drew them privilie.
Ordained them in ready bargan bowne,
Againe bee thought to assayte Sanct-Iohnston,
Where Wallace lay, and would no longer rest,
Ruled the towne as then him liked best.
Sir Iohn Ramsay great Captaine ordained bee,
Ruthwen Shyreffe at one accord to bee,
This charge bee gane, if men them warning made,
To come to him withoutten under abade,
And so they did when tidings was them brought,
With an hundreth Wallace forth from them sought.

Chap. II. The battell of *Blacke-Irne-side* Forrest.

In Fyfe hæ past to vesse that Countrie,
But wrong warned of English-men was hæ,
Sir Iohn Stewart when they were passed by,
From the Ochell hæ sped him hastilie,
Upon *Wallace* followed with all his might,
To Abernethie tooke lodging the first night,
Upon the morne, with fifteene hundreth men,
To Blacke-Irne-side, as his guids could him ken,
There Wallace was, and might no message send,
To Saincт-Iohnston, to make his journey kend,
For English-men, that full subtill hath beene,
Great watches warnd that none should passe between.
Then *Wallace* said, this matter likes not mee,
hæ called to him the Squyer good Guthrie,
And 8 sett als that knew full well the Land.
And asked at them what hæd was best on hand?
Passage to make, our power for to get,
With feill Sutheron wæ will bæ bysett,
And wicked Scots that knowes the forrest best:
They are the cause that wee may get no rest,
I dread farre more *Wallange* that is the guide,
Than all the rest that comes upon that side.
Then Guthrie said, might wæ get once over Tay,
To Saincт-Iohnston it were the gainest way,
To warne Ramsay wæ would get succour sone,
Over seith it is, it that cannot well bæ done,
Right well I wot, Nesbell is leaved none,
From the Woop-haven to the ferry called Arrane,
Then *Wallace* said, the water awfull is,
My selfe can swim, I trow, and alle no mis.

But curier vis accordeth nought not for me,
And leane you here, yet I had rather die,
Through GODS grace wee shall better reschew,
The strength is strong, and wee were men anew,
In Elchocke Parke but fourty men were wee,
For seaven hundreth, and gart feill Sutheron die,
Escaped weill in many unlikely place,
So shall we heere through the helpe of GODS grace,
While wee may laist, wee may this wood hold still,
Therefore each man bee true of hardy will,
And that wee doe so nobly into deed,
Of us bee found after no lacke to reed,
The right is ours, wee should more ardent bee.
I thinke to free this land, or else to die,
His wailed speech, with wit and hardiment,
Made all the rest so cruell of intent,
Some bade, take field, and giue battell in plaine.
Wallace said, no, these words are all in vaine,
Wee will not leaue that may bee our vantage,
This wood to us is worth a whole yeeres wage,
Of hewen timber in haste hee gart them take,
Syles of Oake and a great Barreris make,
At a fore-front into the Forrest side,
Made a great strength, where they purpold to bide,
Stelled them fast to trees that growing was,
That they might well in from the Barreris passe,
And see their availe on either side about,
Then come againe, when they saw there was doubt.
By that this strength arrayed was at right,
The English Hoste approached to their sight,
Then Stewart came, that way for to haue wend,
That they were wont, his guides so him kend,
At their entrie they thought to haue passage,
But soone they found that made the great stoppage.

A thou-

A thousand bee led of men of Armour strong,
With fine hundreth bes gart John Wallange gang,
Without the wood, that none should scape them scoe,
Wallace with him had fourty Archers throe,
The rest were speares, full noble in a deed,
On their enemies they bickert with good speed.
A cruell counter was at the Warrets seene,
The Scots defence so sicker was and keene.
Sutheron stood awe to enter them among,
Feill to the ground they overthrew in that throng,
A rowme was left, where pass in front might fare,
Who entred in, againe yeed never more,
Fourty they slew, that gone-ward would have past,
All disarrayed, the hoste was all agast,
One part of hoste through shot to death was brought,
Backe to a plaine the Sutheron to them sought.
Then Stewart said, alace, how may this bee?
And doe no harme, quhen great rebuted have wee.
Yee called Wallange, and asked his counsell,
Quhat sceme thou art, what may vs best availe,
But few they are, that makes this great debate,
John Wallange said, this is the best I wate,
To cease thereof, and remaine heere beside,
For they may not long in the Forrest bide.
For fault of food they must in the Countrie,
Then were more time to taken them mellie,
Ere they bee wun on force into this strife,
Feill that yee lead shall ever lose their life.
Then Stewart said, This reed I will not take,
And Scots bee warned, rescue soone will make,
Of this despite amends I thinke to have,
Or die therefore in number with the lave,
Into a range my selfe on foote will fare,
Eight hundreth hee tooke, the likliest that was there,

Then

Then bade the reſt at the Barrers bide ſtill.
With Iohn Wallange, to rule them at his will:
Wallange, hee ſaid, bee forewarn in this caſe,
In ſuch a ſuch a ſnare wee cauld not get Wallace.
Take or ſlay him, I promiſe by my life,
That King Edward ſhall make thee Earle of Fyfe.
At yon Eaſt part wee thinke to enter in,
I bade no more might yee this Barrers win,
From thea bee cloſed graithlie among vs lo,
But marveill bee they ſhall no further goe.
Aſſaylie fore when yee wot wee come neare,
On either ſide wee ſhall hold them on ſtiere,
Thus Pſewart heere vpon an awfull wiſe,
Wallace hath ſeene what hath beene their deuiſe,
Good men, hee ſaid, yee vnderſtand this deed,
Forſooth, hee ſaid, they are right meikell to dread,
Yon Pſewart is a worthie noble knight,
Forward in warres, right hardy, wiſe, and wight:
His aſſaylie bee ordaines wondet ſore,
Vs for to barme mans wit can doe no more,
Pleaſant it is a wiſe Chiftaine to goe,
So Chiftaine like, it ſhould greet comfort moe,
To his owne men, and they of worſhip bee,
Than for to ſee ten thouſand Towarts flee.
Since wee are ſet with enemies on each ſide,
And heere an force muſt in this forreſt bide,
That all the reſt of vs abaſed bee,
Aſſay the firſt, for GODS ſake cruellie,
Crawfurd heeleft, and Longovell the knight,
Fourty with them, to keepe the Barrers wight,
With him firſtie, all worthie men in weed,
To meete Pſewart with hardie will they yeed,
A manner of dyke into the wood was made,
Of thorſtour trees, boldly bee there abade.

I botwne with wall the Sutheron to them had,
Some semb'd thep with stroakes lose and lad,
Sharpe Speares then oush'd on either side,
Throgh bright made wounds deepe and wide,
The vantage was the Scots them daned so,
That no English man durst from his fellow goe,
To breake array or formost enter in,
Of Scottish blood to least was great sin.
For wrongous cault and hatly came many day,
Full English-men in the prise dead they lay,
Speares fast soone all into splenders sprong,
Many sharpe swords they hewed on throng,
Blood out thro out throngo fine Harnesse of maile,
John Wallace als full hardie can assaile,
Upon Crawford and Knight Longovell,
With their power keeped the Barres well,
Made goo obeisance by wit manhood, and might,
At the entrie fell men to death they dight,
Thus all at once they layd over ther place,
Some way that durst retire to the Barres,
To helpe Wallace no main of his dutfull paine,
To rescue them, so feirce fighting was,
At either hand they vanqued were so hote,
But hoe or pie no succour elce them wote.
Wallace was sad into that stalwart stoure,
Guthrie, Fisher, with men of great valour,
Richard Wallace that worthie was of hart
Stewart marvelled that contrare them might stand,
That ever so few might bide in battell place,
Against them, and matched face for face,
Hee thought himselfe to end that matter well,
Full prealled in with a good sword of steell,
Into the prise a Scottish-man gart die,
Wallace therefore in heart had great pittie,

Amends to haue bee followed on him fast,
But Englisſh-men ſo thicke betwixt them paſt,
That vpon him a ſtroake get could hee nought,
Other wo7thie perſlie ſo death hee b7ought:
Slops hee made th7ough all the Chevalrie,
The hard7 Scots that w7ought ſo wo7thilie,
When Sutheron ſaw theſe good men were ſo d7eſt,
Longer to byde, they thought it not the beſt,
Foure ſco7e were ſlaine, ere they would leaue ỹ ſtee
And fiftie als was in the Barreris dead.
A trumpet blew, and from the Mood can d7aw,
Wallange left off, that fight when that hee ſaw.
To ſaylie mo7e they thought it was no ſpeed,
Without the Wood to counſell faſt they yeed.
The wo7thie Scots to reſt them was right faine,
Feill hurts they had, but few of them was ſlaine.
VVallace bade all of good comfo7t to bee,
Thanked bee GOD the fairer part haue wee.
Yon knight Pſewart hath at great iourneyes beene,
So fo7e affan I haue but ſeldome ſeene.
I had leuer on Wallange w7aken bee,
Than any man that is yon menie,
The Scots all into the Barreris yeed,
Stanched wounds that could full b7aithlie bleed.
Some Scots men had bleu full mickell blood,
Fo7 fault of D7inke, and als wanting of Food,
Some ſembled faſt that had feill hurts there.
Wallace there fo7e ſighed with heart full fo7e.
An hat hee hint, to get water is gone,
Other refuge as then hee will of none.
A little ſtrand as then hee fonnd him by,
Of cleare water hee b7ought them boundantly,
And d7anke himſelfe then ſaid with ſober mode,
The Wine in France mee thought not halfe ſo good.

Then

hen of the day three quarters was ouer went,
r Iohn Pfewart hath taken in his intent,
o saylie more as then bee could not prieue,
hile on the morne that new men could relieue,
nd keepe them in while they for hunger fore,
ome in his will or els to die therefore,
Vallange, bee said, I charge thee for to byde,
nd keepe them in while I to Cowper tryde,
maine thou with fine hundreth at thy will,
nd I the morne with power shall come thee till.
ohn VVallange said, this charge I beere forsake,
fter this day all night I may not wake,
ut trust yee well they will ish to the plaine,
hough yee bide als or else die in the paine,
fewart bade byde or vnderly the blame,
thee command in good King Edwards name,
r beere to GOD a vow I make beforne.
nd they breake out to hang thee on the morne,
f this command Iohn VVallange had great dread.
fewart from them with nine score into deed,
ert hand the Wood and his good men of Fyfe,
The Scots were blythe when ỳ they heard such strife,
Vallace drew neare his time when that hee saw,
o the wood syde and could on Wallange caw.
he Knight hath beght the morne to hang thee hie,
ome into vs I shall thy warrand bee,
n contrare him and all King Edwards might,
ake wee him quicke wee shall him hang on hight,
good Lordship I shall thee giue beere eist,
n this each land that thy brother hath leist,
Vallange was wise full soone could vnderstand,
y liklinesse VVallace should win the land,
nd better him were vpon the right to byde,
han bee in warre vpon the other syde,

Then

With short advisement to Wallace soone they sought,
Then Stewart cryed, and said, that bees for nought,
And als of kind thou art of heritage,
Coward on thee is ebill warded great wage,
Heere I shall byde my purpose to fulfill,
Either to die, or haue thee at my will,
For all his speech to passe they would not spare,
With full glad heart Wallace receibed him there.
By that Ruthwen and Ramsay of renowne,
By a true Scot that past to Sanct-Johnston,
Them warning made that Stewart followed fast,
Upon Wallace, then were they fore agast,
Out of the towne ished in all their might,
With three hundreth that worthie were and wight,
To Blacke-Irne-side assembled in that place,
As Wallange was gone in to good Wallace.
The Knight Stewart hath well their comming seene
A faire plaine field bee chosed them betweene,
Eleven hundreth and fourescore then had hee,
The Scottish-men were fiue hundreth and fortie,
These were but few a plaine field for to take,
Out of the wood good Wallace can him make,
Hee will no wit of them that comming was,
More hardiment was from the strength to passe,
But when bee heard Ruthwen and Ramsay cry,
Of Ouchter House blythe was his Chevalry,
Might they of Gold haue bought a Kings rent.
The good Wallace might not so well content.
Then to array they need on either side,
In cruell pie in battell bowne to bide,
Worthier men than Stewart sembled there,
In all his time Edward had never more.
But Stewart saw his number was farre moe.
His power soone hee gart divyde in two,

To fight in that cause knightly bee them kend,
In that journey eyther to win or end.
The worthie Scots that first among them bade,
For great slaughter on English-men they made,
Into the wood before had proved so well,
That on the plaine they sojourned not a deale,
Incourage grew as they were new begun,
About tyll they had from rysing of the Sun,
By that Ramsay and good worthie Ruthwen,
Throughout the thickest of the preasse is gone,
Slopes they made among the English-men,
Dissevered them by twentie and by ten,
When speares were gone, wi swords of mettell cleare,
To English-men their comming sold full deare,
Wallace and his by worthinesse of hand,
Still Sutheron blood gart light upon the land,
The two fields together reiled then,
Sir John Stewart with many noble men,
To helpe their Lord three hundreth in a place,
About him stood, and did their businesse,
Defending him with many awfull dint,
While all the outward of the field was tint,
Of commons, part into the forrest fled,
Succour to seeke their men so had them led,
Then Scots hath seene so many in a rout,
With Stewart stand that guarded him about,
Upon the sides assayled wonder sairs,
The polesse platts with poynts pearsed baire,
The Sutheron made defence full cruellie,
All occupyed was this noble Chevalrie,
Sir John Ramsay would they had peelden beene.
Wallace sayd, nay, it is a wrong yee meene,
Ransome to take, wee cannot now begin,
On such a wise this land wee may not win,

Yon

Non knight of olde out enemie hath beene,
So feill to vs of them I haue not seene,
Now hee shall die throughe helpe of GOD's grace,
Hee came to pay his ransome in this place,
The Sutheron saw and wist plainlie to die,
Reskew was none, suppose that they would flie,
Freshlie they sought as they had entred new,
Vpon our side part worthie men they slew.
Then Stewart said, alace in wrong doing.
Our liues we lose for pleasure of our King,
That feilon knight doubted his life right nought
Among the Scots full hardilie hee wrought,
Bisset hee strake to death withoutten moze,
Wallace preassed with his sword birnisht bare,
At Stewarts hals hee etled with great yre,
Throughe the pesane stiffe in sunder strake the swyre,
Dead to the ground hee rushed for all his might,
By Wallace hand thus ended that good knight,
The remanent without mercie they sloe,
For good Bisset the Scots was wonder woe,
In hands some they tricked but remead,
No Sutheron past with life out of that stead.
Then to the wood for them that left the field,
A range they set, thus might they haue no bield,
Feed none away was contrare our opinion,
Good Ruthwen past againe to Saint-Johnstone,
Sir John Ramsay to Cowper Castell raid,
That house hes toshe for defence none was made,
Wallace, Crawfurd, and with them good Guthrie,
Richard Wallace had long beene in mellie,
And Longoveill into Lundores bode still,
Fasted they had too long against their will,
Wallange they made their stewart for to bee,
Of meate and drinke they found abundantlie,

The power fled and durst no longer bide,
That was before vpon the Sutheron syde.
Vpon the morne to Sainct Andrewes they past,
Out of the towne that worthy bowmen cast.
The King of England had him thither send,
That cost at will hee gaue him in commend,
His Kings charge as then hee durst not hold,
A wrongfull Pope that Tyrant might bee cald,
Few fled with him and got away by sea,
For all Scotland Wallace hee would not lee,
Of him as then hee made but light record,
Gart restore him that was then righteous Lord,
The worthie Knight that into Cowper lay,
Gart spoyle the them vpon the second day,
Then ordained men at command of Wallace,
But more processe for to cast downe the place,
Pyndores they gart some pierce out through the wall,
Some punsions fired, vnto the ground cast all,
Sir John Ramsay then to Carraill can fare,
Sutheron were fled, and left but walles bare,
After Pfewart they durst not tarry long,
The Scots at large out through all Fyfe rong,
The English-men were left in that Countrie,
But in Lochlevin there bode one companie,
Vpon that Inch in small houses they light,
Tastell was none, but walled with water wight,
Beside Carraill sembled Wallace before,
His purpose was for to affay Kinghorne,
A Knight, Musgraue, Captaine in it was,
By short advise hee purposde for to passe,
Rather hee would bye challenge of the King,
Than with Wallace vp reckon for such thing,
That house hee wan, and little target made,
Vpon the Mayne assemblie more abade.

But ouer the Mure subsect hey the tryst had set,
Neare Scotland well their lodging tok hot let.
After supper Wallace bade them goe rest.
My selfe will wake, me thinkst it may be best.

Chap. III. The winning of *Lochlevin.*

AS he commanded but graithing they haue done,
Vnto their stop *Wallace* them graithed him sone.
Past to Lochlevin, as it was neare mid-night:
Eightene with him that he had warned right:
These men a friend well he came to pefeit,
Fellowes, he said, I doe you well to wit,
Consider well this place, and vnderstand,
That it may pose full great skaith to Scotland.
Out of the South and power come them till,
Ahey may take in, to keepe at their owne will,
Vpon yon Inch right many men may be,
And ithe out, their time when that they see.
To bide long heere, wse may not well for chance,
Yon follie haue sod trust well at suffisance,
Water from them forsoth can not be set,
Some other while behoueth vs to get.
Yee shall remaine heere, at this part all still,
And I my selfe shall bring the Bote you till.
Therewith his weed in haste off casteth hee,
Vpon yon side no watchman can hee see,
Held vp his Shirt, and toke his Sword so good,
Bound on his necke, then lap into the flood,
And ouer hee swam, for letting had hee nought.
The Bote hee toke, and to his men it brought,
Arrayed them well, and would no longer byde,
But passed in, and come to the other syde.
The Inch they toke, with ordaine Engine in hand,

They spared none that they before them fand,
Straks doyes vp, and stitched men where they lay:
Vpon the Sutheron thus sadly sembled they,
Thirtie they slew, that were into that place.
To make defence the English-men had no space,
Their women fiue were sent out of that stead,
Women nor bairnes hee never put to dead,
The good they twise as it had beene their owne,
Then Wallace said, Fellowes, I make you knowne,
The Purveyance that was within those wones,
Wee will not tine, gare semble vs all at ones.
Let warne Ramsay and our good men each one,
I will remaine till all the Stuffe bee gone,
Sent forth a man, their horses for to keepe,
Drew vp the Vote, and then toke Wehs to sleepe.
Wallace power neare Scotland well which lay,
Before the Sunne they missed him away,
Some mourning made, and marvelled at that sale.
Ramsay bade cease, and mourne not for Wallace,
It is for good that hee is from vs went,
That yee shall see, and trust for veriment.
Fine head to wod, Lochlevin heepast to see,
But in that place no English-men found hee,
Into this land betwixt these waters left,
Tydings of him full soone yee shall heare eft,
As they about were talking on this wise,
Message soone came, and charged them to rise,
My Lord, hee said, to Dinner hath you calde,
Into Lochlevin, which is a likelie valde,
Yee shall fare well, therefore put off all sorrow,
They graithed them right earlie on the morrow,
And thither past of Wallace well to wit,
Then sembled in a fast by the Fellowship,
They lodged them there till eight weeks at end,

Of meat and drinke they had anough to spend,
Tursed with geare that Suthers on had brought there.
Gart burne the bote to Saincte-Johnstone they fare,
Bishop Sinkler, that worthie was and wise,
To Wallace came, and told him his advise:
Thus hee desired Wallace with him to ride,
And in Dunkeld sojourne that winter tid,
But hee said, no, that hold I not the best,
And Scotland thus, in peace I cannot rest,
The Bishop said plainlie, we may not wend,
Into the North for men I rede you send.
I grant, quoth hee, and chosed a messenger,
The worthie Iop was with the Bishop there,
And Master Blaire, while Wallace came they bade,
With that good Lord that noble cheare them made,
V Wallace sent Blaire into his Priests weed,
To wathe the West where friends had great dread,
How they should passe, or to good Wallace win,
The English-men that held them long in twin,
Adam Wallace and Lindesay that was wight,
Rauchlie they left, and went away by night,
Throughout the Land to the Lennox they fare,
The Earle Malcolme, that welcomed them full zair,
Master Iohn Blaire was blythe of that semblie,
Good Grahame was there, and Richard of Lundy,
Als Robert Boyd out of Bute to them sought,
Got they Wallace, of nothing then they rought,
But English-men betwixt them was so strong,
That they in plaine might not well to him gang.
Iop passed on, for nothing would bee let,
Great power then as there bee might not get.
The Lord Cumming, that Earle of Buchane was,
For olde envie hee would let no man passe,
That hee might let in good Wallace supplie,

The Earle Patricke at plaine field hee past bee,
Yet poore men came, and prooved all their might,
To helpe Wallace, in fence of Scotlands right,
The good Randill in tender age was send,
Part of good men out of Murray hee send,
Up past againe, and came in presence alone,
Before Wallace and told him how hee had done,
But Walter Blaire in good tidings him brought,
That of Cumming Wallace full little thought,
His English-men they had full mickill dread,
From Fyfe was tint, the worse they thought to speed,
The Duke and Earle that time in Scotland led,
Captaines they made, in England then they sped,
Wallace him bowned when he thought time thereto bee,
From Saint-Johnstone, and tooke with him fiftie
Steven of Ireland and Keirlie that was wight,
From English-men they had holden the right,
In watch-mens weede, and fended them right well,
To good Wallace they were als traves to steele,
To follow him those twa thought never long,
Through the Ochell they made them for to gang,
Upon more power hee tarryed not that tide,
To keepe the Land the rest hee gart abide,
To Striviling Bridge as then hee would not passe,
For strong power of English-men there was.

Chap. IIII. The winning of Airth.

TO Airth Ferrie they passed privately,
And hushed them in a derne stead thereby,
A cruell Captaine in Airth dwelt that seare,
In England borne that hight Thomas of weare,
An hundreth men were at his lodging still,
To breake that land thro his power and will.

A Scottish Fisher, which they had tane before,
Contrare his will gart him be to them swarne,
In their service they held him day and night,
Before the Sunne / Wallace gart lop him right,
And sent him swyth the passage to espy,
On the Fisher they happed suddainly,
All him alone, but one Boy that was there,
Iop hint him swne, and for no feare would spare,
By the Coller, and a Haile but pulled hee,
For GODS sake this man asked mercie,
Iop spiered sone of what Nation art thou?
A Scot, he said, but Sutheron gart me hold
In their service against my willfull lore;
But for my life that I remained there,
To seeke Fish, I came in this South side,
Bee yee a Scot, I would faine with you byne:
Then hee him brought in presence of Wallace,
The Scots were blythe whe they hard of this cace,
For with his Bote they might well passe ouer,
For Ferrie craft hee thought not for to crane,
Upon that side long space they tarried nought,
To the Southland with fulglad hearts they sought,
Then brake the Bote when they were landed there,
Service of it Sutheron might haue no more,
Then through the Mosse they passed with good speed,
To the Torwood that man with them they led,
The Widow there brought tydings to Wallace,
Of his true Eme that dwelt at Dunnipace,
Thomlin of weare in prison had him set,
For more Treasure than hee before might get,
Wallace said, Dame, hee shall well lowsed bee,
The money be mine, or moe therefore shall die,
Shee got them meate, and in quyet they have,
While it was night, then ready sone they made,

Towar

Toward Arch-hill right fundainlie thay drew,
A strength there was that well thay knew,
Old draw-dykes, and full of water wain,
Wherein thairof hes watched them that nain,
On the back-side hee led them priuatelie,
From the water as wont to come was hee.
Ouer a small Bridge good Wallace entred in,
Into the Hall himselfe thought to begin,
From the Supper as thay were bowne to rise.
He salust them vpon an awfull wise,
His men follo wed fundainlie at ones,
Hailp sorrow was talked in those wones,
With shearing Swords sharpelie about them dang,
Feill in the Flure were feiled them amang,
Wilty Thomlin of weard Wallace himselfe hath met,
A fellon stroke lardy vpon him set.
Throgh head and hop all throgh the teith him claue,
The worthie Scots fell flocked all the laue.
Keepes well the doores nane to the death them bight,
To scape away the Sutheron had no inight.
Some windowes sought for to haue broken out,
But all for nought, full fey was all the rout,
About the fire gushed the blood so red,
An hundreth men was slaine into that stead.
Then Wallace sought where his Vncle might bee,
In a coops Cane hes was set dolefullie:
Where water flowd, and hee in Prions strang,
Wallace fullfild the bandes vp hee dang,
Out of the darke hole brought him with strength e nie,
But neyle hee hones, or nothing else hee wist,
So blythe beleue in World hee has not beene,
And thairwithy ligged vpon hes bad Wallace seene,
In ditches the dead bodies out they hoil,
Graithes the place as then them likes beil,

Made full good cheare, and spilt what them list,
While neare the day they slepen without rest,
When they had right sponten the place in breast,
Found gaining geare, both gold and Iewels fine,
On all that day in quiet held them still:
When Sutheron came, received they with good will
In that labour the Scots were all fully mind
Sutheron came in, but none were vnfayed
Women and Wains put in prison and preasse
So they might make no warning to their foes
Steven of Ireland and Kirkinbar was with them also
Keeped the Port vpon the second night
Before the day the worthy good rose,
Cursed good geare, and the Iewels fine
Remained there while night was come in twain
Then bowned them in quiet through the land
The Widow loose, from they were passed full
A servant sent, and let the Warden wit
To passe from Air, in hast that they might be
Now I speake of them that went into the

CHAP. V.

WAllace himselfe was ever more that night
Ere it was day, for than he might not long
Vnto the towne full privily he came
Wallace of Englishmen occupied
Good Wallace gone through the darke gate him wend
Vnto the House, which he was wont to haunt
A widow dwelt, which friend was to our men
About the Bed on the backe she was made
A Iuerne with, was neither long nor broad

There

There Wallace tarried, and soone from thee him knew,
In haste thee rose, and privatelie him drew
In a close Barne, where they might keeped bee,
Both meate and drinke thee brought them in plentie,
A goodly gift to Wallace as thee gaue,
An hundreth pounds, and more out over the lawe,
Nine Soones thee had were lithely men and wight,
An oath to him thee part them sware full right,
In peace they dwelt, in trouble they had beene,
And tribute payed to English Captaines keene,
Sir Iohn Mercer the Castle had in hand,
But some men said, there was a priuate band,
To Suther ward, by meanes of that Knight,
Of their supplie to be at all his might,
Thereof as now I will no processe make,
Wallace that day with them pastime take,
When it was night then bade the Minstrell passe,
And watch the warden where Suther on dwelling was,
Then after this, hee and his Company,
Graithed them well, and Weapons tooke in hie,
Went to the gate, where Suther on were on sleepe,
A great Offeiary and Scots loolie to keepe,
An English Captaine was sitting up so late,
While hee and his with drinking were made hate,
Nine were there with him of his ravenge,
Some thought would haue had good Wallace in that rage,
Some would haue wonne Sir Iohn Graeme through strength,
Some would haue had good Boyd at two yeards length,
Some wished Lundie, that scaped was in Fyfe,
Some wighten was nae man then to strife,
When Wallace heard the Suther on make such din,
Hee gaue all hands, no thing else wanting,
The lowe remained to wage of the vengeance,
Hee salust them in this manie countenance,

Fellowes, he said, since I came hither from home,
In trauell I was, in land ouer the south sathe,
From South Ireland I came into this Countrie,
The new Conquith of Scotland for to see.
Part of your drinke and some good wonin I haue,
The Captaine then a threw an awete him gaue,
Whou seemest a Scot, likelis to be a spie,
Thou mayst bee one of Wallace Companie,
Contrate our King bee is risen againe,
The land of Fyfe has hath riuen in plaine,
Thou shalt beere byde, while wee wot how it bee,
Art thou of his, thou shalt be hanged hie.
Wallace thought then it was no time to stand,
His noble Sword he gripeth fast in hand,
Ouer-thort the face droue the Captaine in teene,
Stroake all away that grew about the reene,
Another brathlie on the brest he beate,
Both bone and bone the dynte he bled through thote
The rest rusht vp, then Wallace in great pre,
The third he feller yerlie into the fire,
Steven of Ireland and Kerlie in that throng,
Keeped no charge but entred them among,
And other moe, that to the dore can preasse,
While they him saw, ebere colde nothing them cease
The Sutheron men fell some in a swough to the ground,
The Scottes bare them all good Aile and Mead;
Wallace said, no, while wee stand in this stead,
We bee our guide, thou shalt wot no fare more,
And begin sit anone here that the Sutheron lyes,
The Scottes foote vpon an hattis wise,
Vnto their in hand, and to a great house yard,
Where English men were into mickell dreading,
For they will not, while that the red flame wall,
As wood as beasts among the men gone.

Then

with paines fell rushed full sorrowfully,
The laue without ar our good Chevalrye.
At each house where the Sothert began,
Keeped the Doores, from them scaped no man,
For all their might though King Edward had sworne,
Got none away that was of England borne,
But eyther burnt or but rescue was slaine,
And some through force driven to the fyre againe,
Some Scot folke in service them amang,
From any paine well they let them gang,
Three hundreth men was to Dumbartane send,
To keepe the land, as their Lord had them kend,
Shaithlesse of them no voyage was this Region,
Wallace by day made him out of the towne,
Unto the Caus of Dumbartane they speed,
And all that day they sojourned tarieand,
Both meate and drinke the Sothert gart be brought,
When night was come to all the halle hee nought,
Toward Rosneth full earnestlie they gang,
For English-men walde that Castle hauing,
On the Carloch they past perfit to bide,
Betwixt the Kirke that neare was there beside,
And to the Castle full privilie they draw,
Under a Bray and lodged them full law,
Beside the water where common vse had thee,
From Castell to the Kirke they past each day,
A Marriage als was that day to begin,
All ished out and left no man within,
That feste might make out servants in that place,
Thus to that rest they passed vp at ease,
Wallace and his were them full privilie,
Neare hand the place where they were passed by,
Within the hall and thought to keepe that stead,
From Dunbretan might no ayde there to them send.

Tam-

Compleat was made the marriage into plaine,
Unto Rosneth they passed home againe,
Fourescore and moe was in that companie,
But not arraped as was our Chevalrie:
To the Castle they weend to passe but let,
The worthie Scots so hard upon them set,
Fourty at once derlie to death they bare,
The remanent sastayed was so sore,
Longer in field they had no might to bide,
But fiercely fled from them on either side,
The Scots there well hath the entry won,
And slew all such as the house found was in,
Then on the spers followed wonder fast,
No English man with their life from them past.
The women keepe they seased upon hand,
Keeped them richelie warning of the Land:
Syne dead bodies all out of sight they keft,
Then at good ease they made them for to rest.
On their purpose yeete seaven dayes lodged there,
At rude cost to spend they would not spare:
When Sucheon came, then fast a them gladly in,
But nathing wist they in wone nie that time,
Who tidings sent the Captaine of that stead,
Their fernitanes the Scots put to dead,
Spoyled the place, and left no goods there,
Brake walles downe, and under the biggings bare,
When they had spilt all store that they might,
Then kendled fire, and from Rosneth they fought.
Wherethey had biding all tree shotte in that place,
Wallace gart fra the women of his grace,
To doe them serve, his purpose nocht was,
Then to Falkirk the worthie Scots can passe,
Where Malcolme was bedding at defence,
Right blythe he was of Wallaces good presence,

Then

Then hee fand there a noble company,
Sir Iohn the Grahame and Richard of Lundy,
Adam Wallace that worthie was and wise,
Barklay and Boyde with men of mickell prise,
At Chrisimas there Wallace sojourned still,
Of his mother tydings was brought him till,
In time befor hee had left Ellerslie,
For English-men shee durst not in it bee,
From thence disaguisde shee past in Pilgrymes weed,
Some girth to seeke to Dumfermling shee yeed.
Sickneesse shee had forsooth into that stead,
Deceased shee was, GOD tooke her spirite to lead,
When Wallace heard that these tidings was true,
Then sadnesse sore on each side did persue,
In thanke hee tooke, because it is naturall,
Hee loved GOD with sicker heart and whole.
Better him thought that it was happed so,
Than Sutheron should put her to other woe,
Hee ordained Iop and also Master Blaire,
Thither they past and for no cost to spare,
That honourablie put corps in Sepulture,
At his command they served all their cure,
Doing thereto as death desired to haue,
With rich entire the Corps they put in graue,
Againe they turned and showed of her end,
Hee thanked GOD what grace that shee hee send,
Hee saw the world was full of fantasie,
Comfort hee tooke, let all mourning goe by,
His maste pelite was for to free Scotland.
Now will I tell what case then came on hand,

Cuse

CHAP. VI. How Sir *William Dowglas* wan the Castle of *Sanquhair* by a jeopardie, and how *William Wallace* relkewed him from the *English-men*, and put them off that part.

SIR William long at Dowglas daile was Lord,
By his first Wife as right is to record,
Deceased then out of this worldly care,
Two sonnes thre had with her that lived there,
Which liklelie was and able in courage,
To Schoole was sent into their tender age,
Iames and Hew so heght these brethren twa,
And after soone their Uncle could them ta,
Good Robert Keith had them from Glasgow towne,
And over the Sea to France hee made him bowne:
At study then hee set them in Paries,
With a Master that worthie was and wise:
The King Edward tooke their Father the Knight,
And held him still though hee was never so wight,
While time hee had assented to his will,
A Marriage als they had ordaind him till,
The Lady Ferres of power and hie blood,
But thereof came to his life little good,
Two sonnes hee got on this Lady but more,
With Edwards will hee tooke his leave to fare,
In Scotland came, and brought his wife in peace,
In Dowglas dwelt, forsooth this is no lesse,
King Edward trowed that hee had stedfast beene,
Fast to their faith, but contrare soone was seene.
Aye the Scots blood remained in Dowglas,
Against England which proved in many place,
The Sanquhair was a Castle faire and strong,
In English Captains had done still Scots wrong.

In

Into it dwelt and Bewfurd hee was faid,
That helde all Wigtt from thine to Dowglas baid,
Right neare of kin was Dowglas wife and hee,
Therefore hee trawed in peace of him to bee,
Sir William saw that Wallace rose in plaine,
And right likelye to free Scotland againe,
To helpe him part into his minde hee left,
For in that life right long hee could not reft,
Hee thought no charge to breake vpon England,
It was through force that ever hee made them hand,
A young man then that hardie was and baid,
Borne with himselfe, and Thomas Dickfone caid,
Deare friend, hee said, I would preone at my might,
And make a fray to falfe Bewfurd the knight,
In Sanquhair dwelles, and doth full great outrage,
Then Dickfone said, my selfe in that voyage,
Shall for you passe with Anderfone to speake,
Friendship to mee my Cusing will not breake,
Hee is the man that fyre leads them till,
Through his helpe was our purpose will fulfill,
Sir William then in all the haste hee might,
Thirtie true men in that voyage hee dight,
And told his wife to Dumfreis hee would fare,
A tryst, hee said, of England hee had there,
Thus passed hee where that no Sutheron wist,
With these thirtie through wast land at their list,
While night came then couched they full law,
Into a Clengh neare at the wates Craw,
To the Sanquhair Dickfone alone hee sand,
And hee soone made with Anderfone this end,
Dickfone should take both his horse and his weed,
By it was day a draught of blood to lead,
Againe hee past and join the good Dowglas,
Which drew him soone into a priuate place,

Anderfone

Anderſone tolde what ſtuffe there was therein,
To Thomas Dickſone that was right neare of kin,
Fourtie they are all men of michell vaile,
Bee they on foote they will you ſore aſſaile,
If you happen the entry for to get,
On thy right hand a ſtalward Ax is ſet,
Therewith thou may defend thee in a throng,
Bee Dowglas will bee bide not from thee long,
Anderſone yeed to the Wathment in by,
Neare the Caſtle yee yeid them priuily.
Into a ſhaw, Sutheron miſtrulled nought,
To the nert wood with Dickſone ſoone he ſought,
Skaithed a draught on a broade ſlipping Lowe,
Charged an hoyle and to the Towne can drawe,
Acraped bee was in Anderſones weed,
And bade haue it, the porter came good ſpeed,
This houre, hee ſaid, thou might haue beene away,
Vntimous thou art, for it is ſcantlie day.
The Gate yeed vp, Dickſone yeed in but more,
A thorout band that all the draught vp bare,
Hee cutted it the ſlippe to grounde could goe,
Cummered the Gate ſetting they might not moe,
The Porter ſoone hee dint into that ſtrife,
Twyes through the head, and reft him of his life,
The Ax hee got, that Anderſone of ſpake,
And beckning made, therewith the Wathment brake,
Dowglas himſelfe was foremoſt in the preſſe,
In ouer the wood entred or hee would ceaſe,
Thee watchmen was from the walles comming new,
Within the Cloſe the Scotsmen them ſlew,
Erraſmus was called in that ſtowre,
Dowglas had tane the Gate of the great Towre,
Ran vp the ſtaires where that the Captaines lay,
On foote hee got and fought hand to hand,

Ober late hee was, Dowglas stroke vp the Dowe,
Newfurd hee found in middest of the Flowe,
With a stiffe Sword to death hee hath him dight,
His men followed fast, that worthie were and wight,
The men they slew that were within those woines,
Then in the Close they sembled all at ones,
The house they toke, and Sutheron put to dead,
Got none but one, with lyfe out of that stead,
For that the mate so long vnsteiked was,
This spie hee fled, and to Dursdeir can passe,
Tolde that Captaine that they had hapned so,
In other hee gart into the Ennoch goe,
And Tybers mure was warned of this case,
And Lochmabane all sembled to this place,
The Countrey als, when they heard of such thing,
Would sledge Dowglas, & beght they should him bring.
When Dowglas wist that one was from them scape,
To sailpie him, hee trowd that they would shape:
Dikfone hee sent vpon a Courser wight,
To warne Wallace in all the haste hee might:
In the Lennox Wallace had tane the plaine,
With foure hundreth that were of mickle maine.
Kilsyth Castle hee thought to visite it,
That Ravindail held: but true men let him wit,
That hee was out that time in Cumbernald:
Lord Cumming dwelt on tribute in that hold,
When Wallace wist, hee gart Earle Malcolme lye,
With two hundreth the bushment neare there by,
To keepe the house, that none should so fare:
Hee toke the rest in the wood side neare there,
A scurriour set, to warne if hee saw ought,
Bone Ravindail came, of them hee had no thought:
When hee was cōming the two bushments between,

The Succurriour warned theſe cruell men and kéne,
When Earle Malcolm had barred them frō the place,
No Sutheron yeed with life they did that grace:
Part Lennox men they left the Houſe to tae,
Dn ſpopling then they would not tarry mae,
To ſledge houſes then Wallace would not bide,
Thꝛoughout the land in awfull wiſe they ride,
Then Limlithgow they burnt into their gate,
Wher Suthron dwelt they made their biggings baite,
The Peill they twiſe, ſlew them that were therein,
Of Sutheron blod the Scots thought no ſin;
Then on the mꝛne, burnt Dalkeith in a gleid,
Sone to a Strength to Newbottell they pæd,
By that Lawder and Chriſtell of Seton,
Came from the Battle, & burnt North-Berwicke townes
That Engliſh-men they ſhould no ſuccour get.
Whom they ouer-toke they ſlew withouttren let,
To mæte Wallace they paſſ in all their might,
An hundꝛeth men with them of ármes bꝛight,
A blythe meeting that time was them betwæne,
When Earle Malcolme and Wallace bath them ſæne,
Thomas Dikſone als met with good Wallace,
Which granted ſone foꝛ to reſcue Dowglas,
Dickſone, bæ ſaid, wots thou of their multiplie,
Thꝛé thouſand men their power may not bé,
Earle Malcolme ſaid, thogh they were thouſands fiue
Foꝛ this action mee thinks that wæ ſhould ſtriue,
Then Hew the Hay, that dwelt vnder Trewage,
Of Engliſh-men ſone bæ gaue ouer that wage,
Moꝛe foꝛ to pay as then bæ liked nought,
With fifty men to Wallace foꝛth bæ ſought,
To Peibles faſt but no Sutheron them bade,
There at the Croſſe a plaine cry they made,

Wallac

Wallace commanded who would come to his peace,
And byde thereat reward should haue but leese,
Good Rutherfoord, that euer true had beene,
In Ettricke wood against the Sutheron keene,
Bidden hee had and done them mickell deare,
Thirtie hee had of noble men of weare,
VVallace him welcomed that came in his supplie,
With Lordly fare, and Chiftane like was hee,
Then to arrap they went about the towne,
Their number was fiue hundreth of renowne,
In birnes bright, all men of mickell baile:
With glad hearts they past through Cliddisdale,
The siedge began and to the Sanquhair set,
But tidings came, and made therein a let,
The Sutheron heard that VVallace was so neare,
Through hasty fray the Hoste was all on steare,
No man was there would for an other byde,
Purpose they tooke in England for to ryde,
Their Chiftaine said, since their King had before,
From Wallace fled, their causes was the more.
From South they sought to bide it was great wrath,
Dowglas as then was thus quite of their skaith,
In Crawfurd mure by then was good Wallace,
When men him tolde that Sutheron upon case,
Were fled away, and durst not him abide.
Three hundreth then hee chose, with him to ride,
In light harnesse, and horse that they would waile,
The Earle Malcolme hee bade bide with the taile,
To follow them, a backe-guarde for to bee,
To stuffe the Chase in all the haste bowned hee,
Through Durisdeir hee tooke the gainest gate.
Right fane hee would with Sutheron make debate,
The plainest way aboue Morton they hold,

Ryding the night, if that the Sutheron would,
Was to perſue, or turne to Lochmabane,
But heede thereto the Engliſh-men tooke none,
Downe right they held, graith guides could the leare
About Closburne Wallace approached neare:
In yre hee grew when they were in his ſight,
To them hee ſped, with will and all their might,
On an out-part the Scots ſet that tyde,
Seven ſcore at ground they had ſoone at a ſide.
The Sutheron ſaw that it had hapned ſo,
Turned in againe, ſome reſcue for to ſho:
When then trowd beſt with good VVallace to ſtand,
Earle Malcolme came then right neare at their hand.
The whole power tooke plaine purpoſe to flee,
Who were at ground, VVallace gart let them bee,
Upon the formoſt followed with all his might,
The Earle and his amongſt the reſt they light,
Did all to death that unhorſed were that tyde,
After the horſe full freelie can they ryde,
Fine hundreth whole ere they paſt Dalſwyntowne,
On Sutheron ſide to ground there was brought downe:
Of Scots horſe manie began to tyre,
Suppoſe their ſelues were fierce as anie fire.
The ſipers left both wood, waters, and hill,
To take the plaine ſpeedfull they thought them till,
In great Battell away full faſt they rode,
Into the ſtrengths they thought to make no bode.
Neare Lochmabane and Ouchter-houſe they went,
Beſide Crochmad, where feill Sutheron they ſhent,
Right manie horſe that ridden had ſo long,
And traveld ſore, they might not farther gang.
Sir Iohn the Grahame upon his feete was ſet,
Then Wallace als lighted withoutten let.

Theſe two on foote amongſt their enemies yeed,
Was none but horſe might from them paſſe for ſpeed,
On Engliſh-men ſo cruellie they ſought,
Whom they over-tooke againe harmed vs nought.
To Wallace came a part of power new,
On reſted horſe, that partlie can perſue,
Adam Currie, with good men of great vaile,
And Iohnſtone als that dwelt into Eskdaill,
And Kirke-Patricke was in that companie,
And Haliday who ſembled ſturdilie,
Where they entred the ſailzie was ſo ſore,
Dead to the ground feill fyers downe thep bore.
Beaden ſcore were whole of new-come men indeede,
The South partie of them had mickle dreade,
Wallace was horſed vpon a Courſer wight,
That good Currie had brought into his ſight:
To ſtuffe the chaſe, with the new Chevalrie,
Commanded Grahame, and his good men for thy,
Together bide, and follow as they might,
Three Captaines there full ſoone to death hee dight,
The reſted horſe ſo wonder well him bore,
Whom hee over-tooke againe roſe never more:
Faithlie hee rode, and wrought full manie wound,
Theſe three Captaines hee ſticked in one ſtound,
Of Duriſdeir, Ennoch, and Tybers-mure,
Lords Cliffords Eme away to Carlile fure,
The which before had keeped Lochmabane,
No landed man ſcaped with him, but one:
For Maxwell als out of Carlaverocke drue,
On the Sutheron the gaineſt way can ſue:
Into the chaſe ſo willfullie they ryde,
Few got away that came vpon that ſide,
Beſide Cocke-poole full feill fighting they fand,

Some drowned were, some slaine vpon the land,
Who scaped was, in England fled away,
VVallace returned, no prisoner toke they,
In Carlaverocke that night resting they made
Vpon the mone to Dumfreis diythlie rade,
There *Wallace* cryed who would come to his peace,
Against Sutheron their malice for to cease,
To true Scots hee ordaind warison,
Who faulted had hee granted remission,
In Dumfreis then hee would no longer bide,
The Sutheron fled out Scotland on each side,
Vp Sea and Land, without longer abade,
Of Castles and Townes *Wallace* Chiftanes made,
Ruled the Land, and put it in good rest,
With true keepers, the which hee trusted best,
To good Dowglas, of which I told you aire,
Keeper hee was from Drumlanrickke to Aire,
Because hee had on Sutheron such thing wrought,
His wife was wroth, but that shee thowet nought,
Vnder covert her malice held per site,
A Serpent waits her time when thee may bite.
To Dowglas oft shee wrought full mickell care,
Of that as now I leave while further mare,
But Sutheron men durst then no Castles hold,
They left Scotland, before as I you told.
Saue one *Morton* a Captaine fierce and fell.
That held Dundie, but *VVallace* would not dwell.
But thither past and laid it round about,
When *Morton* saw that hee was in that doubt,
Hee asked leave, with their lines for to goe,
Wallace denyed, and said, it bels not so,
The last Captaine of England that here was,
I gaue him leaue whole with his men to passe,

Thou

Thou shalt forethinke such mastry for to make.
All England shall of thee example take.
Such men I wiend from thine for to haue worne,
Thou shalt bee hanged suppose the King had sworne,
Yee gart command no Scots should to him speake,
Confirmed the sledge, and said, wee shall vs weake,
On English-men, as still will of Dundie,
Scrimgeour bee made their Constable for to bee,
One Billinger of England that was there,
Past out of Tay and came to Quhitbie faire,
To London sent, and tolde of all this case,
To hang Morton so vowed had Wallace,
Before this time Edward with power yeed,
To warre on France, for then hee had no dread,
Before hee trowed Scotland to bee his owne,
When they him warned his men were overthrowne,
Againe hee tooke to England hastilie,
And left his turne, all fickled in follie,
Gascoun hee claimed, all into Heritage,
Yee left it thus, withall his his Warnage,
And Flanders als hee thought to take in hand,
All these hee left, and came to reaue Scotland,
When that this King to England was come home,
Summonds they made, and charged Bruce by name,
And other moe that lived under his Crowne,
Bishop and Barron to come at his Summon:
When Wallace twise through force had fred Scotland,
This Tyrant King tooke plainlie vpon hood,
For great desire hee might no way take rest,
Yee thought to him to make it plaine Conquest,
In Covetise hee had reigned so long,
Thirtaines hee made that they should not goe wrong,
Guides they chose, for strengths them to gup,

They thought no more to byde at jeopardie,
In plaine battell that they might Wallace win,
Hee trowd for ware they would no more begin.
Leaue I this King, making this ordinance,
My purpose is to speake some thing of France.
The English-men then Guyane helde in weir,
To French folke they did full mickle deare:
King and Counsell soone in their wits lest,
To get Wallace them thought it was the best,
For Guyane land the English-men had then:
Then shupe they thus, in all the haste they may,
For they trasted, if Scotland were well rad,
Wallace would come, as hee them promisd had:
The famine Herauld that in Scotland was,
They him commanded, and ordaind him to passe,
Into Scotland, without longer delay,
Out of the Sluce as goodly as hee may,
Readie hee was, in ship hee past on case,
In Tayes mouth, but bode the haben taise:
Where Wallace then was at the sailzie still,
And hee receibed the Herauld with good will:
Their writ hee read, and said to them on this wise,
An answere soone hee could them not deuise.
To honest Innes the Herauld soone hee send,
On Wallace cost right boldly for to spend,
While time hee saw how other matters yeed,
Then answere hee should haue without tarriyng dread.
The wit of France thought Wallace to commend,
Into Scotland with this Herauld they sende,
Praise of his deed, and als the description,
Of him tane there, by men of discretion,
Clarks, Knights, and Heraulds that him saw,
But I heereof cannot rehearse it aw.

Wallace

Wallace stature of greatnesse and of height,
Was judged thus by discretion of sight,
That saw him both on Theball and in weed,
Nine quarters large of height hee was indeed,
Third part that length in shoulders broad was hee,
Right seemelie strong, and lustie to to see,
In limbes, great, with stalwart pace and sound,
His armes hard, with armes long and round.
His hands mave right like to a palmeare,
Of manlike make, with nailes long and cleare,
Proportioned faire, and long was his visage,
Right sad of speach, and able of courage,
Both breast high, with sturdie craig and great,
His lippes round, his mole square and neat,
Betwixt betwene haire on browes and eyes light;
Cleare hollow eyes, like Diamonds full bright,
Under his chin, on his left side was scene,
By hurt, a wan, his collour was sangueene,
Wounds hee had in many diverse place.
But faire and whole well keeped was his face,
Of riches als hee kepeth no propir thing,
Saue that hee wan like Alexander the King,
In time of Peace intent as a mind should bee,
When warre approached, then right Hector was hee,
To Gods nere right good credence hee gaue,
But knowne enemies they could him not deceiue,
These properties were judged into France,
Of him to bee a goodlie remembrance,
Master Iohn Blaire this patron could receiue,
In Wallace booke hee brieved with the laue,
But hee thereof as then tooke little heed,
His laborous mind was all of other deed,
At Dundie siedge thus earnest as hee lay.

Tidings

Tidings to him lop brought vpon a day,
How King Edward with likelie men of baile,
An hundreth thousand came for to assaile,
And Scots ground they had tane vpon case,
Into some part it grieued good Wallace:
Hee made Scrimgeour at his hands for to lye,
With two thousand: and charged him for thy,
That none should scape with lyfe out of that stead,
That Sutheron were, but put them all to dead.
Scrimgeour granted right faythfullie to byde,
With eight thousand Wallace can from him ryde.
To Saint Iohnstowne, three dayes graithed he bee,
With sad aduise towards the South can fare,
For King Edward that time ordayned had,
Ten thousand whole to passe that was full glad,
With young Woodstocke, a Lord of mickle might,
At Striuiling Bridge hee ordaind them full right:
And there to bide, the entrie for to weir,
Of Wallace then her trowd to haue no deir.
Right royallie vpon a good array,
Then leaue they lythe, and past out but delay,
To Striuiling came, and there mought not abide,
To see the South beyond South can they ride:
Such new cowrage fellon his intent,
Which made the Sutheron full sore for to repent.

THE ELEVENTH BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

The Battell of the Fawkirke.

His woodstocke rode into the North
good spæd,
Of Scots as then they had but little
dread,
For well they trowed for to relcue
Dundie,
Their ships come to Tayn by the sea
his guydes said that they should leade him by
Saint Iohnstowne, where passage lay plainlie.
The height they tooke, and loked them about,
So were they ware of Wallace and his rout:
Then in some part hee remorded his thought,
The Kings Command because hee keeped nought:
But when hee saw they were fewer nor hee,
Yee would them byde, and either doe or die.
Sir Iohn Ramsay formost his power saw,
Saide, Yon are they that yee see hither drawe:
Either Sutheron, that comes so cruellie,
Or Earle Malcolme to seeke von for supplie.
Then Wallace smiled, and said, English-men they are,
Yee may them know right well where that they fare.
On Shyreffe-mure Wallace the field hath tane,
With eight thousand of worthie men in wane.

The

The Sutheron were right doughtie into deed,
Together straike well stuffed in stæle weed,
Then speares sone all into splenders spzent,
The hardy Scots out throughe the Sutheron went,
In rayed battell seaven thousand downe they boze,
Dead on the bent recobered neber moze,
Right feill fighting with weapons grounded kæne,
Blod then from birnes was blashed on the græne,
The stalward stoure right fellon was and strong,
The wozthie Scots so nerstie on them dang,
That all was dead within a little stound,
None from that place had power loz to sound,
Young Woodstocke hath both life and Holke forlozne,
The Scots spoyled all good geare them befozne,
What them thought best of fine harnesse they waile,
Both gold and good, and hozse that might availe,
To Striviling Bzidge without reking they rade,
Dz moe should come Wallace this ozdinance made,
Past over the Bzidge Wallace gart Mzight's call,
And with Crafts-men bnold the passage all,
Then these same folke bæ sent to the Dripsurde,
Gart set the ground with strong staikes and burde,
With nine oz ten syles bæ cast the gate befozne,
Endlong the shalde made it as dæpe as shozne.
Then Wallace said, wee shall on one side ber.
Yon King and I, but if bee South wart flee,
Hee sent Lawder which had in hand the Balle,
Endlong the coast, where any bethell was,
And men with him that buskle could loke,
Of each Boate a buird oz two they tooke,
Shippes they burnt of strangers that was there,
Seton and hee to Wallace thus can fare,
In Striviling lay upon his purpose still,
Foz English-men to see what way they will.

The

The Earle Malcolme, striviling in keeping had,
To him came with men of Armes rad,
Three hundreth whole that sicher was and true,
Of Lennox folke their power to renew,
Sir Iohn the Grahame from Dundaffe sickerlie,
To Wallace came with a good Chevalrie,
Tithings him brought that Sutheron came at hand,
In Torphichine King Edward was lodgeand.
Destroying the place of purveyance was there,
Haint Iohns good as then they would not spare,
Stewart of Bute came vnto Wallace there,
With him hee had twelue hundreth men and more,
The Cumming then was past in Cumbernald,
Vpon the morne bowned the Stewart bold.
Soone to Array with men of Armes bright,
Twenty thousand then sembled in their sight,
The Lord Stewart and Cumming foorth they ride,
To the Fawkirke, and thought there to abide,
Wallace and his then to array they yeed,
With ten thousand of worthie men indeed,
Who could behold his awfull Lordlie vult,
So well beseene, so forward, sterne, and stout,
So good Thistane as with so few they beene,
Without a King was never in Scotland seene,
Wallace himselfe and Earle Malcolme the Lord,
Sir Iohn the Grahame and Ramsay at record,
Seton, Lawder, and Boyde that was full wight,
Adam VVallace was to that journey dight,
And many other that prooved well in prysle,
Their names all I may not here rehearse,
Sutheron or then out of Torphichine fure,
Their passage made into Salmanane mure,
Into a plaine set tents and pabilions,
South the Fawkirke a little abone the towne.

Good

Good Iop himselfe iudged by his sight,
A whole number an hundreth thousand right.
Of Wallace comming the Scots such comfort tooke,
When they him saw all dread our they forsoke,
For of envy was few there that it wist,
Treasonable folke their matter workes at list,
Popsone since then at the Fawkirke is said,
Through great treason and corruption of aid,
For Cumming had envy at good Wallace,
For Earle Patricke as happed upon case,
Countesse of March was Cummings Sister deare,
Under collour hee wrought on this manner,
Into the Hoste had ordaind Wallace dead,
And made Stewart to fall with him at plead,
That Lord hee said, that Wallace had no right,
Power to lead, and bee present in sight,
Hee bade him take the vanguard for the gy,
So wist hee well that hee should strive for thy.
Lord Stewart asked at Wallace his counsell,
Said, Sir yee know what may us best availe,
Yon awfull King is fellon for to bide,
Right unabased Wallace answerd that tide,
And I have seene twise moe into Scotland,
With yon each King when Scots men tooke on hand,
With fewer men than now hither is sought,
This Realme against and to good purpose brought.
Sir wee will fight for wee have men anew,
As for a Day so that wee all bee trew,
The Stewart said, the vanguard wee would have.
VVallace answered, and said, so GOD mee save,
That shall yee not so long as I may ring,
Nor no man else except my righteous King.
If hee will come and take on him the Crowne,
At his command I shall bee ready bowne.

Through

Throughe GODS grace I reskewed Scotland twise,
I were ouermad to tine it in such wise.
To tyne for boast that I haue gouerned long,
Thus baise in wrath fromward him can hee gang,
Stewart therewith all bowned into baile,
Wallace hee said, by thee I tell a tale.
Say forth, quod hee, of the fairest yee can,
Unhappilie his tale thus hee began.
Wallace hee said, thou takes this miskell cure,
So fared it by working of Nature,
How an Howlat complained of his Fetheme,
When dame Nature toke of each birde but blame,
A faire Feather and to the Howlat gaue,
Then hee throughe pride rebuted all the laue,
Wherefore should thou thy senzie shew so hie,
Thou thinks none heere that should thy fellow bee,
This makes it, thou art cled with our men,
Had wee our owne thine were but few to ken,
At these words good Wallace burnt as fire,
Ouer hastilie hee answered him in yre,
Thou leid hee said, the soth full oft hath beene,
There haue I bidden, where thou durst not bee seene,
Contrare thine enemies no more for Scotlands right,
For darre the Howlat when that the day is light.
That tale full neare thou hath told by thy sell,
To thy desire thou shalt not mee compell.
Cumming it is hath given thee this counsaile,
Will GOD yee shall of your first purpose faile,
That false treatour that I from danger brought,
Is wonder like to bring this Realme to nought,
For thine oggart either to doe or die,
To Prison led or cowardlie to flee,
Rescue of mee thou shalt get none this day,
There with hee turned, and from them rode his way.

Syne

Ten thousand men away with Wallace rode,
None better was in all the world so broad,
As such men was living vpon liue,
Alace great harme fell Scotland for that strife,
Past to the wood from the Fawkirke by east,
Hee would not byde for command nor request.
For charge of none, but it had beene the King,
That might that time bring him from his eting,
The other Scots saw their destruction,
For discomfort to leaue the Field was bowne,
But that these men was native to Stewart,
Principall in Bute take hardiment in heart,
Lord Stewart was at Cumming griebed there,
Height and hee lived, hee should repent it sore,
The great trespasse that hee through misknowledge,
Had gart him make to Wallace in that place,
Of their debate it was a great pittie,
For English-men then might no blyther bee,
Hasted so fast in battell to the Field,
Thirtie thousand that well could weapons wield,
The Earle Hartfurd was chosen their Chiftaine,
The good Stewart to that array is gone,
The Field hee take, as true and worthie Knight,
The English-men came on with full great might,
Their fell meeting was awfull for to see,
At that Counter they gart feill Sutheron die,
When speares were split, hint out with swords sone,
On either side full doughtie deeds were done,
Feill on the ground was felled in that place,
Stewart and his can on their enemies race,
Blood burstled out through Mailzie birnisht bright,
Twenty thousand with dreadfull weapons dight,
On Sutheron men derflie to death they ding,
The remanent againe fled to the King,

Ten

Ten thousand then after the dead eschewed,
With that Chifraine vnto the Hoste relieued,
Againe to rap the hardy Stewart pæd.
When Wallace saw that worthie noble dæd,
Held vp his hands with humble prayer prest,
O GOD hæ said, if yon Lords grace doe last,
And power haue his worship to attend,
To win these folke, and take the whole commend.
Great harme it were that hæ should bæ overset,
With new power they then on him rebet,
By that the Bruce an awfull battell raped,
The Bishop Beike that oft hath bæne assayed,
Fourtie thousand vpon the Scots to fare,
With full effeare they raised vp right there,
The Bruces Banner with gold and goulles cleare,
When Wallace saw the Battells approached neare,
The right Lyon against his owne kinrike,
Alace, hæ said, the world is contrare like,
This Land should bæ pon Tyrants Heritage,
That comes thus to strop his owne barnage,
Do I were fræ of it that I said aire,
I would forsweare Scotland for evermore,
Contrare Bruce I should rescue them now,
Or die therefore to GOD I make a vow.
The great debate in Wallace wit can waide,
Betwirt kindnesse and wilfull bow was made,
Kindnesse bade him rescue them from their foe,
Then will said nay, why fole wilt thou doe so,
Thou hast no wit with right thy selfe to lead,
Should thou helpe him that would put thæ to dead,
Kindnesse said, yet they are good Scots men,
The will said wit, the vertie thou may ken,
Had they bæne good all in one wæ had bæne,
By reason hære the contrare well is sæne,

For they vs hate more than the Sutheron lied.
Kindnelle sayd, nay, that trow they not indeede,
Though one of them bee false into their saw,
Because of him thou thouldst not lose them aw:
They haue done well into yon fellon stoure,
Rescue them now, and take the high honour.
Will saide, They would haue rest from mee my life
I bade for them in many a fellon stryfe.
Kindnesse saide, Helpe, their power is but nought,
Then wreake on him that all the malice wrought.
Will said, This day they shall not holpen bee,
That I haue saide, shall aye bee sayde for mee,
They ate but dead, God grant them of his blisse,
Envy long since done hath great harme and misse.
Wallace therewith turned in yre and teene,
Teares for baile burst out from both his eene:
Sir Iohn the Grahame, and many other wight,
Weeped for woe, for sorrow of that Knight.
When Bruces battell vpon the Scots strake,
Their cruell comming made Cowards for to quake:
Lord Cumming fled in Cumbarland away,
About the Scots the Southeron lapped they:
The men of Bute before their Lord they stood,
Defending him when that feill streames of blood,
Were them about, in floats where they yeed,
Bathed in blood was Bruces sword and weed.
Through fell slaughter of feill men of his owne,
Sone to the death the Scots were overthrowne,
Then slew the Lord, for hee would not bee tane.
When Wallace saw that their good men were gone,
Lords, hee sayde, what now is your counsaill?
Two choyles there are, I rede the best yee waill,
Ponder the King his boast abandounand,
With Bruce and sicke in pond battell to stand,

ond king in warre right wise and fell hath beene,
heir Captaines als full cruell are and keene,
better of hand is not living, I wis,
n tyrannie, yet trow mee well of this,
or Bruce and Hicke, to what side they bee set,
lee haue a choise, which is full hard but let:
nd wee turne Eest for strength in Lowthian land,
hey stuffe a Chase right hard, I understand:
ake wee the mure pond king is vs before,
here is but this without an woods more,
o the Torwood, for our succour is there
hrough Bruces hoast forsoth, first must wee fare,
mongst vs now there needeth no debate,
or men are dead, wee need not striue for state,
hey all consented to worke right as hee will,
hat him thought best, they granted to fulfill.
nd Wallace then that stoutly could them stere,
efore them rode into his armour cleare,
uled their speares all in one number round,
nd wee grace haue for to passe through them sound,
nd few bee lost, to our strength will wee ride,
lant wee many, in faith wee shall abide.
ith their armed horse fast on the hoast they rase,
he rierd then rose when speares in sunder glade:
shed in horse dunted with speares dint,
om forged steele the fire flew forth but stint:
he fellon throng, when horse and men renewed,
horne the duke where they their pithe proued.
he other hoast might not their deeds see,
he stoure that rose, while they disbered bee.
he worthie Scots eight thousand dunne they bare,
hey fell on ground that good Wallace wrought there,
he king cryed, Horse vpon them for to ride:
ut this wise Lord gaue him counsell to bide:

The Earle of Yorke said, Sir, yee worke amisse,
To breake Array, yon men quite through them is,
They ken the Land and will to strengths draw,
Take wee the plaine, wee are in perill aw,
The King conceived that his counsell was right,
Ruled the Hoste, and bade still in their sight,
Ere Bruce and Beike might returne their Battell,
The Scots were through and had a great availe.
Wallace commanded the Hoste should passe away,
To the Torwood in all the haste they may,
Himselfe and Grahame and Lawder turned in,
Betwirt battels, prysse and prowes to win.
And with them bode in that place hundreth three,
Of West-land-men vsed in jeopardie,
Upon wight Horse, that right warrelie could ride,
A slop they made where they seton a side,
No Speares they had but Swords of tempred steel
Therewith in stoure they let their enemies feele,
How they sullost had prowed beene in prealle,
Of English-men they made feill to decease,
Ere Bruce thereof might well perceiving haue,
Three hundreth there were graithed to their graue
The hardy Bruce an Hoste abandoned,
Thirtie thousand hee ruled by force and wit,
Upon the Scots, his men for to rescue.
Herbed they were with good Speares anew.
And Bishop Beike a Clarke to him to bee,
When good Wallace their Ordinance can see,
Alace, hee said, yon man hath mickell might,
And ouer good will to vndoe his owne right,
Hee bade his men toward the Hoste to ride.
Them for to slaue hee would behind them bide,
Mickell hee trowed in GOD and his owne deed,
To saue his right into his youngtie weed.

pon himselfe mickell trawell hee taes,
he great Battell compleat vpon him gaes:
the foze-front turnes hee full off,
hom chast hee hit their sangoning was vnsoft,
hat day in woild knowne wz not his maike,
Sutheron man hee slew at one stroake,
nt his owne strength might no against them bee,
toward his Hoste behoves him to flee,
he Bruce him hurt at his returning there,
nder the Hanch a deepe wound and soze,
lod burled out braithlie a Speares length,
rom the great Hoste hee fled toward his strength,
uch a flyer before was never seene,
ought as Gaderis of Gaudifere the teene,
hen Alexander rescued the forcours,
ight not to him bee compared in thois houres,
he feill turning of forcours hee made,
ew boldlie als before the Hoste hee bade,
or how good Graham with cruell bardiment,
or how Lawder among his enemies went,
ew they alone into the floure then stod,
hile Wallace was in stanching of his blod,
y then he had stemed full well his wound,
ith three hundreth vnto the Field can sound,
o rescue Grahame and Lawder that were wight,
nt Bishop Beike came on with strength and slight
he worthie Scots retired tarts abacke,
beaven alker braod, vnto their owne great wrake,
et were these two delivered there full well,
y his owne hand, and a good Sword of Steele,
he aiofull Bruce among them with great maine,
t the rescue three Scots men hath hee slaine,
hom hee hit right ayre at one stroake was dead,
allace preassed in therefore to set remead,

With a good speare the Bruce was letten out made,
With great envy to VVallace that passage,
And hee to him, anoynted nine or ten,
The Bruce him mist, as VVallace passed by,
Acwart hee strake with his warpe gowden glaive,
Speare and horse necke hee all in sunder draue.
Bruce was at ground, ere VVallace turned about:
The great barrell of Buchan, Berne, and Lorne,
They horsed Bruce with men of great valour,
VVallace alone was in that outward toure.
Grahame passed in and strake an English knight,
Before the horse upon the bridle right,
That head to haunche, and all his diuer weede,
Both bone and braine the nose throughout yede.
The knight was dead, good Grahame let him lye,
A subtill knight theeuish and great deceit,
Followed at waite, and hastily perceiued weele,
Grahames birnie too narrow was some deale,
Beneath the waste that close it might not bee,
On the fillet sturdily then at him hee,
Pierced the basse, in the bowels him bore,
With a sharpe speare, that persaunt out at more.
Grahame turned there, and smote the knight in teene,
Through the visage a little beneath the eene,
Dead of that dint, to ground hee downed downe.
Sir Iohn the Grahame two wonned at his aroun,
Ere hee ouertane to take to his party,
Feill Sutherons men that were on foote hee vp,
Dicked his horse that hee no farther yeede.
Grahame yeelds to God his good spirite and his deed,
When Wallace saw this good knight to dead prog,
The piteous paine so sore pricked his thought,
All out of kynde altered his courage,
His will in wares was then put a woodrage.

The horse him bare in field where to him lift,
For of himselfe, as then, hee little wist;
Like a wood beast that was from reason rent,
His wittes wight into the hoast hee went,
Dinging on hard: what Sutheron right hee hit,
Straight upon horse againe might never sit.
Into thet rage full feill folke hee dung downe,
All him about was red a full great rowme.
When Bruce perceived with Wallace it stood sa,
Hee then charged men long speares for to ta,
And slay his horse, so hee could not escape.
Feill Sutheron then to Wallace can them shape,
Pierced his horse with speares on either side,
Woonds they made that were both deepe and wide:
Of shafts, part Wallace in sunder share,
But feill heads into his horse left there.
Some wilt againe to Wallace can redound,
In his owne mind, for ferd him reckoud,
So for to die hee thought no vassallage,
Then for to flee hee took it till a rage,
Spurred the horse, and ran in a randoun,
To his owne folke, were biding on Carroun:
The Sea was in, they stopped and nat stood,
On lowde hee cryed, and bade them take the flood,
Together ride, yee may not loose a man,
At his command they rode the water than.
He returned the enmie for to keepe,
While all the hoast were passed over the deepe,
Then followed fast, and dread his horse would faile,
Himselfe was clad in heavie plate of maile,
Though hee could swim, hee trowed he might not well,
The cleare water cooled the horse some deale.
But ober the flood hee bare him to the land,
Then fell downe dead, and might no longer stand.

Keirlie full soone a Courser to him brought,
Then vp he lap, amongst the Hoaste he sought:
Grahame was away, and other fifteene wight,
On Magdalene day these feates to death were dight.
Thirtie thousand of English men so true,
The worthie Scots vpon that day they slew:
What by Stewart, and them by might Wallace,
For all his price King Edward rewed that case.
To the Torwood he gan the hoast gee ryde,
Keirlie and he passed on Carron side,
Beholding ouer vpon the South partie:
Bruce formost came, and could on Wallace cry.
What? art thou there? A man, Wallace can say.
The Bruce answered, That hast thou proued this day
Abyde, he sayde, thou needst not now to flee.
Wallace answered, I eschewed not for thee,
But that thy power hath neare thine owne pnoone,
A mends heereof will God wee shall haue soone.
Language of thee, the Bruce sayth, I desire,
Say forth, quoth hee, thou maist for little hyre:
Ryde from thine Haste, and gar them bide with Beik
I would faine heare what thou likest to speake,
The hoast bode still, the Bruce passed them fra,
No man with him, but one Scot that hight Rae.
When that the Bruce out of their hearing were,
Hee turned in hy, and this question can speare,
Why worthest thou thus, and might in good peace bi
Then Wallace sayde, But in default of thee:
Through thy falsehood thine owne wit is miskend.
I claime no right, but would this Land defend,
That thou vndoest through thy false cruell deed.
Thou hast tint twa that were worth far more meede
Vpon this day, with a good King to sound,
For fiue Millions of finest Golde so round,

That ever were wrought in worke or corne so bright,
I trow in world bee not a better knight,
Then was good Graham, of trueth and hardiment:
Teares therewith from Wallace eyes downe went.
Bruce sayde, Farre more on this day wee haue lost,
Wallace answered, Alace, they were ill cost,
Through thy treason (should'st be our righteous King)
That wilfullie destroyest thine owne Off-spring.
The Bruce answered, What thou doe my devise?
Wallace saide, No, thou livest in such wise,
Thou wouldst mee make at King Edwards will bee,
Yet I had rather to morne bee hanged hie:
But wilt thou doe as I shall counsell giue,
Then as a Lord thou might at liking line,
At thine owne will Scotland for to ring,
To bee in peace, and holde of Edward King.
Of that false King I thinke never to take,
But contrare him with all my power to make:
I claime no thing, as by title of right,
Though I might reaue, sins God hath lent me might,
From thee thy Crowne of this Region to weare,
But I shall not such charge upon mee beare,
Great God knowes best what warres I tooke on hand,
For to keepe free that which thou would'st gain-stand,
It might bee said of thee long time beforne,
In cursed time thou walk'st for Scotland borne.
Shamest thou not, that never yet didst good?
Thou Run-a-gate, Devourer of thy blood:
I vow to God, may I thy Master bee,
In anis field, thou shalt farre rather die,
Than shalt a Turke, for thy false cruell weir,
Paganes to vs doe not so mickle deir.
Then leugh the Bruce at Wallace earnestnesse,
And said, Thou seest that thus stands the case,

This

This day thou art with power ouerset:
Against yond King ouer-hand yée may not get.
Then Wallace said, wee are by mickell thing,
Stronger this day in contrarie yon King,
Then at Bigger, where hée left many of his,
And als the Field so shall wee pos with this,
Into the Field wée haue left many a Knight,
Or die therefore, for all his mickell might,
And Scotland now into such perrill stad,
To leaue it thus I might bee called mad.
V. Wallace, hee said, it approacheth neare night,
Would thou to woone when that the day is light,
Ere nine of clocke meete mee at the Chappell.
By Donypace I would heare thy counsell.
Wallace said, nay, ere that each time bee spent,
Were all the men hence in the Orient,
Into one will with Edward who had swoone.
Wee shall bargane ere nyne houres of the woone,
Of this wrong taste either hee shall think shame,
Or die therefore, or flee in England home.
But and thou wilt, some by the houre of three,
At that each tryall will GOD, I shall thee see.
While I may lest, this Realme shall not forfare,
Bruce promised him, with thrine Scors to bee there.
Then Wallace said, Knight thou righteous to mee,
A contrare part I should not hee to thee,
I shall bring ten, and for thy power moe,
I giue no force though thou bee friem or foe.
Thus they departed, Bruce past thus alone,
To Lithgow rode, where that King Edward lay.
The Field hee left, and lodged in South the towne,
At supper set as Bruce at the Pavilion.
Hee entred in, and saw vacant his seate,
No water tooke but made him to the Meate.

Falling

Falling hee was and beene in mickell dread,
Blowde was all weapons and his weed.
Sutheron Lords scorned in tearmes rude,
And said, behold yon Scot eates his owne blood.
The King thought chill they made such derision,
Bade haue water to Bruce of Huntingtowne,
They bade him wash, hee said that hee would nought,
This blood is mine that hurts most my thought.
Sadly the Bruce then in his mind remorded,
The words, saith Wallace, had him recorded.
Then rewed hee sore from Reason hee had knowne,
That blood and land should both haue beene his owne,
Saith them hee was long ere hee got away.
But contrare Scots hee fanght not from that day,
Leaue I the Bruce sore mourning his intent,
God Wallace sone againe to his Host went.
In the Tor-wood which had their lodging wane,
Fyues they helt that was both bright and braue.
Of Nolt and Sheepe, they take at sufficance,
Wherefor full soone to get them sustenance.
Wallace sleeped but short while and soone rose.
To rule the Host on a good pace hee goes.
The Earle Malcolme, Rawlay, and Lundie wight,
And fiue thousand in battell then hee dight.
Wallace, Lawder, and Christell of Seton,
Fiue thousand led, and Wallace of Richartowne,
Full well arrayed into their armour cleane,
Past to the Field where that the chase had beene.
Seeking dead men among the worthiest.
The Corps of Graham for whom they mourned most,
When they him fand, and good Wallace him saw,
Hee lighted downe him hint before them aw,
In armes vp beholding his pale face,
Hee kissed him, and cryed full oft, alace.

My beſt brother in world that ever I had,
Mine eſtold friend, when I was hardeſt ſtad:
Mine hope, mine health, thou wakt of moſt honour:
My lapth, mine helpe, my ſtrengthner into ſtour.
In thee was wit, freedome, and hardineſſe:
In thee was trueth, manhood, and nobleneſſe:
In thee was rule, in thee was gouernance:
In thee vertue withoutten variance:
In thee lawtie, in thee was great largeneſſe:
In thee gentrice, in thee was ſtedfaſtneſſe:
Thou wakt great cauſe of winning of Scotland,
Whough I began and tooke the warke on hand,
I vow to God that baith the world to wald,
Thy death ſhalt bee to Sutheron full deare ſald:
Marryze thou art for Scotlands right and mee,
I ſhall bee vengde, or elſe thereforze ſhalt die.
Was no man there from weeping might retraine,
For loſſe of him, when they heard Wallace plaine.
They carried him with worſhip and honour,
In the Fawkirke made him a Sepulture.
Wallace commanded his men therefore to byde,
His ten hee tooke for to meete Bruce they ryde,
Southweſt hee paſſt where that the tryſt was ſet,
The Bruce full ſoone, and good Wallace haue met,
For loſſe of Grahame, and als for proper teene,
Wee grew in yre when hee the Bruce baith ſeene:
Their ſaluting was but bourdeous and throwne.
Rewis thou, hee ſaid, thou art contrare thine owne.
Bruce ſaide, Wallace, rebute mee now no more,
Mine owne deeds haue bet mes wonner ſore.
When Wallace heard with Bruce that it ſtood ſa,
On knees hee fell faire countenance can him ma,
In armes ſoone the Bruce baith Wallace tane,
Out from their men in counſell are they gone,

I can

I cannot tell perfectlie their language,
But this was it their men had of knowledge.
VVallace him prayed come from the Sutheron King,
The Bruce said nay, there lets mee pet one thing.
I am so bound with witnesse to bee leale,
For all England I would not false my seale.
But one thing I beght to GOD and thee,
That contrare Scots againe I shall not bee,
Into a Field with Weapons that I beare,
In my purpose I shall thee never deare,
If GOD thee grants over hand of vs to haue,
I will not flee mine owne selfe for to saue,
And Edward scape I passe with him againe,
But I through fore bee either tane or slaine.
Breake hee on mee when that my teatme is out,
I come to thee may I scape from that doubt,
Of their counsell I cannot tell you more.
The Bruce tooke leaue, and can to Edward fare.
Wallace in hatte prouyded soone his Hoste,
Right sad in minde for Scots men that hee lost,
Hee made Crawfurd the Earle Malcolme to guide,
In the low way to Innerravin to ride,
That their watches then should them not espie,
The other Hoste himselfe left hastilie,
By South Manwell while that they were betweene,
Of the out watches thus chaped they vnseene,
The Earle Malcolme on Lithgow entred in;
There hastilie a great strife can begin,
Wallace was nought all to the battell bowne,
When they heard the cry rise in that towne.
On Edwards Hoste they set full suddainlie,
Wallace and his made little noyse and cry,
But occupyed with Weapons in that Houre,
Feill felled to death that was without Armour;

As

All disarrayed the Englisſh Hoſte was than,
Among the Pauilions where Scots full many man,
Cutted downe Coords gart many Tents fall,
None ſoinzeit then at once were fighting all,
Both Wallace hoſte and Earle Malcolme with might,
King Edward then with awfull feire on hight,
Cryed to array on Bruce ſo ſterne and ſtont,
Twenty thouſand in armes him about,
Into Yarnelle had bidden all that night,
But fraped folke ſo dolefullie beene dight,
On each ſide fled for feareduneſſe of their deed,
Wallace and his ſo roughlie throughe them yeed,
Toward the King and felled feill to ground,
Who bode them there right fell fighting they found,
The cruell King right awfullie abade,
To all his folke a great comfort hee made,
The worthie Scots among them in that ſtoure,
Feill Sutheron ſlew into their fine Armour,
Before the King made flops them among,
So forewardlie they preaſſed in that throng,
Engliſh commons they fled on either ſide,
But noble men there durſt none other abide.
The Bruce as then to Scots made no grieuance,
But iudge hee was with feinzeit countenance,
So did hee neuer into no battell aire,
Nor yet after ſuch deed as hee ſhowde there.
The Earle Hartford to flee hee made him bowne,
The Earle Malcolme by that came in the towne,
The Lennox men let their Lodges in fyre,
Then feareſlie fled many Sutheron fyre,
The King Edward that yet was fighting ſtill,
Hath ſeene them flee, and liked them full ill,
The worthie Scots faſt toward him they preaſſe,
His Wydell negre ſtayed ere they would ceaſe,

His

His Banner man in that place Wallace slew,
And then to ground the banner soone it drew,
The Earle of Yorke counselled the King to flee,
And so returned, since no succour they see,
The English-men hath seene the banner fall,
Without comfort to flee they purpose all,
Ten thousand men in Field and towne was dead,
Of Edwards folke, ere himselfe left that stead,
Twenty thousand away together rade,
King and Chiftanes no longer tarry made,
The Scots in haste then to their Horse yeed,
To stuffe the chase with worthie men indeed.
The Lennox folke that wanted Horse and geare,
Tooke them at will to helpe them in their weare,
At Stragill rode what Scots might formost passe:
On Sutheron men full great slaughter there was,
Wallace hath seene the Scots honourlie,
Follow the chase hee made maisters in hye,
Them for to rule and altogether tine,
Commanding them, each one should other bide,
Into flying the Sutheron subtill are,
See they a time they will set on full fore,
Feill scailed folke to them will soone renew,
For yee see well that they are men anew.
The followers was ruled well with skill,
In good array they rode all at his will.
And slew downe fall what Sutheron they overtake,
Contra te the Scots came not maistrie to make,
Into that chace they hasted all so neare,
No English-men durst from the Hoste out steare.
The frayed folke at Stragill were fleeand,
Drew to the King well moe than ten thousand,
Thirtie thousand in number then were they,
Into array together they past away,

Feill

Feill Scots horse so driven was in travell,
Forerun that day, and irked began to faile,
The Sutheron was with horse served so wel,
Of Wallace chase the Sutheron had some feele,
Of horse they were purveyed in great waine,
The King changed on sundrie horse of Spaine,
Then Wallace said, Lords yee may well see,
Yon folke are now all that yon King may bee,
For fault of fuffe wee lose over mickell thing,
Had wee good horse to passe before yon King,
Wee should make end of all this long debate,
Yet some of them shall bee handled so haite.
Part of our horse are holden fresh and wight,
Set on them fast while that wee are in might,
With that the Scots so hard among them drew,
Of the outmost three thousand men they slew.
In Crawfurd more many a man was slaine,
Edward gart call the Bruce of mickell maine.
Then said hee thus, good Earle of Huntingtowne
Yee see the Scots put many to confusion,
Would yee with men againe on them resette,
And marre them once, I shall while that I liue,
Loue yon farre more than any other knight,
And for all this shall put you in your right,
Then said the Bruce, Sir loose mee of my band,
And I shall turne, I beght you by mine hand,
The King soone considered in his minde,
When hee heard Bruce answere him in this kind.
From English-men the Bruce heart set is,
Then cast hee this how hee should mend this misse.
And so hee did in England at his will,
No Scots man hee let with Bruce bide still.
But where hee past held him in subjection,
Of English-men under a great bandon,

hé turned not nor no more language made,
Ye raued Wattell the King to Sulway rade.
With mickell paine paſt vpon Englands coaſt,
Fiftie thouſand in that trauell they loſt,
Quhen VVallace ſaw hé eſcaped was away,
Vpon command againe returned they.
To Edinburgh, withoutten words more,
But in Crawfurd that Captaine was before.
Of Heritage hes had in Manwellland,
Wallace commanded each man ſhould hold in hand,
Their owne office, as they before time had,
Put in good Peace, Scotland in right hé ſtad,
On the tenth day to Sainct Johnſtone hé went,
Aſſembled Lords, then ſhowde them his intent,
Scrimgeour came that then had with Dundie,
Wallace command that time well héeped hé,
Hé ſayled ſo, while ſtrong hunger them draue,
Fabled them ſo the Houſe to him them gaue.
Thoſe wageours ſone they put to confuſion,
Then brought Morton, to make a concluſion,
Before Wallace, and ſone from hés him ſaw,
Hee gart hang him for all King Edwards aw.
Baſons & mindours with Scrimgeour forth hes ſend,
Caſt downe Dundie, and thereof made an end.
Wallace ſadlie when theſe deeds were done,
The Lords hee called, and his will ſhowde them ſone,
Good men hee ſaid, I was your Gouernour,
My minde was ſet to doe you aye honour,
And for to bring this Realme to righteouſneſſe,
For it I paſt in many painfull place,
To win our owne my ſelfe I neuer ſpard,
At the Fawkirke they ordainde mes reward,
Of their reward yee beare no more through mee,
Into ſuch gifts GOD will full well haue eye.

NOw yee are free, through the Maker of might,
Yee grant you grace for to defend your right,
Als I presume if harme hee ordaind mee,
They are Scottish-men, which should the workers be
I haue anough of our olde enemies strife,
Mee thinkes our owne should not enuy my life,
Mine office heere ouer plainlie I resing,
I thinke no more to take on mee such thing,
In France I will, and win my liuing there,
As now aduysed, and home to come no more,
Lords gain-stood, but all that helped nought,
For any there hee did as himselfe thought.
Bishop Sinkler was visited with sickneſſe,
Into Dunkeld, and then through GODS grace,
Hee recouered when Wallace past away:
After the Bruce hee liued many a day,
Good Wallace thus tooke leaue in Saint Iohnstowne,
Eighténe with him to Dundie made them bowne,
Longoveill past that doughtie was indeed,
The Barrons Sonne of Brechin with him yeed,
Two brethren olde with their Vncle them dight,
Symon Wallace, and Richard that were wight,
Sir Thomas Gray, this Priest can with him fare,
Edward Little, and Iop, and Walter Blaire,
Good Keirlie past had beene with Wallace long,
And done full well in many fellon throng.
This Keirlie then that could with Wallace fare,
Will Ker hee hight, mine Author will declare,
Keirlie in Irish, is but Ker [Little] calde,
In Carricke hee had heritage of alde,
His forebeare which worthie was of hand,
Saint David King him brought out of Ireland,
Then at Dunmoir where first Norwayes came in.

This Ker made great discomfice of their kin,
With seaven hundreth vanquisht nine thousand,
Some drowned in Doune, some slaine vpon the land,
Those whole lands the good King gaue him till,
Now Wallace past now further speake I will.

Chap. II. How *Wallace* met with *Iohn* of *Lyn* vpon the Sea.

Among Merchants thus Wallace tooke the Sea,
Pray wee to GOD that hee their helper bee,
They sailed forth by part of Englands shore,
To Humber-mouth when that they came before,
Out of the South a great red Saile they see,
Into the Top three Leopards standing hie.
The Marchands then the signe when that they saw,
Comming so neare, they were discomfort aw,
For well they wist that it was Iohn of Lyn,
Scots to slay, hee said, it was no sinne.
These frayed folke they yeed to confession,
Then Wallace said, such a devotion,
Yet saw I never in no place where I past,
That for one Ship yee should bee all agast,
Yon wood Cats shall doe but little deare,
Wee saw them faile twise moe when they were,
On a faire Field so shall they on the Sea,
Despite it is to see them stand so hie,
The Stierl-man said, Sir will yee vnderstand,
Yee saveth none that is borne of Scotland:
Wee may not flee from yon Barge wot I well,
Well stuffed they are with Gun and ganzie of steele,
Vpon the Sea, yon Reaver long hath beene,
To righteous men hee doth full michell teene,
Might wee bee saved, wee reck not of our good,

This vse hee hath, short for to conclude,
A Flod hee beares vpon his Coate-Armour,
Ape drowning folke, so painted in his figure,
Suppose wee mourne, yee should haue no marbeill,
Then Wallace said heere is men of more vaile,
To saile the Ship therefore in How thou gae,
And thy feires no more cummer thou vs mae,
Wallace and his then sone to Harnesse perd,
When they were graithed into their worthie weed,
Himselfe and Blair, and the Knight Longoveill,
These three hath tane to keepe the Mid-ship well,
Before were eight, and bee eft hee kend,
Then two hee chose the Top for to defend,
And Gray hee made their Stiers-man for to bee,
The Marchands then saw them so manfullie,
Defend themselues because they had no weed,
Out of the How they teke then skinnes good speed,
Aye betwirt two stuffed Woolls as they might best,
Against the stroake, that they might some part rest,
Then Wallace leugh and commended them aw,
Of such Harnesse before hee never saw,
By that the Barge came on them wonder fast,
Seaven score in her that were nothing agast,
When Iohn of Lyn saw them in Armour bright,
Hee leugh, and said these naughtie words on hight,
Yon glaikit Scots can vs not vnderstand,
They are but fooles, and new come from the Land,
Hee cryed, strike, but none answere them made,
Blair with a Bow shot fast withoutten bade,
Ere they clipped hee shot but Arrowes three,
And at each shot hee gart a Reaver die.
The Braggants then they bickered wonder fast,
Among the Scots with shot of Gunnes cast,
And they againe with Speares headey well,

Feill wounds they made through plaits of fineſt ſteele,
Either other faſtned with clippes ſo keene,
A cruell Counter was at that Ship-boord ſeene,
The derte ſhot drane as thicke as haile ſhoure,
Laſted there well neare the ſpace of an houre,
When ſhot was gone the Scots great comfort had,
At hand ſtroakes they were ſicker and ſad.
The Merchands als with ſuch thing as they might,
Prooved full well in defence of their right.
Wallace and his at neare ſtroakes when they ſee,
With sharpe ſwords they gart feill Briggands die,
They in the Top ſo wightlie wrought on hand,
In the South Top there might no reaver ſtand,
All the midſhip of Reavers was made waſte,
That to giue over at point they were almoſt.
Then Iohn of Lyn was right graithlie agaſt,
He ſaw his folke about him faylie faſt,
With eager will he would haue beene away,
Bade wynd the Saile in all the haſte they may,
But from the Scots then might they not aſkey,
The Ships ſo ſore on either ſide they wey.
They ſaw nothing that might bee to them eaſe,
Crawfurd on loft their Saile burnt in a bleſe,
Ete Iohn of Lyn ſhip for to leaue that ſtead,
Of his beſt men ſixtie were brought to dead,
Their Ship by ours a Boord was more in hight,
Wallace lap in amongſt the Reavers wight.
A man hee ſtroake over Ship-boord in the Sea,
On the ouer-loft hee ſlew ſoone other three,
Longoveill entered, and als good Maiſter Blair,
They gaue no grace to feelies that they found there,
Wallace himſelfe with Iohn of Lyn hath met,
At his Collar a fellon ſtroake him ſet,
Both helme and head from the ſhoulder hee drave:

Blair ouer the boord in the Sea cast thelaue,
Of his bodie, then all the remanand,
Entered and slew the Biggands that they fand,
The Ship they tooke, both gold and other geare,
That those Reavers had gathered long in weare,
But Maister Blair spake nothing of himsell,
In deed of Armes what eventure that befell,
Sir Thomas Gray, was Priest then to VVallace,
Put in this Booke how them hapned this case,
That Blair was in, and many worthie deed,
Of which himselfe had no pleasance to read,
VVallace gart ruse the Ship with his owne men,
And sailed foorth the right course for to ken,
In the Sluce Haven, while they entred bee.
The Merchands well bee helped in saftie,
Of gold and geare they tooke part that they fand,
Gaue them the Ship then passed to the Land,
Throughout Flanders rode vpon a goodlie wise,
Entered France and then past to Parise,
The glaidde tidings that to the King was brought.
Of Wallace comming it comfort all their thought,
They trowed by him to get redresse of wrong,
The Sutheon had in Guyane wrought so long.
The Peires of France were still at their Parliament
The King commanded with true and whole intent,
They should fore-see a Lordship for Wallace,
The Lords then all deemed of this case,
For Guyane was all whole out of their hand,
They thought it best for to giue him that land,
For well they trowed bee had wrought so before,
Wee should it win or else to dis therefore,
Alld of it they might no profite haue,
That was the cause that Wallace should it haue,
This Decreet soone they showde vnto the King,

Displeased hee was, they made him such a thing,
Of Guyane thus when Wallace had a feele,
Guyland, hee said, liked him halfe so well,
My chance is thus for to bee aye in weare,
And English-men haue done our Realme most deare,
It was well knowne my defence righteous there,
Right haue I heere, my comfort is the more.
I thanke you Lords, made such reward to mee,
Your purpose is I should not idle bee.
The King bade him bee Duke of Guyane land,
To that command Wallace was gain-standand,
Because that Land was hallilie to conquish:
His thoght was aye to win it thorgh GODS grace,
But nevertheless the King had made him knight,
And gaue him gold for to maintaine his right.
And then gaue charge to all warre-men in France,
They should bee whols at Wallace ordinance.
And also of him hee bade him Armes to take,
Wallace forsoke such changing for to make,
Since I began, I bore the Red Lyon,
And thinks to bee aye true man to the Crowne.
I thanke you, Sir, of this mightie reward,
Your men heereafore shall not right long bee spaird.
I thinke to quite some part yee hythed on mee,
In your service, or els therefore to die.
God Wallace thought his time hee would not waste,
Unto the warres hee graithed him in haste,
All Scottish men that were into that Land,
To him they sought with their fewtie and band.
Longoveill als a great power can raise,
In Wallace helpe this good knight gladly goes,
Ten thousand whole of noble men they were,
The broad Banner displayde of Scotland there,
Those warre-men soone upon Guyane they lure,

Brake buildings down, which had beene stark & sure,
Sutheron they slew against them made debate,
Brightlie on broad they raised fires full hate.
Shemon they tooke, that Wallace first had wunnen,
And slew all men of Sutheron there was founden.
Into that towne Wallace his dwelling made,
All there about hee wan the Countrie broade,
The worthie Duke of Orleance was Lord,
Sembled his folke into a good accord,
Twelue thousand then hee had in Armour bright,
And thought to helpe good Wallace in his right,
Leaue I them thus, the Duke and Wallace baith,
And speak some part how Scotland took great skaith.

CHAP. III. How *Edward* King of *England* came in *Scotland* and made whole Conquish thereof.

THE false envy and the wicked Treason,
Amongst themselues brought feill to confusion,
The Knight Wallange in Scotland made repaire,
The false Menteith Sir Iohn without mare,
Betwixt them two was made a private band,
So on a day they met into Annand,
Of the Lennox Sir Iohn had great desire,
Sir Aymer hecht hee should haue it in hyre,
To holde in Fee, and other Lands moe,
Of King Edward, so hee would passe him to,
Thus corded they and then to London went,
Edward was glad, to hold that appointment.
Menteith anone was bound to that fierce King,
To further him in Scotland in all thing,
Then passed home and Wallange with him fare,
While hee was brought againe over Carlile mure,
King Edward then in ire and fierce outrage,

By

By thirtie dayes hé raisd his Barnage.
In Scotland past, and there no stopping fand,
No Chistans was that durst against him stand,
For Menteith told they thought to make Bruce king,
All true Scots would bé pleasd of that thing.
Yet many fled, and durst not byde Edward,
Home into Rosse, and in the Yles past part.
Bishop Sinkler againe fled into Bute:
With that fierce king hes had no will to mute,
Thus without stroake the Cattles of Scorland,
King Edward hath tane into his owne hand,
Divided then to men that hé would like,
Strength and townes to Rosse throughe the kingrik,
Both height and baile obeyd whole his will,
That hee commanded they purposde to fulfill,
The Bishops all inclined to his Crowne,
Both Temporall, and the Religion.
The Romane Bookes that then were in Scotland,
Hes gart them beare to Scone where they them fand,
And but redeeme they burnt them all each one,
Sailsberie vse our Clerks then hath tane,
The Lords hee tooke that would not of him hold.
In England sent the Noble Blood of old,
Sir William long Dowglas to London send,
In strong Prison and there hee made an end.
Earle Thomas als that Lord was of Murray,
And Lord Fraser, with him to passe away,
Als Hew the Hay, and other Heires moe,
Hee gart Wallange with him in England goe.
No man was left all this maine Land within,
From Edwards Peace knowne of any kin.
Seton and Lawder dwelt still into the Batle,
With them Lundie, and men that worthie was,
The Earle Malcolme and Campbell past but let.

In Bute succour with Sinkler for to get,
Sir Iohn Ramsay, and Ruthwen they fled North,
To their Cousen that Lord was of Fillorth:
Hee past with them through Murray Lands right,
So found they there a gentle worthie Knight,
That Clement hight, full cruell ape had beene,
And fended well amongst their enemies keene:
Hee thought never at Edwards will to bee,
Into his time hee gart feill Sutheron die.
Hee led these Lords in Rosse without ten more,
At the Stokfurde a strong strength bigged there,
Keeped it long right worthilie by weire,
To their enemies they did full mickle deare.
Adam Wallace, and Lindesay of Craigie,
Away they fled by night vnto the sea,
And Robert Boyde that was both wise and wight,
Arrane they tooke to send them at their might:
And Corse-Patricke into Dumbar dwelt still,
Fewtie full sone hee made King Edward till.
Abernethie, Lord Soullis, and Cumming als,
And Iohn of Lorne that long time had bene falsse:
Lord of Brechine, and manie other mae,
At Edwards peace, for gifts that hee them gae:
Iusting of peace for twentie dayes set hee,
Of English-men in Lorne, that men might see,
Plaine to declare, but of this cause, I wis,
That all Scotland, by conquesse then was his.
The Lords then, and good Bishop Sinklair,
Out of Bute then they made a Ballingair,
To good Wallace tolde him the torment whole,
Then wrote they thus to get helpe of their baile.

OVR hope, our health, and our whole Governour,
Our goodly guide, our best Chiftane in flour.

Our Lord, our loue, our strength in righteous place,
For GOD'S sake relieue vs of this case,
And take the Crowne to vs it were kinder,
To bruke for aye ere fierce Edward it beare.
The wrate hee got, but pat suffer hee would,
For great falsehood that part him did of olde.
Mickell dolour it did him in his minde,
Of their missfare for true hee was and kinde,
Hee thought to take amends of their great wrang,
Hes answered not but into warre foorth rang;
Of King Edward yet more foorth will I mell,
In what wise that hee could Scotland deale.
In Sainct Iohnstowne the Earle of Yorke hee made,
Captaine to bee of all theselands braid,
From Tay to Dee and vnder him Suttellar,
His Goodchyre had at Kinclevin ended there,
His Father als, Wallace had them both slaine,
Edward therefore made him a man of maine,
The Lord Bewment into the North hee send,
These Lordships whole hee gaue them in commend,
To Striviling then from Sainct Iohnstowne he went,
There to fulfill the laue of his intent,
The Lord Cliffurd hee had then Dowglasdaile,
Ruler to bee of the South Marches whole,
All Galloway hee gaue Cumming in hand,
Wist none but GOD how long ỳ state should stand,
With the gentle Lord Bishop Lambertowne,
Of Sainct-Andrewes was Dowglas of renowne,
Before that time young Iames, wight and wise,
To him was come from Schooles of Parise,
A priuate fauour the Bishop to him bare,
But English-men was so great masters there,
Hee durst not well in plaine show him kindnesse,
While on a day hee tooke some hardinesse.

Dowglas

Dowglas hee called and can to Striviling fare,
Where King Edward was dealing Lands there,
Hee proferred him vnto the Kings service,
To brooke his owne from hee will in this wise,
Dowglas hee was, then hee forsoke plainlie,
Sweares by Sainct-George he brookes no land of me,
His Father was in contrare of my Crowne,
Therefore as now hee bides in our Prison,
To the Bishop none other answere hee made,
But as hee pleased dealt on their Land braid,
To the Lord Sculles all whole the Mers gaue hee,
And Captaine als of Berwicke for to bee,
Oliphant then that bee in Striviling fand,
When hee him had hee would not keepe his Band,
The which hee made ere hee Striviling him gaue,
Deceitfullie the King could him deceiue,
Into England sent him in prison strong,
In great distresse hee lived there full long.
When King Edward had dealt this Region,
His leaue hee tooke to England made him bowne,
Out of Striviling South ward as they can ryde,
Cumming happed neare hand the Bruce to byde,
Thus said hee, Sir, and yee can keepe counsell,
I can you learne which may you best availe.
The Bruce answered, what ever yes show to mes,
As for my part shall well concealed bee.
Lord Cumming said, Sir, yee know not this thing,
Of all this Realme yee should bee righteous King,
Then said the Bruce, suppose I righteous bee,
I see no time to take such thing on mee,
I am holden into mine enemies hand,
Vnder great Oath when I came in Scotland
To part from him, for profit nor requell,
Nor for no strength, but if death mee arrell.

Yee

Yee heght againe to giue this land to mee,
Now find I well it is but subtiltie.
For this thou sees hee deales mine heritage,
To Sutheron part, and some to traytours wage.
Then Cumming said, will yee therefore concord,
Of my lands and yee like to bee Lord,
Yee shall them haue for your right and the Crowne.
Or and yee like, Sir for my ransom,
I shall you helpe with power at my might.
The Bruce answered, I will not sell my right,
But on this wise, what Lordship thou would craue,
For thy supplie I heght thou shalt it haue,
Come from yon King Sir with some ieopardie,
Now Edward hath all Galloway giuen to mee,
My Nevoy Soulis that keeps Berwik towne,
At your command his power shall bee bowne,
My Nevoy als a man of mickell might,
The Lord of Lorne hath great rowme in the hight,
My third Nevoy a Knight of great renowne,
Will rise with vs of Brechin the Barron,
Then said the Bruce, sell there so fore a chance,
That wee might get againe Wallace from Franee,
By wit and force hee could this Kinrike win,
Alace wee haue beene ouer long in twine.
To that language Cumming made no record,
For olde done deeds did in his minde remord.
The Bruce and hee compleated with their hand,
Then that same night sealed it with their hand,
This Regiment left Bruce with Cumming there,
With Edward King in England home could fare,
And there remained while his regiment was known,
Three peers and more ere Bruce claimed his owne,
Some men deemes Cumming the Regiment send,
Some men againe the contrare doth defend,

None

None may ſay well that Cumming was ſaſeleſſe,
Becauſe his wyfe was Edwards Couſenelle:
Hee ſerved death, by right law of the King,
Hee reckleſly miskeped ſuch a thing.
Had Bruce paſt by but bode to Sainct-Johnſtone,
By whole aſſent, and had receiued the Crowne,
On Cumming then, hee might haue done the Law,
Hee could not thole from tyme that hee him ſaw.
Thus Scotland left in hard perplexitie,
Of Wallace moze in ſome part ſpeake will wee.

THE TWELFTH BOOKE.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* conqueſt the Land of *Guyane*, and how hee was made Lord there-of.

THE moze travel, the earneſt buſineſſe,
The fell labor he had in many place:
To win the Land that the good King him gaue,
Into his Reigne hee would no Sutheron ſaue.
In Guyane Land Wallace was ſtill at weire,
Of Scotlands loſſe it did his heart great deire,
Of true Scots in minde hee had great pittie:
Hee thought to helpe, his tyme when hee might ſee,
Of ſet battels fiue hee diſcomfiſht whole,
With jeopardie, and many ſtrong aſſaile,

Then

Then they forſooke, and durſt not him abyde,
The Sutheron fled from thence on either ſide,
To Burdeous into great multiplie,
The towne they ſtuffe with victails by the ſea.
All Guyane Land Wallace tooke to his peace,
To Burdeous hee paſt, ere hee would ceaſe,
On out-biggings full great maſtrie hee made.
Still twentie dayes at ſtrong aſſailyeing bade,
Forts and workis that were without the towne,
They brake, and burnt, and put to confuſion.
Hedges and alleyes by labour that was there,
Foyled and ſpoyld, they would no fruits ſpare:
The Engliſh-men made great defence againe,
With ſhot and caſt that meekle were of maine:
Of Gunnes they were, and ganzeis ſtuffed weill,
All artaillzie and weapons of fine ſteele,
With men and meat within was buſked beene:
The great Captaine was wyſe, cruell, and keene,
Of Gloceſter the hudge Lord and heire,
The Earle had beene aye uſed into weire:
Keped his men by wit and hardiment,
Without the towne there durſt none from him went,
The land without was neare waſted away,
Warre men ſe long into the entry lay.
In Wallace hoaſt ſuch ſcant was of victaile,
They might not bide no longer to aſſaile.
Then this wiſe Lord, the Duke of Orleance,
To Wallace ſaid, Sir, yé ſhould know this chance:
It ſtands over well with this falſe Sutheron blood,
For on no wiſe can wee now ſtop their ſood:
The haven they have and ſhips at their will,
From England comes victaile anough them till:
The land is pure of victaile ſhould vs yield,
And yee ſée well that they forſake the fielde.

Yee

Yee may with peace plenish these lands wide,
They will not fight thongh yee all yeare should bide,
My counsell is in plaine anent this thing,
That yee would passe with worship to the King,
By his assent yee may at leasure waite,
With provision against them to assaile,
Wallace inclined, and thanked this wise Lord,
Then they returned all with one good accord:
Past vp in France with honour to the King,
And showde him whole the veritie of this thing.
And hee thereof in heart was wonder glad,
French-men before that hundreth yeare not had,
Of Guyane halfe so meikell in their hand,
Writing by then was new comming of Scotland,
From part of Lords and good Bishop Sinkler,
Besought this King into these tearmes fayre:
Of his gentrice and of his godlie grace,
For their supplie to counsell good Wallace,
To come againe and bring them from bandon,
And take to weare the Crowne of that Region,
This writ as then hee would not to him shaw,
Right loathe hee was for friendship, feid, or aw,
Wallace should passe so sone from his presence,
A dwelling place hee tooke for his residence,
In Shemon still Wallace his dwelling made,
And helde about right liking lands braid.
A keene Captaine then claimed in Heritage,
Office of it, and great lands into wage,
Therefore hee thought good Wallace for to sla,
Under collour such maistrie for to ma,
Long time hee sought to get a day and place,
Said, hee desird then service with VVallace.
A Tryst they set, with fifteene on the syde,
Fourtie thereby hee gart in Buschment bide,

Of men in armes. When hee with Wallace met,
Right awfullie hee bade them on him set.
No armour had Wallace men in that place,
But swoyd and knife they boyre on them thyough raise,
Part of his men left neare a foyrest syde.
Right bonsteouslie the Captaine said that tyde,
That Wallace holde of his Lands with vnright:
Right soberlie hee said to that French Knight,
I haue no Lands but what the King gaue me,
Thy selfe therefoyre haue beene in seopardie.
The Knights then said, Thy life shall bee foyrlorne,
Oyr else that Land, the contrare who had sworne.
Aback he lap, and out a swoyd hee dyew,
The buchment broke when he that token shew,
God Wallace thought that matter stood not well,
He gryped sone a shearing swoyd of steele,
And at one stroke the Knight to death he dyaue,
Aboue sixteene then lapped all the laue.
Wallace and his so woythilie haue wyought,
Full feill they slew, that foyrest on them sought.
The Knights brother that stalwart was and strong,
And thought they should bee benged ere they gang:
Of Wallace men some part hee wounded soye.
Downe there was into a Wedow there,
Nine stout Carles, all servants to that Knight,
Sythes then they tooke, and ran in all their might,
To the fighters, ere they came neare that place.
But them perceiued right well hath good Wallace,
So awfull thing of such wee never saw,
Them to resist, himselfe can to them dyaw,
Into that stour left his men fighting still,
To meet those Carles that came with eger will:
The first let dyaw at Wallace with his sythe,
Deliuer hee was, and high ouer-lap the swythe

An atward stroake hit the Charle on the Head,
Derflie on ground hee hath him left for dead,
The other hee met, over-lap the Sythe so keene,
On the shoulder als stroake him in that teene,
Through all the coast the Noble Sword it share,
The third hee met with a full awfull fare,
The grounden Sith at Wallace hee let draw,
This good Chiftane cleanlie overlap them aw,
With his good Sword hee made an hideous wound,
Left him for dead, then on the fourth can found,
On the right bone in great pyre can him tae,
Cleaved the coast right cruellie in twae,
Three formost Sythes this good Wallace overlap,
And foure hee slew, they saw such was his hap,
For ane a man hee slew at ever each straike,
The last fled first, thus can their power slaike,
Wallace fast followed, and some the fifth over taes,
Stroake him to death that no further hee gaes,
Then sped him some unto his men againe,
By then they had the Knights brother slaine,
Fiftie and five derflie to death were dight,
Except seaven men that fled out of their sight,
Fyue Howers als that Wallace selfe with met,
To French-men since no such tryst was set,
Because that they him brought to such a case,
The King heard tell well scaped was VVallace,
Sent for him some, then prayed him to bee,
Of his Houss-hold, and live in good safetie,
For well hee saw they had him at envy,
Still with himselfe hee gart him byde for thy,
Two yeares there VVallace with mirth abade,
Still into France many good journay made,
The King him pleased in all his godly maine,
From him he thought hee should not part againe.

Lo

Lords and Ladies honoured him reverentlie,
Wretches and Shrewes aye held him at envy.

Chap. II. How *Wallace* slew the two Champions.

TWo Champions that time dwelt with the King,
Had great despite at Wallace in all thing,
Together pæd aye those two Champions,
Of fellon forze and froward of conditions.
Right great despite they spoake aye of Scotland,
While on a day it hapned upon hand,
Wallace and they were leaved them alone,
By aventure into an house of stone.
They ded to beare no weapons in that hall,
They trowed therefore amisse they might not fall,
There communed they of Scotland scornefullie.
Then Wallace said, yæ wrong us utterlie,
Since wee are bowne in friendship to your King,
And hee of us is pleased of all thing.
All Scots men hath helped this Realme from dread,
Mee thinke yæ should give good word for good deed.
What may yæ speake of our enemies but ill?
In lightlinesse they made answere theretill.
And him despited in their language als,
Yee Scots, they said, bane ever yet beene false.
Wallace tooke one on the face in his teene,
With his good Hand, while mouth, nose, and éne,
Through the braith blow all bushed out of blood,
Groslings to ground hæ smote him where hæ stood,
The other bink to *Wallace* in that stead,
For well hæ wiend his fellow had beene dead,
And hæ againe in griefe him gripped fore,
While his spite said, that hee might doe no more.
The stiff stricke rose, and smote on Wallace tall,
Hath to the death hæ brought them at the last,

Upon a pillar their braines out hee dang,
And with his hands out at the doore them flang,
And said, What deuill moued you Carles at mee,
Long time in France I would haue let them bee.
Truth well, in trueth, thus were they gone to dead,
Though French-men now likes not thereof to reade
As I will cease, and put it out of minde,
Better it is, who right can loke in time.
Many great Lords was displeased in France,
But the good King who knew all the whole chance,
Right great despite of Scotland spoken had they:
This passed ouer, while that upon a day,
Was none of them that durst it ouertake,
Yee had done wrong, or therefore battell make.

CHAP. III. How Wallace slew the Lyon in the Barrace.

THis royall Roy an high worship him gaue,
As Conquerour him honoured of the laue.
A fell upon this King gart bee brought,
Within barrace, for great harme that bee wrought,
Utlyzed with lyon no more power him gaue,
Of woodnesse bee exceeded ouer the laue:
But bee was faire, and right fellon in deed,
Into that strong strength bee gart men him feed,
Keeped him close for men and bestiall.
In Court there dwelt two Squyers of great taile,
That Cousens were to the Champions two,
The which before Wallace dapned to slay:
A band they made in priuie conclusion,
At their power to worke his confusion,
By anie meanes, through fraud and subtiltie:
After therefore they thought not for to die,
To death or shame so that they might him bring.
Upon a time they went unto the King:

This Scot, they said, that they so well fare make,
Yee sees not beere but bee would overtake,
By his great force to put to confusion:
Now bee desires to fight with your Lyon,
And bade vs aske of you the battell strong,
Yee grant him leave in the barrace to gang?
Sadlie againe to them answerd the King,
Sore mee sore-thinkes bee desires such a thing,
But I will neither for right, nor yet pleasance,
Deny Wallace what bee desires in France.
Then went they soorth, and soone met with Wallace,
A figured tale they told him in that case,
Wallace, they said, the King desires that yes,
Diresye battell so cruell for to see,
And charged you to fight with this Lyon.
Wallace answered in hastie conclusion,
And I shall doe what bee the Kings will,
At my powar, right gladly to fulfill.
Then passed bee unto the King but more,
A Lord of Court; when bee approached there,
Unwiselie asked, without provision:
Wallace, dare yee goe fight with our Lyon?
And bee said, yea so the King suffer mee,
Or with your selfe, if yes ought better bee.
What will yee more? This thing admitted was,
That Wallace should unto the Lyon passe,
The King charged to bring him good harnesse,
And he said, May GOD shield mee from such case,
I should it take if I fought with a man,
But for a dog, that noght of armes can,
I will have none, but single as I goe,
A great mantle about his hand can tae,
And good sword with him bee tooke no more,
Abandounlie in barrace entred there.

Great Chaines were wrought in the gate with a gin,
And pulled to, when Wallace was therein,
The wood Lyon on Wallace where hee stood,
Ramping hee braped for hee desired blood,
With his round polles in the Mantle wrought fast,
Athort the Backe good Wallace can him tast,
With his good Sword that was of bitnisht steele,
His body in two it cutted ever each deale.
Then to the King hee raked in great yre,
And said on lowde, Was this all your desire,
To ware a Scot thus lightlie into baine?
Is there moe Dogs that yee would yet have slaine,
Goe bring them foorth, since I must Dogs quell,
To doe bidding while that I with you dwell.
It gaines mee well to graith mee in Scotland,
For greater deeds there men hath tane on hand,
Then with a Dog in Battell to enchieue,
At you and France for ever I take lieue:
The King perceived that Wallace grieved was,
So earnestlie hee asked leave to passe,
Rewed in his minde that it was happned so,
So lewd a deed to let him undergoe,
Knowing the worthip and the great nobleneſſe,
Of him which sprang that time in many place.
Homelie hee said, it should displease you nought,
Yee it desired, it bred never in my thought,
And by the faith I owe the Crowne of France,
I thought never to charge you to such chance,
But men of Baile that asked it for you,
Wallace answered to GOD I make a Vow,
I liked never in such Battell to bee in,
Upon a Dog no worship is to win.
The King conceived, how this false-hood was wrought,
The Squyers both were to his presence brought.

Cauld

Could not deny when they came him before,
All their trespalle they told without ten more.
The King commanded they should hee done to dead,
Smote off their heads without any remead.
The Champions, loe, for envie causeleslie,
To sudden death Wallace them brought through craft,
The Squyers als, from their fallsenesse was kend,
Envie them brought both to a sudden end.
Lords, behold, envie the vill Dragon,
In eternall Fire hee burneth this Region.
For hee is not that abounds in envie,
To some mischiefe it brings him pallilie,
Forsake envie thou shalt the better speed,
Hereof as now I will no further reed.
But in my matter, as I before began,
I shall declare as plainelie as I can.

WHen Wallace saw they had him at envie,
Longer to bide hee thought not them plainlie,
Better him thought in Scotland for to bee,
And adventure take, either to live or die,
To helpe his owne hee had farre more pleasance,
Than there to bide, with all the wealth in France.
Then his wholaminde, manhood and courage,
Was plainlie set to win out of Bondage,
Scotland againe from paine and mickell shame,
Hee vowed hee should, or else to die therefore.
The King hath seene how good Wallace is set,
The Letter then him gaue without ten let,
The which of late from Scotland was him sent.
Wallace it saw, and well there harmes kend,
By the first writ thereto accordiall,
Them to supplie hee thought hee would not faile,
Wherefore should I hereof long processe make?

Wallace of France a goodly leaue can take,
The King hath seene that it would not else bee,
Lest pamber went, behold him might not bee,
For great langus: When Wallace can remoue,
The King to him kept ane kindnesse, and loue,
Iewels and Golde his worship for to saue.
Yes hee bestowed as much as they would haue,
Lords and Ladies wepeth woonder sair,
When Wallace thare so thocht his leaue and pair,
No man bee tooke, but to him gee togither brought,
Againe with him thingis weill dooth thought:
For paine nor trauell that good Knight left him vnwrought,
For eale befell while death made vpon him dilleuer,
Towards the Coast in goodly ship hee,
A vessell got, and made him to the sea.
Eight ship-men himself, and goodly wages them gaue
To Scotland sure, the firth of Tay they haue.

Chap. III. How Wallace came in Scotland againe at the Bastell of Elchocke Parke.

VPon the night Wallace the land hath tane,
At Errois mouth, and is to Elchocke gone,
Hee gart the ship in covert saile away,
So out of sight they were ere it was day.
At Elchocke dwelt then Wallace Cousen deare,
That Crawford hight: the house whe they came neare,
On the back-side Wallace a window found,
And in hee called then Crawford came at hand,
From time hee wist that it was good Wallace,
Into his barne hee bound them a place,
A mow of corne hee builded them about,
And clozde it well, none might perceiue there out,
But at one place where meat was to them brought,
And bedding to, as goodly as hee naught,

Vnto

Unto the water, whereof Wallace was glad,
A derne hole fwith on the North fide they had,
Foure dayes or fiue in reft foiourned there,
While meat was gone, Crawford bonned for more,
To Saint Iohnftowne, their purveyance to bury.
Engliſh-men thought hee looke more abundantlie,
Than hee was wont in any time before.
They haue him tane, and put in prifon fore,
What Gueſts hee had to tell maue him requeſt?
Hee ſaid, it was but to a Kirkidg feaſt,
Yet they preſumed the comming of Wallace,
Knowledge to get they ſet a ſubtill caſe,
They let him paſſe with thing that hee had bought,
Then after foone in all the haſte they mought,
To barnefe yeed the power of the townes,
Eight hundreth men with Butteller made the bowne
Followed on ſtaigh, while that this man came home,
Wallace him ſaw, and ſaid, hee ſerued blame,
In my ſleeping ill fell diſion mee told,
Till Engliſh-men that thou ſhould mee haue ſold.
Crawford then ſaid, hee had beene tormented ſore,
With Engliſh-men, that had him at defpaire,
Therefore rife vp, and ſoone ſome ſuccour ſee,
I dread full ſore they lie watches on mee,
The worthie Scots graithed them in good ſpeed,
Their weapons toke then ſoon that hoaſte they yeed,
Thus ſuddainlie feill Sutheron they ſaw,
To few they were to fight againſt them aw,
That keenlie came with young Butteller the knight.
Then Wallace ſaid, in plaine land is not right,
But Elchocke Parke that is neare heere beſide,
The firſt ſaylie wee thinke therato abide,
Fiueteene they were, and Crawford with good will,
The twentieth man, the number to fulfill.

The Park they took where Wallace a place hath seene,
Of great Hollins, that grew both high and greene:
With thorne trees a maner of strength there made he,
Ere they were wun, they thought to gar feill die:
The wood was thicke, but little of breadth & length,
And they had meat, they thoght to hold that strength.
The English-men then past to Crawfurds place,
Found in the barne the lodging of Wallace.
Then Crawfurds wife in hands soone haue they tane,
And asked at her, what way the Scots were gone:
Right well they trowd that Wallace should there bee,
From France to Tay hee was come through the sea:
Shee would not tell, for boast, nor yet reward.
Then Butteller said, Ouer long thou hast beene spard,
And gart them big a full broad burning fire,
Therewith hee grew in matalent and yre.
The Sutheron swore therein shee should burnt bee.
Then VVallace said, Shee shall not ende for mee.
Great sinne it were, yon sakeleese wight to slae,
Ere shee should ende, in faith there shall die mae.
Hee left the strength, and the plaine field can tae:
On loud hee cryed, and said, Loe, heere thy fae:
Thinks thou no shame for to torment a wife?
Come forth to mee, and make ende of our strife.
Fra Butteller had on field good VVallace seene,
For olde malice hee were neare wood for teene.
Upon the Scots they shup all with great maine,
Good Wallace soone the strength hee tooke againe:
A fell bicker the English-men began,
Assaylzied sore with manie cruell man.
But they within were noble of defence,
Made great debate with force and violence:
At the entrie fifteene they put to dead,
Then all the rest remoued from that stead,

Fled

peed to array againe to sailzie new,
Wallace beheld which well in warre him knew.
Fellowes hee said, Againe all at this place,
They will not faile, but this stands the case,
Yon Knight thinkes for to divide his men,
In feir places the sooth pee shall well ken,
Againe on vs to proue how it may bee,
As now behoues some other way to see,
Contrare their might a good defence to make:
Now Longoveill thou shalt fire with thee take:
William mine eme as mante with you goe,
And fiue with mee, as now wee haue no moe.
Knight Butteller then parted his men in three,
Wallace vissed where Butteller shuip to bee,
Thither then past that entrie for to weare,
Which side they did assailzie with great feare.
Wallace let part on the entrie begin,
But none went out that on the Scots came in:
Heaven formost was that in the front first yeed,
VVallace fiue men that doughtie were in deed,
Each one slew one, and Wallace gart two die:
Butteller was next, and said, this will not bee,
Attacke hee drew, and let his cowrage flake,
The worthie Scots prov'd well for Scotland sake.
Good Longoveill his counter made so sore,
And Crawfurd als they sailzied them no more.
Right neare by then approached the darke night,
And starres to appeare began into their sight.
Sutheron set watches, and to their supper went,
The Butteller was sore grieved in his intent,
Yet sure they well of good stuffe, aile, and breed.
Wallace and his, they wist of no remeed,
But cold water that ran out through a strand,
In that lodging none other food they fand,

Then

Then Wallace said, good fellowes thinke not long,
Will GOD we shall bee soone out of this throng,
Suppose we fast a day or yet a night,
Take all in thanke this paine for Scotlands right,
The Earle of Yorke was in Saint Johnstowne still.
To Butteller sent and bade him bide at wil.
To him full soone there should come new power,
And als himselfe thus told the Messenger.
Butteller would faine that Wallace had yeelden beene,
Ere the Earle came, and for this cause was seene,
His Grandsyre and his Father both hee slew,
The knight therewith toward the Paike him drew,
What cheare they made, vpon the Scots hee cald,
Then Wallace said, farre better than thou wald.
The Butteller said, I would faine speake with thee,
Then Wallace answered, thou mayst for little fee,
Wallace, hee said, thou hath done mee great shaith,
My Father, and my Grandsyre thou slew both,
Then Wallace said, for that state thou art in,
It were my debt for to vndoe thy sin,
And I thinkeale, as GOD of Heaven mee sane,
That my two hands shall graith thee to thy graue,
Then Butteller said, that is not likelie now,
But wee thee haue, wee shall gar spds sowe.
Of this I aske, and thou would make mee grant,
What I thee beght, that thing thou shalt not want,
Say fourth, quoth hee, bee thy desire reasonable,
I shall it grant without ony fable.
The Butteller said, Wallace thou knowes right,
Thou may not scape by power nor by slight,
And sithe thou sees it may no better bee,
For thy gentrise thou would thee yeeld to mee,
Then Wallace said, thy will vnskilfull is,
Thou would mee doe which is ouer hie amisse.

Yeelden

yeelden I am, to better I can proue,
To whom? hee asked, to the great GOD aboue,
For ever each day, since I had wit of man,
Before my worke to yeeld mee I began,
And als at night when that I farled light,
I mee betaught to the maker of might.
The Butteller said, mee thinkes thou hath done well,
Yet of one thing I pray thee let mee feele,
For thy manhood this to mee manifest,
When thou sees thou may no longer lest,
On this each place which I haue tane to weare.
That thou come foorth and all other forbeare,
Then Wallace leugh at his cruell desire.
And said, I shall though thou were wood as fire,
And all England the contrare had sworne,
I shall come out thereat each place the morne,
Or else this night trust well that I thee say,
I bide not here till nine houres of the day,
Butteller sent foorth the chake watch on the syde,
In that each place boldlie hee bowned to byde.
Thus still they bood, while day began to peare,
A thicke mist fell the Planet was not cleare,
Wallace assayed all that place about,
Let as hee would at some a place brake out.
While Butellers men away from him could goe,
To helpe the lane when they saw it was so,
VVallace and his fast sped them to that stead,
Where Butteller bode fell men they brought to dead,
The worthie Scots soone passed through that mellie,
Crawfurd there with was sore hurt on the knee,
At Earth hee was good VVallace turned againe,
And at one straoke the Butteller hath hee slaine.
Hint vp that man vnder his Arme so strong,
Defending him out of that felon throng.

Down

God towme hee made amongst them where hee goes,
With his right hand hee slew fiue of his foes,
Bare out Crawfurd by force of his person,
Nine aiker broad ere euer hee set him downe.
The Sutheron found that their Chistane was dead,
Sembled him about, but then was no remead,
Thirtie with him of the wightest hee brought,
Dead on that place, whereat the Scots out sought.
Wallace and his by then was from their sight,
Sutheron bode still for great losse of that Knight,
The mist was mirke, that Wallace lyked well,
Himselfe was glad, and saide to Longoveill,
At Methwen wood is my desire to bee,
For there is bestiall to get in great plentie.
By then they were well come vnto the bight,
The mist slaked, the Sun shynde faire and bright,
Some were they ware a little space them by,
Of foure and thirtie in company.
Then Wallace sayde, Bee yon friends or foes,
Wee will them see since that they are no mos.
When they came neare a noble Knight it was.
The which to name beght Sir Hew of Dundas:
And Sir Iohn Scot a wise and worthie Knight,
Into Stratherne a man of mickle might,
For there hee had great part of heritage,
Dundas sister hee had in marriage:
Passing they were, and might no longer last,
To English-men their fewtie for to fest.
The Lord of Brechin such command had them made,
Of King Edward to holde their Lands braid,
But frae they saw that it was wight Wallace,
Held vp their hands, and thanked GOD of grace,
Of his great helpe which hee had sent them there,
To Methwen wood with one assent they fare.

Syne

bone got them meat of beſtiall that they fand,
reſted that day when night was come on hand,
To Birnane wood but reſting are they gone,
Where they haue found the Squyer good Ruthwen,
In out-law vis hee had long liued there,
Of beſtiall while hee might get no more.
They tarryed not but into Athole peed,
Where meat was ſcant, there Wallace had great dread,
Paſſed to Lorne, right little found they there:
Of wylde and tame that Countrey was made bare,
But in the ſtrengths there food was leaued none,
Theſe worthie Scots then made a piteous mone.
Sir Iohn Scot ſaide, Hee had farre rather die,
Into good name and leaue his heires free,
Than for to bide as bound in ſubiection.
When Wallace ſaw theſe good men of renowne,
With hunger ſtad, almoſt might liue no more,
Wit pee for them hee ſighed wonder ſore.
Good men, hee ſaid, I am the cauſe of this,
At your deſire I ſhall amend this miſſe,
Or leaue you free ſome cheviſance for to mae.
All him alone hee bowned for to ga:
Prayed them bide while hee might come againe,
Out ouer an hill hee paſſed into plaine.

OUT of their ſight, into a Forreſt ſide,
Hee ſet him downe vnder an Oake to bide:
His bow and ſword hee leaned to a tree,
In anguiſh great on groufe then turned he:
This pitteous mone was for his men ſo wraught,
That of himſelfe little thing hee them raught.
O wretch! he ſaid, that neuer could bee content,
Of ouer great might that the great GOD thee lent:
But thy fierce minde, wilfull, and variable,

with

With great Lordship then could not be byde stable,
And wilfull wit, for to make Scotland free,
GOD likes not that which I haue take on mee,
Farre worthier than I of birth was borne,
Through my desire for hunger are forlorne,
I aske at GOD them to restore againe,
I am the cause, I should haue all the paine,
Whyle studying thus, while sighting with himself,
While at the last vpon a sleepe hee fell,
Three dayes before there had him followed fiue,
The which was bound, or else to lose their liue,
The Earle of Yorke bade them so great guardowne,
That they by thist though to put Wallace downe,
Three of them was borne men of England,
And two was Scots that tooke the deed on hand,
And some men said the third brother betraped,
Kindrome Eaft where great sorrow was rayfed,
A Child they had which vsed to beare meat,
In wilderneffe among the mountaines great,
They had all seene the disseuerance of Wallace,
From his good men and where hee bode on chace,
Among thicke wood in covert held them law,
While they perceiued hee could on sleeping saw,
And these fiue approached Wallace neare,
Whats best to doe at other fast they spiere?
One man said thus, it were an hie renowne,
And we might leade him quicke to Saint Iohnstowne,
Loe how hee lyes wee may our grips waile,
Of his weapons hee shall haue none auaile,
Wee shall him bind in contrars of his will,
And lead him thus on back-side of yon hill,
So that his men shall nothing of him knaw,
The other foure assented to that saw,
And then these fiue made them vnto Wallace,

And

And thought through force to binde him in that place.
What? trowe these men for to had Wallace downe?
The manliest man, the starkest of person,
Living hee was: als, stood into such right,
Hee trust well great GOD his deedes hath in sight,
They gripped him, and out of sheepe hee braid:
What meaneth this? then sadly Wallace said,
About hee turned, and vp his armes throng,
On these traytors with knightly for hee dang.
The starkest man into his hands hint hee,
And all his braines hee dang out on a tree:
His sword hee got soone after that hee rose,
Champion-lyke amongst the foure hee goes,
Ever a man hee gart die at a dint,
When two were dead, the other three wold not stint,
Bade them to flee, but then it was no bot,
Was none living might passe from him on foot,
Hee followed fast, and soone to death them brought,
Then to the Chylde sadly againe hee sought.
What didst thou heere? the Chylde with a pale face,
On knees did fall, and asked VVallace grace:
With them I was, and knew nothing their thought,
Into service, as they mee bade, I wrought.
What bearest thou there? But meat, quoth Chyld can say.
Hee take it vp, and passe with mee away,
Meat in this time is farre better than Golde.
Wallace and hee forth founded on the folde.
Who brought Wallace from his enemies bold?
Who? but great GOD, that hath this world to hold,
Hee was his helpe in many fellon throng.
With glad cheare, thus vnto Erne can hee gang,
Both roasted flesh there was, ale Bread and Chiese,
To succeed them that were in point to leese,
And hee thanked GOD many and sithe,

Which had before fasted ouer dayes three:
Then toke his part, hee had fasted as long.
Where heard yee ever ante in such a throng?
In hunger so sleeping, and weaponlesse,
So well recovered, as Wallace did in case,
Plainly by force vanquisht his enemies fiue,
Then of wit this question will descriue:
Withoutten gloze I will tell forth my tale,
How came this meate? this fellowship asked whole:
To their desire Wallace no answere yold:
Where fiue were dead, hee led them forth and tolde
Greatly displeased was all the Chevalrie,
To a Chiftane they helde it fantasie,
To walke alone: Wallace with sober mood,
Said, Heereof hath come nothing now but good.
To the low and againe full fast they sought,
Asket at the chylde if hee could with them ought?
Where they might best of purveyance for to win?
Of none, hee said was this Countrey within,
Norall about in as farre as I know,
While that yee come ondwne to the Rannach Haw,
That Lord hath stuffe, both aile, bread, and bernage
Of King Edward he tolles full mickle wage.
Then Wallace sayd, My selfe shall bee your guide,
I know that stead, about on either side,
Throughthe wilde land hee guided them full right,
To Rannoch Hall hee brought them that same night
A watch was set, and that full soone they tas,
He was a Scot, yet would he not him slae,
But gart him tell the manner of that place:
Thus entred they within a little space,
The gate they wan, for Castle there was none,
But mod-well wight, withoutten time of soone:
Wallace in hast strake by the Chamber dore,

With his right fot, that ſtalwart was and ſtour,
Then they within awaked ſuddenly,
The Lord got vp, and mercy can hee cry,
Fra time hee wiſt that good Wallace was there,
Hee thanked GOD, then ſaid theſe words more,
True man I was, and win againſt my will,
With Engliſh-men, ſuppoſe I like it ill:
All Scots wee are that in this houſe are now,
At your command all boldly ſhall wee bow.
Of our Nation good Wallace had pittie,
Tooke oathes of them, and then meat asked hee:
Good cheare they made while light day on the morne,
This true man ſome ſembled before:
Three ſonnes hee had that ſtalwart were and bold,
And twenty men of kin, in his houſhold.
Wallace was blyth they made him ſome ſupply,
Said, I thanke God, that wee thus multiply,
All that day over in good lyking they reſt,
Watches they choose to keepe them that could beſt,
Vpon the morne, the light day when they ſaw,
Then Wallace ſaid, Our power for to know,
Wee will take field, and vp our banner raiſe,
In right of Scotland, and contrare of our foes,
Wee will no more now vs in covert hide,
Power to vs will ſemble on each ſide.
Then horſe they got, the beſt that could bee there,
Towards Dunkeld the gaineſt way they fare,
The Biſhop then got him to Saynt-Johnſtone,
The Scots ſlew that were of that Nation,
Both poore and rich, and ſervants that they fand,
Left none alive that borne was of England:
The plate they tooke, and made them well to fare,
Of purchaunce that Biſhop had brought there,
Jewels they got, both golde and ſilver bright,

With good cheare there fiue dayes sojourned right,
On the first day Wallace to counsell went,
Gart call the best and showe them his intent:
No men was haue to assault Sainct-Iohnstone,
Into the North therefore let vs make bowne.
In Rosse, ye know, good men a strength hath maid
Heare they of vs, they come withoutten bade:
Als into Bute is good Bishop Sincklair,
Fra hee get wot hee commes withoutten mair.
Good west-land-men of Arrane and Rouchlie,
Fra they bee warned, they will all come to mee.
This purpose tooke, and in the North they tide,
No English-men durst in their gate abide,
Whom Wallace tooke, they knew the olde ransoun.
Fra hee came home to Stee they made them bowne:
And Scots men sembled to Wallace fast,
In awfull feare out through the land they past.
Strengths were left, wot yee, all desolate.
Against these wilde no man durst make debate,
Arrayed battell they rode to ABERDENE,
In whole number, seaven thousand then were seene.
But English-men had left the towne all waste,
On ever each side away then can they haste,
In all that Land left neither more nor lesse,
Lord Bewmont tooke the sea at Buchane-nesse.
Through Scotland then was manifest in plaine,
The Lords that fled in heart were wonder faine.
The Knight Clement of Rosse came suddenlie,
In Murray Land with their good Chevalrie.
The house of Narne that good knight well hath tane
Slew the Captaine, and good men manie one,
Out of Murray and Buchane Land came they,
To seeke Bewmont, but hee was past away.
Then these good men to Wallace passed right,

Then Wallace saw Sir Iohn Ramsay the knight,
And other good men that had beene from him long,
Great cowiage then was raised them among.
The Land hee ruled as that him liked best,
At Saincte-Iohnstone then rode ere they would rest.

The Siedge of Sayncte-Iohnstone.

Euery Port a stalwart watch hee made,
And Conuened a siedge, and Resolutly abade.
Bishop Sinekler in all good hacte him dight,
Came out of Bute with seemly men in sight,
Out of the Yles of Rauchly and Arrane,
Kindesay and Boyde, with good men many one:
Sir Iam Wallace, Baron of Richartowne,
Full sadly sought to Wallace of renowne.
The Saint-Iohnstone bode at the saltzie still,
Ay Sutheron men they might well passe at will,
Ay in their way there durst no enemies bee,
But fled away by Land, and eke by Sea:
About the towne thus sembled they but more,
Ay they had beene with good Wallace before:
Patron, Lawder, good Richard of Lundie,
With a good Barge they past about by Sea,
At Saint-Iohnstone hade their Ankers haue they let,
Two English ships they tooke withoutten let,
The one they burnt, and stuffed the other well,
With artaltzie, and stalwart men in steele,
To keepe the Port, there should come no victuall,
Into the towne, nor men that might availe.
From South and North many from Scotland fled,
At Castles walke, feill left their lines in wed,
The Sutheron Bishop that before left Dunkell,
To London past, and tolde Edward him sell,
In Scotland there had fallen a great mischance.

Then sent he sone for Aymer the VVallange,
And asked him, what then was best to doe:
Hee bedit to passe, and take great Golde thereto,
Into Scotland, some meanes there to make.
Against Wallace on hand thus can hee take.
Hee said, Hee would undoe King Edwards Crowne,
Except hee might through treason put him downe:
King Edward bedit what thing that VVallange ban
Hee should it keepe, thereto hee gaue his hand.
VVallange tooke leaue, and into Scotland went,
To Bothwell came, then cast in his intent,
What man there was might Wallace best beguile,
And soone hee found within a little while:
Sir Iohn Mentieth that Wallace Gossop was,
A messenger Sir Aymer hath gart passe,
At Rugline Kirke those two together met,
Him to betrap the bargane there was set.
Then Wallange said, Sir Iohn, I knowst this thing
Wallace againe riseth contrare the King:
And thou mayst haue what Lordship thou wilt wall
And thou wouldst worke as I would giue counsell.
Yon Tyrant holds the Regimes at trouble both,
To thrifty men it doeth full mickle skaith:
Hee trusteth thee, thou mayst full well him take,
Of this matter I rede an ende thou make,
Were hee away, wee might at liking ring,
All as Lords, and liue under a King.
Then Mentieth said, Hee is our Governour,
Fords hee bode in many fellon stour,
Not for himselfe, but for our heritage,
To sell him thus, it were a great out-rage.
Then VVallange said, And thou well understood,
Great merite it were, hee spilles so mickle blood,
Of Christen men, putteth soules in perill.

I bind

I binde me als hee shall be holden whole.
As for his life, and kept into prison,
King Edward would haue him in subiection.
Then Mentieth thoght, so they would keep command,
Hee would full faine haue had him off Scotland.
VVallange saw him in a study bee,
Three thousand pound of fine Gold let him see,
And heght hee should the Lennox haue at will.
Thus treasonably Mentieth granted thereuntil.
An obligation with his owne hand hee made,
Then tooke the Gold, and Edwards Seale so braid,
And gaue them his, When hee his time might see,
To take VVallace, ouer Sulway gine him free,
To English-men, by this treasonable conceid,
Sir Iohn should bee of all the Lennox Lord,
Thus VVallace should in England keeped bee,
So Edward might make Scotland to him free.
There Covetise was ouer great master seene,
None example takes how another hath beene.
For Covetise put in paines strong and fell.
For Covetise the Serpent is in Hell.
For Covetise good Hector tooke the dead.
For Covetise there can bee no remead.
Through Covetise good Alexander was lost,
And Iulius als, for all his reise and boast.
Through Covetise died Arthur of Britane.
For Covetise there hath died many one.
For Covetise the traytor Ganillion,
The flowre of France hæ put to confusion.
For Covetise they poysoned good Godefray,
In Antioch, as the Author will say.
For Covetise Mentieth upon false wayes,
Betrayde Wallace, who was his Gossop thrice.
VVallange in haste, with hie the will, and good heart,

To London past, and shewd to King Edward,
Of their Contract, bee had far more pleasance,
Than of fine Golde given in the ballance,
Of greater weight than his ransome might bee,
Of Wallace sooth yet speake some part will wee.

At Saint-Johnstone yet was the fledging still,
In a morning the Sutheron with good will,
Five hundreth men in armes right egerly,
They issued sooth to make a jeopardie:
At the south Port upon Scot and Dundasse,
Who in their time right wise and worthie was,
Against their foes right sharply fought and sore,
In that counter seaven score to death they bore.
Yet English-men that cruell were and keene,
Full derfly fought, where doughty deed was seene.
From the west side drew all the Scots whole,
To the fighters. When they saw nought availe,
But in againe full fast they can them speed.
The Knight Dundasse full doughty proved indeed:
Over neare the Gate full bandounlie bee bade,
With a good Sword full great mastrie bee made,
Nought knowing well his fellowes were him fra,
In at the Gate the Sutheron can him ta,
Unto the Earle they led him hastily:
When hee him saw, hee said, Hee should not dye,
To slap this one it may bs little remead
Hee sent him sooth to Wallace in that stead.
Unto the North his Battels hath hee brought,
While hee him saw, of this hee wist right nought:
Sent to the Earle, and thanked him largely,
Height for to quite when hee such cause might see,
But yet therefore soverance hee would not grant,
Though they were yolden, and come recreant.

For gold nor good hee would no tribute take,
A great assault then they began to make,
The Earle of Fyfe dwelt under trewes long,
Of King Edward, and then hee thought it long.
That Wallace so was sledging Sainct Iohnstowne,
But if hee came in right helpe of the Crowne,
To English-men hee would not keepe that band,
Then came hee soone with good men of the land,
And Iohn Wallange was then Shyreffe of Fyfe,
To Wallace past, and sterked him in that strife,
The Earle was come of good true Noble blood,
Of the olde Thane, which in his time was good.
Then all about to Sainct Iohnstowne they gang,
The fellon fault was hideous and strang,
Full feill Faggels into the Dyke they cast,
Hather and Hay about the Stakes they fast,
With Trees and Earth a great passage they made,
Out over the wals they peed in Battell braid,
The Sutheron then made great defence againe,
While at the wals there was a thousand slaine,
Wallace yeed and his rayed in Battell right,
All Sutheron men derfite to death they dight.
To saue the Earle, VVallace the Heraud send.
Good Iop himselfe the which before him kend,
For Dundasse sake, hee said, hee should not die,
Wallace himselfe thus ordaines for to bee,
A small Hackney to him hee gart betake,
Silver and gold his charges for to make,
Set on his Cloake a token for to see,
A Lyon in ware, that should his conduct bee,
Conboyed him foorth, and no man him withall,
Women and Wairnes, Wallace gart free them all:
And then hee cryed, true Scots to their owne,
Plenisht the land which long had beene overthrowne.

Then Wallace past the South land for to see,
Edward the Bruce, in his time right worthie,
That peare before hee had in Ireland beene,
And there with him were cruell men and keene,
Fiftie in feire were of his mothers kin,
At Kirkcubright in Galloway entered in,
With those fiftie hee had vanquisht nine score,
And then past withoutten tarry more.
To Wigton soone and that Cattle hath tane,
Sutheron were fled, and left it all alone.
Wallace him met with true men reverentlie,
To Lochmabane went all that Chevalrie,
They made Edward both Lord and Leader there,
This condition Wallace made him but more,
But a short time to bide Robert the King,
If hee came not in this Region to reigne,
That Edward should receive the Crowne but faile,
This height Wallace and all the Barnage whole,
In Lochmabane Prince Edward leinded still,
And Wallace past to Cummocke with good will.
At the Blacke-Bogge, where hee had wont to bee,
Upon that stead a Royall House held hee.
English Wardens to London past but more,
And told the King of all their great mischare,
How Wallace tan Scotland from him reduce,
And how hee had received Edward Bruce,
The Commons swore they should come never more,
Upon Scotland and Wallace living were.
Then Edward wrote to Menteith privily,
Prayed to haste the time was passed by,
Of the promises which hee was bounden,
Sir John Menteith into his wit hath founden,
How hee should best his purpose to fulfill,
His Sister Sonne in haste hee called him till.

And

And ordaind him in dwelling with VVallace,
An Oath againe hee gart him make on case,
What time hee will Wallace in quiet draw,
Hee should him warne what aventure might faw,
This man granted that such thing should bee done,
With Wallace thus hee was in seruice soone,
But of treason, Wallace had little thought,
His laborous minde in other matters wrought,
Thus Wallace thrise hath made all Scotland free,
Then hee desired in lasting peace to bee,
For as of weare hee was in some part irke,
Hee purposed to serue GOD and the Kirke,
And for to liue vnder his righteous King,
That hee desird aboue all earthlie thing.

CHAP. V. How VVallace was betrayed by Sir Iohn Menteith, and had in England, and was martyred there.

THe Herauld lop in England soone hee send,
And wrote to Bruce right heartlie to commend,
Beseeching him to come and take his Crowne,
None should gain-stand, Clerke, Burges, nor Barron,
The Herauld past when Bruce saw his credence,
Thereof hee tooke a perfite great pleasance,
With his owne hand againe wrote to VVallace,
And thanked him of lawtie and kindnesse,
Beseeching him this matter to conceale,
For him behoued out of England to steale.
For long before was keeped the Regement,
Which Cumming had to bide the Parliament,
Into London and if they him accuse,
To come from them hee would haue some excuse,
Hee prayed VVallace on Glasgow mure to waite.
The next first night of Iulie for his sake,

And

And bade hée should but into quyet bée,
For hée with him might bring few Chebakie.
Wallace was blyth the when hée this writting saw,
His House-holde sons hee gart to Glasgow drain,
That Moneth there hee ordained them to bide,
Keirlie hee tooke each night with him to ride.
And this young man that Menteith to him send,
Wist none but they what way that Wallace wend,
The which gart warne his Eme the eighteene night,
Sirtis full sone Sir John Menteith gart sight,
Of his owne kin and allays was borne,
To his treason hee gart them all bee sworne,
From Dumbartane they sped them pastilie,
Neare Glesgow Kirke they busked them privilie,
Wallace past forth where that the tryst was set,
A spy they made and followed him but let.
Robert Ralstoun was neare the way beside,
And but an house where Wallace vsed to bide,
Hee woke on foote while passed was midnight,
Keirlie and hee then for a sleepe them dight,
They bade this man that hes would walke his part,
And waken Wallace, came men from any airt.
When they sleeped the traytour tooke good heede,
Hee met his Eme, and bade him haue no dread,
On sleepe hee was, and with him but one man,
Hee may him haue for any craft hee can,
Without the house their weapons laid them fra,
For well they wist got Wallace one of tha,
And on his feete his ransome should bee sold,
Thus sembled they about that feeble hold,
This traytour watch from Wallace then hee stall,
Both Knife, and Sword, his Bow, and Arrowes all,
After mid-night in hands they haue him tane,
Slumbred on sleepe no man with him but ane,

Keirlie

Keirlie they tooke and led him from that place,
Did him to death withoutten longer space,
They thought to bind Wallace with strengths strong,
On sote hee got these fell Traytours amang,
Hee gripped about but no weapons hee fand,
Yet with a Stule that did beside him stand,
The backe of one he bursted in twang,
And of another the Harnes out hee dang,
And als many as hands could on him lay,
By force him hint for to haue him away,
But that power one sote might not him lead,
Out of that house while they or hee were dead,
Sir Iohn saw well by force it might not bee,
Ere hee were tane rather hee thought to die,
Menteith bade cease, and then spake to Wallace,
And shewde him forth a full right subtill case,
Wee haue so long heere vied you alone,
While wit thereof is into England gone.
Therefore heare mee and sober your courages.
The English-men with a full great barnage,
Are sembled heere and set this house about,
That wee by force on no wise can win out.
Suppose yee had the strength of gwd Hector,
Among the Hoste yee may not long endure:
And they you take in haste your death is dight,
I haue spoken with Lord Cliffurd that Knight,
Their Chiftaine is, and well meaned for your life,
They aske no more but bee quyte of your strife.
To Dumbarrane yee shall passe forth with mee,
Then in your house yee may in safetie bee.
Sutherón such vse with Menteith long had they,
That Wallace trowed some part that hee would say.
Menteith said Sir, loe, the weapons none wee haue,
Wee come in traist, your life if wee might saue,

Wallace

Wallace trowed well, and bee his Gollop thrile,
That bee would nought by no manner of wile,
Him to betraye for all Scotland so wide,
An oath of him bee asked in that tide,
There wanted wit, what should his oathes more,
Forswone to him bee was long time before.
The oath bee made, Wallace came in his will,
Right fraudfully all thus bee showd him till,
Gollop, bee said, as Prisoner they must you see,
Or else through force they will take you from mee,
A Courch with sight upon his hands they laid,
And under them with sicker Cords they braid,
Both sharpe and teuch and fast together drew,
Alace the Bruce might fore that binding rew,
Which made Scotland soone broken upon case,
By Cummings death and losse of good Wallace.
They led him forth in feire among them aw,
Keirlie bee mist, and then the Southeron saw,
Then wist bee well that bee betrayed was,
Toward the South with him when they can passe,
Yet they him said, in trueth bee should not die,
King Edward would keepe him in good safetie.
For the honour of warre that bee hav wrought,
But the fore bands so troubled all his thought,
Credence thereto forsooth her could not giue,
That bee wist well they would not let him liue,
A false foule case that Menteith hath him sald,
When on this wise good Wallace bee was cald,
Some men sayes it was to laue his Lord,
They leyed all out that wave that false record,
At the Fawkirke the good Stewart was slaine,
But Chronicles reherses so that in plaine,
On Magdaline day the eighteene yeare before,
Cummings death therefore it witnesseth more,

And

And at Reſtoun VVallace was treaſonablie,
Thus falſelie ſtolne from his good Chevalrie,
In Glaſgow lay, and will not of this thing,
Thus was hee loſt, in byding of his King.
South they him led, ane holding the waſte land,
Delivered him in haſte over Sulway ſand,
The Lord Clifford and Wallange toolis him there,
To Carlile towne full faſt with him they fure,
In Priſon him ſet, that was a great dolour,
That Houſe after they called Wallace towre.
Some men then ſaid that knew not well the caſe,
In Barwicke towne to death they put Wallace,
Contrare is knowne by this opinion,
That Sotheron men had not then Barwicke towne,
To Scotland free it was, till Soullis it gane,
For Lord Cumming to England with the lane,
Another point is the traytours durſt not paſſe,
That ſolde him ſo where Scots men maſter was,
The third point is, the Commons of England,
What they deny they will not underſtand,
That thing bee done for witneſſe that map bee,
No credence gaue further than they may ſee.
To ſee him die Edward had more deſire,
Than to bee Lord of all the whole Empyre,
And for this cauſe they keeped him ſo long,
While the commons might vnto London gang.
¶ Alace, Scotland to whom ſhalt thou complaine?
Alace, from paine, who can thee now refraine?
Alace, thine helpe is falſlie brought to ground,
Thy beſt Chiftaine in braith bands ſo bound.
Alace, thou haſt now loſt thy guyde of light,
Alace, who ſhall defend thee in thy right?
Alace, thy paine approacheth wonder neare,
With Treaſon found thou muſt bee loſt on feare,

Thy

Thy gratious guide, thy greatest Gouernour,
Alace, ouer neare hath come thy fatall houre.
Alace, who shall now beate thee of thy baile?
Alace, when shall of harmes thou bee haile,
Who shall defend? who shall thee now make free?
Alace, in warre, who shall thine helper bee?
Who shall thee keepe? who shall thee now redeeme,
Alace, who shall the Saxons from thee fleeme?
I can no more but beseech GOD of Grace,
Thee to restore in haste to Wealth, and Peace.
So good Wallace may succour thee no maire,
The losse of him increases mickell care.
Now of his men in Glasgow still they lay,
What sorrow raise when they mist him away,
The cruell paine the woefull compleaning,
Thereof to tell it were an heavie thing,
I will let bee and speake of him no maire,
Little rehearse is ouer mickell care,
And principallie where redemption is none,
It helps not to tell their pitteous moane.
The death thereof is put in remembrance,
I will let slaike of sorrow the Ballance.
But Longoveill to Lochmabane can passe,
And there beght hir where good Prince Edward was,
Out of Scotland hee should passe never more,
Losse of Wallace sought to his heart full sore,
The Realme of France hee vowed never to see,
But revenge Wallace or else therefore to die,
There hee remained while comming of the King,
With Bruce in warre this good Knight did ring.
Remembrance since is in the Bruces Chronik,
Second he was, when they Saint Iohnstowne stoorks,
Followed the King at winning of the towne,
The Bruce therefore gaue him full great Guerdowne,
All

All Chartris Land the good King to him gaue,
Charteris since then of him come are the laue,
Whereto should I farre in this Storie wend?
Bat of my Booke to make a finall end.
Robert the Bruce came home on the third day,
In Scotland after that Wallace was away,
To Lochmabane, where hee found good Edward,
Whereof hee was greatlie reioyced in heart,
Bot from hee wist Wallace away was led,
So mickell baile into his brest was bred,
Beare off his wit hee woxthed for that deed,
Edward full soone then to his Brother yeed,
A suddaine chance this was in woe from weale,
Good Edward saith, This helpeth not a deale,
Let mourning bee, it may bee no remead,
Wee haue him tint, wee should revenge his dead,
Bot for your cause hee tooke the warres in hand,
In your defence and thrise hath fred Scotland,
The which was lost from vs and all our Kin,
Were not Wallace wee had never entered in.
Mirrour hee was of Lawtie and Man-head,
In warres the best that ever power shall lead,
Had hee liked for to haue tane the Crowne,
Mould none him let that is in this Region,
Had not beene hee, yee should had nane entresse,
Into this Realme for treason and falsenesse.
That shall yee see the Traytour that him solde,
From pon hee thinkes Dumbartane for to holde,
[illegible] take, and let slaike of this sorrow,
[illegible] Edward on the morrow,
Redresse to take of wrong that wrought him was,
To Dalswyntowne hee ordaines him to passe,
And men of Armes if they found Cumming there,
Put him to death for no dread they would spare.

They fand him not the King him after flew,
Into Dumfreis where witnesse were anew,
That hapned wrong ouer great hatte in a King.
To worne by law it may thaith miekell thing.
I nead not bare no further for to thaw,
How that was done is knowne to pon aw.

BVT young Dowglas first to the King can passe.
In all his weare that wight and worthie was,
Nor how the King hath tane on him the Crowne,
Of all that verce I make but short mention.
Nor how Lord Soullis gaue Barwike towne away,
How after some als tint was Galloway,
How Iohn of Lorne against his right King rose.
On either side how Bruce had many foes,
How bold Brechin contrare the King could ride,
Right few was then in wegre with him to bide.
Nor how the North was giuen from the good King,
Which made him long in painefull warre to reigne,
But true to him was Iames the good Dowglas,
For Bruces right bode well in manie place.
Under the King bes was the best Chiftane,
But Wallace I set a Chiftane him alone,
Therefore to him is no comparison,
And of one man, saue reuerence of the Crowne,
But so many as of the Dowglas hath beene,
God of one thing was neuer in Scotland seene,
Comparisons I cannot well declare,
Of Bruces Booke as now I speake no mare.
Maister Iohn Barbour which was a cunning Clarke,
Hath of the Bruce said miekell in his warke,
In this matter I am prolixt almaist,
To my purpose briefelie I will me haste.
How good Wallace was set amongst his foes,

To London with him Clifford and Wallange goes,
Where King Edward was right faine of that fang,
They haue him set fast in a Prison strong
Of Wallace ende my style would leane for dread,
To say the worst but Righteousnesse me leade,
We finde his lyfe was also verie true,
His fatall houre I will not tenzie now:
Mentieth him solue, and that ouer well was knowne,
Fell of that kin in Scotland than was sowne,
Charged to bide vnder the great iudgement,
That King Robert acted in his Parliament,
Thereof I make no longer continuance,
But Wallace end in woxid was displeasance,
Therefore I cease, and put not into tyme.
Scotland may thinke the blessed happie tyme,
That hee was borne, by principall points two,
This is the first ere that we farther goe:
Scotland hee fred, and brought it from thirlage.
And now in Heauen hee hath his harberage,
Whereof we haue right stedfast confidence,
Since for his Countrey he made so great defence.

An Admonition to the Reader.

BEcause that the most part of these things following seeme somewhat superstitious, and not verie agreeable with the trueth of GODS Word, we haue thought it expedient to admonish thee (good Reader) that albeit we haue here insert the after the forme of our Copies yet notwithstanding we do not meane to allow or approue them wholly, for infallible trueths.

But rather, on the one part, wee haue heere retained them still, to show the blindnesse and errour of that tyme, wherein men were greatly inclined to credite such vanities & dreams: that now wee may bee stirred vp, to giue thanks to the Eternall, our GOD, that hath opened our eyes, and deliuered vs from ignorance, that wee may clearly discerne, betwixt light and darknesse, right and wrong, &c.

On the other parte, to satisfie the appetites of anie, that could not easily permit any thing to be taken away, or altered in this worke: Wherein wee haue borne with that, altering almost nothing herein, lest they should judge vs rash & hasty in doing thereof, at our owne liberty and pleasure.

Yet; notwithstanding, it is most sure, that often tymes it pleaseth GOD, of his great mercy, for the deliverance of miserable and oppressed people, to rayse vp valiant and notable Personages, whom hee endeweth with extraordinarie force, both of mynde and body: whose faythfull diligence, in executing GODS purpose, for the relieue of their Natiue Countrey & Brethren, as wee doubt not but it is acceptable in GODS sight: so wee are certaine, their names shall remaine in honour and estimation in all Ages, present and to come, as is easilie to bee seene in the Histories of diverse Nations: If any list, peruse the same.

A Monke there was in Bvrie Abbay then,
Into that time a right religious man:
A young man als, with him in order stood,
Who knew his lyfe was cleane, perfect, and good:
This Father Monke was visited with sickneſſe,
Out of the world as hee should passe on ease,
His Brother saw his spirite lykly to passe,
A band of him right earnestly could hee aske,
To come againe, and shew him of the meed,
That hee should aske of God for his good deed.
Hee granted him at his power to prieue,
To come againe, if God will giue him leaue:
His spirite changed out of this worlds paine,
In that same time came to the Monke againe.
Such thing hath beene, and is by voyce and sight,
Where hee appeared there shyned miekle light:
Like to Lanterns they illuminate so cleare,
That worldly light thereto might bee no peare.
A voyce thus saith, God hath mee granted grace,
That I shall keepe my promise in this place.

The

The Monke was blyth of this cleane figure faire,
But a fire-brand in his foze-head hee bare,
As that him thought milkyked all the laue.
Where art thou spzite? Answered, so God mee saue:
In Purgatozie. How long shalt thou byde there?
But halfe a yeare to come, and little moze:
Purgatozie is, I let thee well to wit,
In any place where God will it commit:
An houres space I wes there judged to bee,
And that palleth, suppose I speake with thee.
Why hast thou that, and all the rest so whole?
Foz in Science, I thought mee most availe:
Who pzydes therein, their labour is in waste,
Foz Science comes but of the holy Ghaist.
After thine houre, where is thy passage euen?
When time comes, hee saide, to lasting Heauen.
What time is that, I pzay you, now declare?
Two are on lyfe must bee befoze mee there.
Which two are they, the dettie mee ken?
The first hath beene a great slayer of men,
Now they him keepe to martyze in London towne,
On wednesday, befoze the King and Common:
Is none on lyfe that hath so many slaine.
O, Bzother, hee saide, this tale is but in vayne,
Foz slaughter is to God abhominable.
Then said the Spzite, Fozsoth, this is no fable,
Hee is Wallace, Defender of Scotland,
Foz righteous warre that hee tooke vpon hand.
Righteousnesse there is loued ouer the laue,
Therefoze in Heauen hee shall that honour haue,
Syne a pooze Pzieste is meekle to commend,
Hee tooke in thanks what thing that God him send,
Foz godlinesse and good deuotion,
Heauen-bee shall haue to lasting warison.

I am the third graated through GODS grace,
Brother bee said, tell I this in our place,
They will but deeme I either dreame or rane,
Then said the Spirit, this witnesse thou shalt haue.
The Belles shall ring for ought that yee doe may,
When they him slay halfe an houre or the day.
And so they did the Monke wist what they ailed,
Through broad britane the word thereof was scailed,
The Spirite tooke leane at GODS will to bee,
Of Wallace end to heare is great pittie.

AND I would not put men in great dolour,
But lightlie passe out over this fatall houre.
On Wednesday fierce Sutheron forth him brought,
To martyre him as they before has thought,
Wallace was martyrde the treuth to you to tell,
As were Oswald, Edmond, Edward, with paine fell,
With men of Armes led him a full great rout,
With a bold Spirite then Wallace bient about,
A Priest hee asked for him that died on tree,
King Edward then commanded his Clergie.
And said, I charge in paine of losse of life,
None bee so bold yon tyrant for to shrife,
Hee hath long rung in contrare of mine bienesse,
A blessed Bishop some present in that place.
Of Canterberie hee then was righteous Lord,
Against the King hee made his right record.
And said, my selfe shall heare his confession,
If I have might in contrare of thy Crowne,
Or then through force shall stop mee from this thing
I bow to GOD, which is my righteous King,
Over all England I shall thee interdite,
And make it knowne thou art an Heritike.
The Sacrament of Birth I shall him give,

Then take thy choise to Berus or let him liene.
It were more baile in worship of thy Crowne,
To keepe such one on life in thy bandonn,
Than all the land, and god that thou hath reft,
But Covetise thes aye from honour dreft,
Thou hath thy life rung long in wrangous deed,
That shall bee seene on thes, or on thy seede.
The King gaue charge they should the Bishop tak,
But wise Lords counselled to let him gae.
All wise men said, that his desire was right,
To Wallace then hee talked in their sight.
And sadly heard his confession to the end,
Humblie to GOD his Spirite hes did commend.
Lawtie him served with heartie Devotion,
Upon his Knees, and said an Orison,
His leave hes tane, and to Westminster rade.
The Clerkmen there they bare Wallace but bode,
Unto a place his martyrdome to take,
For to his death hee willed them further make,
From the first night hee was tane in Scotland,
They keeped him into the samine band,
Nothing hes had that would have done him good,
But English-men him served of carefull food,
The worldlie life desires the sustenance,
Though hee it got in contrare of pleasance,
These thirtie dayes his hands they durst not slaike,
While hee was bound to a scample of Aike,
With Iron Chaines that were both sarke and keene,
A Clarke they set to heare what hee would meene,
Thou Scot, hee said, that so great wrong hath done,
Thy fatall houre thou sees approacheth soone,
Thou should in mind remember thy misdeed,
That Clarks may write then the Psalmes reed,
For Christen Soules which oft makes them to pray,

In their number thou may bée one of thay,
For now thou sees on forze thou must decease,
Then VVallace said, for all thy roundrebourse,
Thou hast no charge suppose thou had done mis,
Yon blessed Bishop hath beght I shall haue blisse,
And I trow weil that GOD shall it admit,
Thy simulate wozds shall not my Conscience smit,
Comfort I haue of way that I should gang,
Mest paine I fesle that I bide heare so lang,
Then said the Clerke, our King sent oft thee till,
Thou might haue had all Scotland at thy will,
To hold of him, and ceased of thy strife,
So as a Lozd to reigne thzough all thy life.
Then VVallace said, thou speakes of mightie thing,
Had I lasted and gotten my righteous King,
And wozthie Bruce receiued had his Crowne,
I thought haue made England at his bandowne,
That ditterlie it should beene at his will,
What pleased him to saue, oz else to spill.
Well, said the Clerke, I see thou repents nought,
Of wickednesse thou hast a fellon thought,
Is none in wozld that hath so many staine.
Therefoze to aske, mee thinke thou should bee baine
Grace at our King and then at his barnage.
Then Wallace smiled a little at his language,
I grant, bee said, some English-men I slew.
In my querrell mee thought not halfe anew,
I mowed no warre but foz to win our owne,
Both GOD and man the right full well hath knowne
Thy frustrate wozds doth nought but tyzes mee,
I thee command in GODS Name let mee bee.
A thyzefe gart this Clarke loone from him passe,
Right as they durst granted what hee would asse.
Of Wallace Booke VVallace ay him had ever,

From his Child-hood with it hee would not seuer,
The better hee trowed in his voyage to speed,
But when hee was dispoyled of his weed,
This grace hee asked at Lord Cliffurd that Knight,
To let him haue the Psalter Booke in sight.
Hee gart a Priest open before him hold,
While they to him had done what that they would,
Stedfast hee red for ought they did him there,
Feill Sutheron said, that Wallace felt no sore,
Good deuotion so was his beginning,
Continued therewith, and so was his ending,
While speach and Spryte at once all can faire,
To lacking blisse wee trust for euermore.
I will not tell how hee deuyded was,
In fine parts and ordainde for to passe,
Yet his Spryte thus by liklinesse was well,
Of Wallace life who hath a better feele,
May show foorth more with wit and eloquence.
For I to this haue done my diligence,
After the Prose giuen from the Latine Booke,
Which Master Blair in his time vndertooke,
In faire Latine compyled to an end,
With good witnesse which more is to commend.
Bishop Sinkler that Lord was of Dunkell,
Hee got this Booke and confirmed to him sell,
For verie trueth thereof hee had no dread,
Himselfe had heard great part of Wallace deed,
His purpose was to haue sent it to Rome,
Our Father of Kirke therein to giue his doome,
But Master Blair and als Sir Thomas Gray,
After Wallace they liued many a day,
These two knew best of Sir Williams deed,
From sixteene yeare while nine and twentie yeed,
Fourtie and fyue Wallace of age was said,

That time that hee was to the Sutheroun falde,
Though this matter bee nought to all pleasance,
His lothfull deed is worthie to advance.
All worthie men that reads this rurall dyte,
Blame not this Boke though I bee imperfite:
I should have thankes since I no travell spaird,
For my travell no man beght mee reward:
Nor charge I had of King, nor other Lord,
Great harme I thoght this good deed should be smord,
I have said heere neare as the processe goes,
And feigned not for friends, nor yet for foes.
For cost hereof was no man bound to mee,
In this sentence I had no will to lee,
But in as much as I rehearsed nought,
So worthilie as noble Wallace wrought.
But in one poynt, I grant, I sayde amisse,
These two Knights should blamed bee of this,
The Knight Wallace, of Craigie righteous Lord,
And Liddaill tho, causde mee make wrong record.
On Allerroun mure the Crowne hee toke one day,
To get Battell as myne Author will say.
These two causde mee say on an other wise,
To Master Blaire wee did partyl suppryse.

FINIS.

Thus endeth William Wallace wight,
Behynde him left not such a Knight.
Of worthinesse, and deede of Hand,
From thraldome thryce he fred this Land

THE CONCLVSION
OF THIS BOOKE.

GOE Noble Booke, fulfilled of Sentence,
Suppoſe thou bee barren of Eloquence:
Goe worthie Booke, fulfilled of worthie deed,
But thee to helpe, of Language thou haſt need:
When good Makers rang well into *Scotland*,
Great harme it was that none of thē thee fand:
Yetthere is part that can thee well advance,
Now byde the tyme, and bee in remembrance.
I you beſeech of your benevolence,
Who will not loue, lacke not mine Eloquence.
It is well knowne I am a rurall Man,
And heere haue done as goodlie as I can:
My Tongue did never Ornate termes embrace.
I beſeech GOD, that giver is of Grace.
Made Hell & Earth, and ſet the Heaven aboue,
That Hee till vs grant His deare laſting Loue.

FINIS.

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